THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 10, 1914 — 5 CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

The Buckled Bag—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

"SIC'UM, TIGE"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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IN every possible stress of storm, faithfully to keep the vigil that means so much to the security of ocean travelers, lightship lamps must be staunch and true.

When Edison MAZDA Lamps are chosen for the pounding strain of lightship service it is not only because of their powerful light, but because they *can be trusted*. The *reliability* of the Edison MAZDA Lamps is shown by their successful use in the kind of service they are called upon to give in steamships, railway trains, trolley cars, automobiles and even in the lighting of battleships.

It is because of this ruggedness and their economy of current that Edison MAZDA Lamps have already largely displaced old-style carbon lamps in factories, offices and stores.

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These same qualities plus the soft brilliance and the cheerfulness of their light are establishing Edison MAZDAS as the favorite lamp for use in all kinds of homes.

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The prices of nearly all Edison MAZDA Lamps have been twice cut in two. This means that today, for example, you can buy *four* Edison MAZDA 40-watt lamps for the cost of *one* tungsten lamp five years ago.

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If one rinses with cold water and takes time to dry the skin thoroughly it is not likely that the wind will do any harm. But, of course, if you use a soap which, of itself, makes the skin sore and sensitive, the winter weather will not help matters.

The sure, safe way is not only to rinse and dry properly but to use Ivory Soap as well. Then you know that upon going outdoors the skin is as smooth, healthy and as able to withstand the cold as it possibly can be.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1914* *Number 28*

THE BUCKLED BAG

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

It Was the End of One Mystery—the Beginning of Another

I HAVE broken down in health lately—nothing serious; but a nurse lasts only so long, and during the last five years I have been under a double strain. Caring for the sick has been only a part of it. The other?

Well, put it like this: The world's pretty crowded after all. We are always touching elbows, and there is never a deviation from the usual, the normal, that is not felt all the way down the line. Stand a row of dominoes on edge and knock down the end one. Do you see? And generally somebody goes down for fair. We do not know much about it among the poor; they have to manage the best way they can, and maybe they are blunted—some of them. They have not the time for mental agony. And the thing works both ways. Their lapses are generally obvious—cause and result; motive and crime.

In the lower walks of life people are more elemental. But get up higher. Crime exists there; but, instead of a passion, it is a craft. In its detection it is brain against brain, not intellect against brute force or instinct. If anything gives, it is the body.

Illness follows crime—it does not always follow the criminal; but somebody goes down for fair. There is a breach in the wall. The doctor and the clergyman come in then. One way and another they get the story. There is nothing hidden from them. They get it, but they do not want it. They cannot use it. The clergyman's vows and the medical man's legal status forbid their using their knowledge; but, where a few years ago there were only two, now each crisis, mental or physical, finds three—the trained nurse.

Do you see what I mean? The thing is thrust at her. She does not want the story either. Her business is bodies, doctors' orders, nourishments; but unless she's a fool she ends by holding the family secret in the hollow of her hand. It worries her. She needs her hands. She gets rid of it as soon as she can and forgets it. She is safe; the secret is safe. Without the clergyman's vows or the doctor's legal status, she is as silent as either.

That is the ethical side. That is what the nurse does. There is another side, which is mine. The criminal uses every means against society. Why not society against the criminal? And this is my defense. Every trained nurse plays a game, a sort of sporting proposition—her wits against wretchedness. I play a double game—the fight against misery and the fight against crime—like a man running two chessboards at once.

I hated it in the beginning. It has me by the throat now. It is the criminal I find absorbing. And I have learned some things—not new, of course—that to be honest because one is untempted is to be strong with the strength of a child; that the great virtues often link arms with the great vices; that the big criminal thinks big thoughts.

I have had my chance to learn and I know. A nurse gets under the very skin of the soul. She finds a mind surrendered, all the crooked little motives that have fired the guns of life revealed in their pitifulness. Even now, sometimes, it hurts me to look back.

It is five years since George L. Patton was shot in the leg during a raid on the Hengst Place, in Cherry Run. He is at the head of one of the big private agencies now, but he was a county detective then; and Hengst shot him from a cupboard. Well, that does not matter particularly, except that Mr. Patton was brought to the hospital that night and I was given the case.

He took it very calmly—said he guessed he would rest a while, now he had the chance, and slept eighteen hours without moving. I made caps, I remember, and tried to plan what I would do when I left the house. My time was about up and I dreaded private duty. I had been accustomed to the excitement of a hospital, and there was something horrible to me in the idea of spending the rest of my life in darkened rooms, with the doctor's daily visit for excitement and a walk round the block for recreation.

I gave Mr. Patton his dinner that night and we had our first clash. He looked at the soup and toast, and demanded steak and onions.

"I'm sorry," I said. "You're to have light diet for a day or two. We don't want any fever from that leg."

"Leg! What has my leg to do with my stomach? I want a medium steak. I'll do without the onions if I have to."

"Doctor's orders," I said firmly. "You may have an egg custard if you want it, or some cornstarch."

We had a downright argument and he took the soup. When he had finished he looked up at me and smiled.

"I don't like you," he said, "but darned if I don't respect you, young woman. Absolute obedience to orders is about the hardest thing in the world to get. And now send for that fool interne and we'll have a steak for breakfast."

Well, he did; and pretty soon he was getting about everything the hospital could give him. He was a politician, of course, and we depended on our state appropriation for support; but he got nothing from me without an order. He always said he did not like me, but I think he did after a while. I could beat him at chess, for one thing.

"You have a good head, Miss Adams," he said to me one day when he was almost well. "Are you going to spend the rest of your life changing pillowslips and shaking down a thermometer?"

"I've thought of institutional work; I dare say I'd be changing nurses and shaking down internes," I said with some bitterness.

"How old are you?—not, of course, for publication."

"Twenty-nine."

"Any family?"

"The nearest relatives I have are two old aunts in the country."

He was silent for a minute or two. Then: "I've been thinking of something: I may take it up with you later. There's only one objection—you're rather too good-looking."

"I'm not really good-looking at all," I admitted frankly. "I have too high a forehead. It's the cap."

"Like 'em high!" said Mr. Patton.

I made an eggnog and brought it in to him. He was sitting propped in a chair, and when I gave him the glass he smiled up at me. He had never attempted any sentimentalities with me, which is more than can be said of the usual convalescent male over forty.

"It isn't all the cap," he said.

That afternoon he tried to learn from me something about the other patients on the floor; but of course I would tell him nothing. He seemed rather irritated and tried to bully me, but I was firm.

"Don't be childish, Mr. Patton!" I said at last. "We don't tell about other patients. If you want to find out get one of your men in here." To my surprise he laughed.

"Good girl!" he said. "You've stood a cracking test and come through A 1. You've got silence and obedience to orders, and you have a brain. I've mentioned the forehead. Now I'm going to make my proposition. Has it ever occurred to you that every crisis, practically among the better classes, finds a trained nurse on hand?"

"Cause or result?"

"Result, of course. Upset the ordinary routine of a family, have a robbery, an elopement or a murder, and somebody goes to bed, with a trained nurse in attendance. Fact, isn't it?" I admitted it. "It's a fault of the tension people live under," he went on. "Any extra strain and something snaps. And who is it who is in the very bosom of the family? You know and I know. The nurse gets it all—the intimate details that the police miss; the family disputes; the inner motives; the—you go to your room and think it over. And when you decide I have a case for you."

I tried to object, but he cut me short; so I put the thermometer in his mouth and managed to tell him how I felt.

"It just doesn't seem honest," I finished. "I'm in a position of confidence and I violate it. That's the truth. A nurse is supposed to work for good; if she has any place it's an uplift place—if you can see what I mean. And to go into a house and pry out its secrets ——"

He jerked the thermometer out wrathfully.

"Uplift!" he said. "Isn't it uplifting to place a criminal where he won't injure society? If you can't see it that way, we don't want you. Now go away and think about it."

I went up to my room and stood in front of the mirror, which is where I do most of my thinking. I talk things over with myself, I suppose. And I saw the lines behind my ears that said: "Twenty-nine, almost thirty!"—and the row of caps ready for private duty, with only the doctor's visits for excitement and a walk round the block for recreation. And I thought of institutional work, with its daily round of small worries, its monotonous years, with my soul gradually shrinking and shaping itself to fit a set of rules. And over against it all I put Mr. Patton's offer.

I recall it all—the color that came to my face at the chance to use my head instead of only a trained obedience to orders; the prospect of adventure; the chance to pit my wits against other wits and perhaps win out. I put on one of the new caps and went down to Mr. Patton's room.

"I'll do it!" I said calmly.

My time was up two days later. Mr. Patton was practically well and gave me my instructions while I helped him pack his bag.

"Do the things the other nurses do," he advised. "Go to the Nurses' Home, but don't register for cases right away. Make an excuse that you're tired and need a few days' rest. When I telephone you I shall call myself Doctor Patton—not that I pretend to do any medical work, but for extra caution."

"You said you had a case for me."

"I had, but it isn't big enough. I want you for something worth while, and it will be along soon. It's about due."

"And—just one thing, Mr. Patton: I will take my first case on trial. If I find that I am doing harm and not good by revealing the secrets of a family I shall give it up. A doctor would be answerable to the law for doing the thing I am about to do."

"You have no legal status."

"I have a moral status," I replied grimly, and he found no answer to that.

Before he left, however, he said something that rather cheered me.

"You will never be required to tell anything you learn, except what is directly pertinent to the matter in hand," he said. "I would not give such latitude to any other woman I know—but you have brains and you will know what we want."

"I cannot work in the dark—I must know what you are after."

"We will lay all our cards on your table face up. I wouldn't insult you by asking you to play blindfolded. And remember this, Miss Adams—it's as high a duty to explore and heal the moral sores of a community as it is to probe and dress, for instance, the wound of a man who has been shot in the leg."

Two days later I left the hospital and took a room at the Nurses' Home he had recommended. He would arrange with the secretary, he said, that I should be called for any case on which he wished me placed.

I put in a bad week. One of the staff of the hospital located me and called me to a case. I got out of it by saying I needed a few days' rest, and he rang off irritably. Then, on the third day, I had my handbag cut off my arm in a department store, and went home depressed and ill-humored.

"You're a fine detective!" I said to myself in the mirror. "You're not so clever as Mr. Patton thinks, and if you're honest you'll go and tell him so."

I think I should have done so—I was so abased; but our arrangement was that I should not try to see him under any circumstances. There was to be no suspicion of me in any way. He would see me when necessary. I still had the strap of my bag, which had been left hanging to my arm; and, as a constant reminder, I fastened it to the frame of my mirror. Even now, when the department gives me its best cases, and when I have been successful enough to justify a little pride, I look at that bit of leather and become meek and normal again.

"I—I Thought She Was Happy in Our Engagement; But as I Look Back There are Things——"

II

IN SPITE of Mr. Patton's promise I went on my first case for him without any preparation. Miss Shinn, the secretary, asked me if I would take a case that evening.

"For whom?"

She was turning over the pages of her ledger in the parlor-office of the Home and she did not look up.

"A Doctor Patton telephoned," she said. "I believe he had spoken to you of the case."

My throat tightened, but, after all, this was what I had been waiting for.

"Do you know what sort of case it is?" I asked. "I'm not doing obstetrics, you know."

"It is not an obstetric case. You are to take a taxicab at eight o'clock tonight."

Miss Shinn was a heavy, rather bilious brunette, who rarely smiled; but I caught an amused twinkle as she glanced up. Quite suddenly I liked her. Clearly she knew what I was about to do and she did not disapprove; and yet she was a very ethical person. I gathered that she would be very hard on a nurse who wore frivolous uniforms, or gossiped about her patients, or went to the theater with a doctor, or cut rates. And yet she was indulgent to me—she was more than indulgent. I was certain, somehow, from the very quiver of her wide back as she marked me "Engaged" on her register, that she was wildly interested and curious. It gave me confidence.

At eight o'clock that evening I went downstairs with my suitcase and ordered a taxicab. No word had come from Mr. Patton and I had nothing but a name and address to go by. The name—we will call it G. W. March. It was not, of course. You would know the name at once if I told it. The address was a street fronting one of the parks—a good neighborhood, I knew—old families, substantial properties, traditions, all that sort of thing. Certainly not a place to look for crime.

As I waited for the cab I searched the newspapers for something to throw light on my new enterprise. There was nothing at all except a notice that Mr. and Mrs. George W. March had returned from their summer home on the Maine coast a few days before and had opened their city home.

It looked like a robbery. I was vaguely disappointed. I had it all worked out in five minutes—Mrs. March in bed, collapsed; missing pictures or jewels; house full of trusted servants; and myself trying to solve the mystery between an alcohol rub and a dose of bromide. I hated to go on with it, but I was ashamed not to. I said to myself savagely that I was not a quitter, and got into the taxicab.

The March case was not a robbery, however. It was not a criminal case, strictly speaking, at all. It was the disappearance of a girl and in some ways it was a remarkable mystery—particularly baffling because for so long it seemed to be a result without a cause. How we found the cause at last; how we located the family in Brickyard Road and solved the puzzle of the buckled bag; how we learned the identity of the little old woman with the jet bonnet, and her connection with the garden door—all this makes up the record of my first case.

The buckled bag is lying on my desk now. It is a shabby, quaint old bag, about eight inches long, round-bellied, brown with wear. It still contains what was in it when Mr. Patton found it—a cotton handkerchief, marked with a J; two keys—one a house-door key, the other a flat one; a scrawled note in a soiled lavender envelope; a newspaper clipping of a sale of blankets.

It is one of my most painful memories that for a month I examined that newspaper cutting frequently and that I failed entirely to grasp the significance of the reverse side. We all have a mental blind spot. That was mine.

Clare March was missing. That was my case; to find her, or to help to find her, was my task at first. Later it grew more complicated. I had not thought Mr. Patton would violate our agreement about working in the dark and my confidence was justified. At the first corner he hailed the machine and got in.

"Fine work!" he said. "You're a dependable person, Miss Adams."

"I'm rather a scared person."

"Nonsense! And don't take yourself or this affair too seriously. Do your durnedest—'Angels could no more.'"

"Is it something stolen?"

"A small matter of a daughter. It's a queer thing, Miss Adams. I'll tell you about it." He leaned out and asked the driver to go slowly. "Time us to get there at eight-thirty," he said. "Now, Miss Adams, here are the facts: You are going to the home of George March, the banker—you know the name probably—Mrs. March is your patient. She's not ill; she's hysterical and frightened—that's all. It's not a hard case."

"It's the hardest sort of a case."

"Well, you like work," he replied cheerfully. "The family has been away for four months. Until a month ago Clare, the daughter, was with them. One month ago, on the third of September, Clare, who is an only child, twenty

years old, left the country place in Maine for home. She traveled alone, leaving her maid in the country. The city house had not been closed; a housekeeper and two maids were there through the summer. She was expected at the house for breakfast on the morning of the fourth. She did not arrive—or, rather, she did not go home. She reached the city safely. We have traced her into the railroad station and out again—and that has been about all. She's not been seen since."

"Perhaps she has eloped."

"Possibly; but the man she is engaged to is in the city, almost frantic. Besides, there is more than I have told you. We know that she took a taxicab at the station; that before she got in she met and accepted a small parcel from a blond young man, rather shabbily dressed; and that they seemed to be having an argument, though a quiet one. We have found the taxicab she took, and a shop where she bought a couple of books—a Browning and a recent novel. From the bookshop she went to a department store. There she dismissed the taxicab. We have traced her in the store to a department where she bought a pair of blankets. They made a large parcel, but she took it with her. From that time we have lost her absolutely."

"The third of September, and this is the fifth of October—almost five weeks!"

"Exactly," he said dryly. "That's why I've sent for you. We have tried all the usual things; we've combed the city fine—and we are just where we started. If we could make a noise about it we should have some chance. Set the general public looking—that's the way to get information. You get a million clews worth nothing, and out of the lot one that helps. But you know these people. They won't listen to any publicity. They have only one argument—if she is dead publicity won't help her, and if she is alive it will hurt her."

I was conscious of a vague disappointment. In the last half-hour I had keyed myself to the highest pitch. I was seeing red, really—nothing but the bloodiest sort of crime would have come up to my expectation. Certainly nothing less than a murder had been in my thoughts.

"I don't see how I can help," I said, a bit resentfully. "You've had five weeks and got nowhere," I continued; "and if you are going to ask me to put myself in her place, and try to imagine what could have happened, and to follow her mental processes, I can't do it. I can't imagine myself idle and rich and twenty. I can't imagine taking a taxicab when a street car would do, or having a lady's maid ——"

Mr. Patton laid a hand on my arm.

"Did you ever hear Lincoln's story of the little Mississippi steamboat with a whistle so large that every time they blew it the boat stopped? No? Well, no matter. I don't want you to put yourself in her place; I want a little inside help—that's all. There's a curious story behind this case, Miss Adams. We've only scratched the top. Get in there and get their confidence. They won't talk to me—too much family pride. Get the mother to talk. That's part of her trouble—family pride and bottling up her emotions. I can't get close to any of them. After five weeks Mrs. March still calls me Mr. Peyton." He smiled ruefully.

"She bought blankets! That's curious, isn't it?"

"It's almost ridiculous under the circumstances. You may not be able to imagine yourself twenty, and so on, but you can certainly get your wits to work on those blankets. If she had bought a revolver now—but blankets!"

"She was engaged, you say? Were there any other men who—who liked her?"

"Half a dozen, I believe—all accounted for."

"Any neurasthenic tendency?"

"In the half-dozen? I dare say yes, when she announced her engagement; in the girl—I think not. She was temperamental rather. The picture I get of her is of an attractive and indulged young woman, engaged to a man she seems to have cared about. And yet, with all the gods smiling, she disappears."

I sat thoughtful. The cab was moving along beside the park now. We were almost there.

"She may be dead," I said at last.

"She may indeed."

He rapped on the window, and when the driver stopped he got out, with a quick handshake.

"Now go to it!" he said. "Go out for a breath of air between seven and eight each evening, and—keep your eyes

"Tell Her That I Believe There is Another Man"

open. I have a hunch that you'll get this thing—beginner's luck."

The March house was an old-fashioned, rather stately residence. Instead of going upstairs to the drawing room there was a reception room opening into the lower hall. Behind that was a music room and, still farther back, a library.

At the very rear of the lower floor was a dining room, quite the largest in the house, extending as it did the entire width of the building. In this room was a large bay window extending out into a city garden, and in the bay, shut off by tall plants, was a small table, where the family breakfasted and even, when alone, sometimes dined.

A long flight of stairs, uncarpeted, led to the second floor. On that first evening I got merely the vaguest outlines of the house, of course. It was silent, immaculate, rather heavy. I had a glimpse of two men in the library, talking—one middle-aged, rather stout; the other much younger. Over everything hung the hush of suspense—that hush which accompanies birth and death and great trouble.

A parlor maid admitted me and led me upstairs to my room.

"Mr. March would like to see you in the library when you have taken off your things," she said.

I changed quickly into my uniform—all white, of course, with rubber-soled white shoes. With the familiar garb I was myself again; I could face anything, do anything. Clothes are queer things.

Mr. March turned when he heard me at the door and rose.

"I am Miss Adams, the nurse," I said. "Do you wish to see me?"

"Will you come in, Miss Adams? This is Mr. Plummer. Have you seen Mrs. March?"

"No; I thought it best to see you first."

"I am glad of that. Perhaps I ought to tell you—we are in great trouble, Miss Adams. Our—our only daughter has gone away, disappeared. It is over a month since ——" He stopped.

"That is very terrible," I said. I liked his face.

"We wish absolute secrecy—of course I need hardly say that; but you understand Mrs. March is highly nervous. I—I hope you can quiet her. What we want you to do is to be as cheerful and optimistic as possible. You know what I mean. She will talk to you about Clare—about Miss March. Reassure her if you can. Be certain that Miss March will be found soon."

"I will do what I can. Has the doctor left any orders?"

"Very few. She is to be soothed. There's a bromide, I believe. Her maid has the instructions."

There was nothing for me in that glimpse of the two men most nearly concerned—two gentlemen unaffectedly distressed and under great strain in a quiet, well-ordered house. It looked like poor material, from Mr. Patton's point of view. Mr. March followed me into the hall. "If you need anything let me know, Miss Adams. Or will you speak to the servants?"

"I can tell better later on. If I am going to be up tonight—and I think I would better, this first night anyhow—I should like a lunch; something cold on a tray."

"Do you wish it upstairs?" I hesitated. There was a picture in a silver frame on the library table—I thought it probably one of the missing girl. I wanted to see it.

"It will be a change to come down."

"Very well," he said. "There will be a supper left in the dining room. There is a small table there in the bay window. It will be more comfortable—not quite so lonely."

"Thank you," I replied and went up the stairs. Opposite the library door I glanced in. I had been right about the picture. Mr. Plummer had picked it up and was looking at it. I felt certain that he was the fiancé—a manly looking fellow; not very tall, but solid and dependable looking, with a good head and earnest eyes.

My patient was in bed—a pretty little woman in a boudoir cap, with a pink light beside her. She held out a nervous hand.

"How big and strong and competent you look!" she said, and quite unexpectedly fell to crying. I had a difficult evening. She was entirely unstrung—must have me sit down by the bed at once and listen to the trouble, as she called it—and as it was indeed.

"She wouldn't go away and leave me like this!" she said more than once. "If you only knew her, Miss Adams—so full of character; so determined; so gifted! And beautiful—haven't you seen her picture in the newspapers?"

I evaded that—I never read society news.

"And happy too?" I said. "She must have been very happy."

I saw a change in Mrs. March's rather childish face.

"We thought she was, of course; but lately—I've remembered so many things while I've been lying here. She was very strange all summer—moody sometimes, and again so gay that she frightened me."

"Perhaps she was gay when Mr. Plummer was there and moody when he was away."

"But he wasn't there at all. That's another thing, Miss Adams. She would not let me ask Walter up. She—she really kept him away all summer. I don't believe Mr. March told the detective that—he forgot so many things."

She wanted me to telephone this piece of information to the police at once, but I persuaded her to wait. I gave her an alcohol rub and a cup of hot milk; and, finding them without effect, I took a massage vibrator I found on her dressing table and ran it up and down her spine. She relaxed with the treatment finally and even asked me to use it on her face.

"I'm an old woman with all the worry," she said apologetically. "It will tone up the facial muscles, won't it? And would you mind putting some cold cream on first?"

I did not mind; and after a time she fell asleep. I was glad of a respite. In my two hours over the bed I had accumulated many ill-assorted bits of information. I wanted time to catalogue them in my mind. I have the notes I made that night on one of my records:

"C. has been missing since September third; today is October fifth—a total of thirty-two days.

"Was moody all summer—would not see Mr. Plummer, but wrote him daily.

"She had been engaged once before, to a Wilson Page, but broke engagement. Cause of trouble not known. C. suffered much at the time. Note—Have Mr. P. look up Wilson Page. *(Continued on Page 29)*

"Send for That Fool Interne and We'll Have a Steak for Breakfast"

WHY IS AN AMBASSADOR?

The Riddle of Diplomacy—By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

If He Has Money and Will Spend It, He Will Get Along

THE most consequential thing about an ambassador is his title—Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. The most inconsequential thing about him is his power.

Years ago, before there were telegraphs and cables and five-day ships, and all such methods of rapid communication, an ambassador had an opportunity occasionally to do something on his own initiative. Nowadays he telegraphs or cables to the State Department or the Foreign Office and gets his instructions.

Socially he is a paramount personage. Officially he is a messenger boy. Politically he is a presidential obligation canceled—a draft paid—a debt discharged. Financially, if he is an American ambassador and is not rich, he is a most unhappy expatriate.

He is the hope of socially ambitious women who cannot get anywhere in their own country, and the despair of temporarily embarrassed tourists who have lost their letters of credit. He is the greatest distributer of calling cards the world has ever known, and he can wear a uniform if he so desires when he enters the presence of royalty. He is sternly forbidden to express an opinion of his own on an American topic, and he loses his job if he expresses an opinion on a political matter relating to the country where he serves. His official communications are innocuous and his sphere is restricted to cementing pleasant relations.

He can negotiate some treaties, provided he has been minutely instructed in what the treaties should contain; and he can treat some negotiations in the same restricted spirit after he has wired for permission. The most his country expects of him is to be affable and not commit himself. The best he gets out of it is the comfort that his own personal posterity will refer to him as the man who shed honor on the family name because of his exalted job.

The Men Who Get Foreign Portfolios

IF HE is lucky his salary will pay his house rent. He is provided with a staff selected judiciously because of the wealth of their fathers and the liberality with which those fathers make remittances for their sons. His post is one of dignity and disbursement; and when he retires about all he has to show for his elevation is a large entry in red ink on the debit side of his ledger and a few bullioned uniforms that may be of service at fancy-dress balls in the home town.

The astute Alvey Adee once classified ambassadors as attitudinous, latitudinous and platitudinous; and Mr. Adee has been sitting in the State Department for many years, watching them go out and come back, and knows the breed. Occasionally, of course, we get an ambassador who has both money and brains; but always, with rare exceptions, we get one with money. This is necessary, for the gentlemen in our Congress who pass the appropriation bills draw only seven thousand five hundred dollars a year themselves and cannot understand why a person who has ten thousand dollars in excess of that sum is not able to live in a palace in London, or Berlin, or Rome, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg.

Also this puts American presidents to great straits to find men for the places who, aside from money, have a qualification or two in an ambassadorial way. Other countries maintain a more or less permanent diplomatic corps. Ours shifts with each incoming Administration. Usually the rich chap who has contributed liberally to campaign funds is selected—not because anybody particularly wants him to have the place aside from himself, but because few men expertly qualified can afford to take it.

International custom makes it imperative to send an ambassador to a country that sends an ambassador to us. We struggled along toward our manifest destiny for many years not in the first diplomatic rank, and sent out ministers, as other countries sent none but ministers to us. Then one country after another elevated us; and we, in turn, elevated ourselves and chased off an ambassador to each nation that so honored and favored us.

Now we have ambassadors to Austria, Brazil, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Mexico—when we do—Russia and Turkey; and those countries maintain ambassadors here. This has all come about in the past twenty-five years or so; and the probabilities are that there will be more of them soon, for ambassadorial signs are observed in Spain and other countries.

In a general sense ambassadors are sent to a foreign country to look after the interests of America and Americans, and to do what is to be done toward maintaining pleasant and amicable relations with that country. In a specific sense an American ambassador is sent to a foreign country because he has sufficient political influence to get the job and sufficient money to finance it. A poor man may make a good ambassador, but very few ambassadors are poor men.

Our representatives carry on such negotiations as they are instructed to carry on by the State Department; sometimes they make treaties and settle disputes after full information has been sent home and full procedure cabled back. They may make speeches, but are permitted to say little. Ambassadors cannot discuss publicly a live issue and they are the filters through whom the home office discusses the live issues privately. They can discuss dead issues guardedly, provided they keep within the settled policy of this country. Hence their oratorical efforts are largely confined to banquets, unveilings, American celebrations, and the like—and consist of discreet praise for the country to which they are accredited and patriotic references to their own.

When a rich and respected citizen is made an ambassador by presidential preference and by confirmation in the Senate, he is given a thick book of instructions, from which he is expected to draw his manner of procedure. There are many rules in this book, but that describing the general duties is most interesting. It says:

"Among the most important general duties of a diplomatic representative of the United States is that of transmitting to his own Government accurate information concerning the policies and views of that country to which he is accredited in its relations with other Powers. To gain this information requires steady and impartial observation; a free though cautious correspondence with other representatives of the United States abroad; and friendly social relations with the members of the diplomatic corps at the place of his residence."

Diplomacy a Humdrum Profession

THIS means that he is to find out what he can and tell the home office, and the home office will in turn tell him what to do if he is to do anything. Also he is expected to transmit all sorts of general information relating to government, finance, manufactures, science, arts—and thus and so; but he is not to mix these with political information and comment, which must be reserved for separate communications.

Above all he must not participate in any way in any of the political concerns of the country, and must remain absolutely silent when it comes to local politics.

Public speaking is discouraged—except on special festal occasions; and then the ambassador must confine himself to hands-across-the-sea and similar truck, and not say a word about issues pending either at home or abroad.

So far as the conduct of his embassy is concerned, he has little worry. In every embassy there are some experienced men on the permanent staff who know the procedure and the tradition and the custom, and the right thing to say and do. They do the work. The ambassador just represents.

It was the telegraph and the cable that put the profession of diplomacy into the humdrum position it now occupies. No ambassador can do a great thing off his own bat, for he has no bat of his own. The batting is done in Washington. Still this has its compensations. Though an ambassador cannot achieve those brilliant strokes of diplomacy we read about in the novels, neither is he in a position to do what he should not—to make mistakes.

Away back yonder diplomacy was different. Then an ambassador was obliged to do what he felt he must do and take the chances of reward or repudiation at home. The fictionized idea of diplomacy is based on former conditions, when the diplomat was a plotter, an intriguer, a corruptionist if need be, and a most brilliant as well as a most treacherous and designing person.

Both the morals and the manners of diplomacy have changed. What is necessary now is a man who can get and sift information, and keep his Government posted. He is a sort of sublimated reporter; and there is much more to the social side of it than to the official, which is why the game is so costly.

An ambassador is obliged to go deeply into society and social observances, no matter what his personal predilections may be. Still, most of them are quite willing—indeed eager—for all the social glory that can be obtained. As the representative of this country the ambassador is entertained, and he must entertain in turn. He is invited to dinner by his ambassadorial colleagues and must spread dinners for them. This applies to officials of the foreign office and to many other distinguished people.

Every One in the Place Calls on Him

His Government expects him to make himself popular—and popularity costs large amounts of money, for it entails much entertaining both at dinner and in other conventional manners. This sort of thing puts him in close touch with the men his Government wants to know about. He must report on the pro-American or anti-American proclivities of the members of the government to which he is accredited—must send in complete descriptions of the diplomatists of other countries, so the State Department may know all about them in case any of them should be shifted to this country—and in general be a good gossip as well as a good scout.

A man can be a success as an ambassador from the foreign viewpoint if he adheres to the conventions and ceremonials, entertains liberally, and holds himself in a respectful attitude toward the court to which he is accredited. If he has good manners, is used to the ways of society, wears his clothes well, has a supply of small talk and an agreeable method of passing compliments in his public speeches, so much the better; but even if he has none of these attributes, and has money and will spend it, his lack of the politer graces will be set down to the dearth of culture associated in every foreign mind with this country and its citizens. He may be smiled at or laughed at, but his food will be eaten and he will get along.

How Presidents Choose Diplomatists

IN ADDITION to all this he will have the permanent staff to educate him and keep him clear from mistakes; and he can do as much in the way of social intermingling—with the official side at least of his capital—as he desires. No matter whether the foreigners have much or little respect for an ambassador, they have an enormous respect for this country; and the ambassador wins personally thereby.

Of course we have had many ambassadors who were cultivated and cultured men; also, we have had many who were neither. Our system of changing every four years or oftener mystifies the foreigners, and it makes for a sort of indifferentrelation; but we have many persons with money who desire to shine at courts, and the desire is often predicated on sufficient political influence of one kind or another to bring about their selection.

Every president at first endeavors to find men for ambassadorships who shall be of the proper intellectual status to rank with the best traditions of the place; but every president is oftener than not compelled to take for ambassadorial positions not the man intellectually and socially fitted but the man who has the money to support the place in the style in which it must be supported, with training and attainments as secondary considerations—as it generally works out.

Suppose an American has been appointed ambassador to one of the ten countries on our list, for whatever the reason may have been. Perhaps he is a rich party man, who seeks a reward for his services and contributions; perhaps he has raised money or has a rich wife, and has helped out in times of stress; perhaps he desires to live abroad for a time and has a socially ambitious family, and has been generous to state and national committee treasurers; perhaps he has made other rich men contribute; perhaps he desires to round out his career, after years of political endeavor and harvest in this country; perhaps he was instrumental in aiding in the nomination and election of the president who appoints him; or perhaps—not often—the President's choice is fitted for the place by reason of his attainments other than financial.

In each case he is given a sealed letter of credence when he starts for his post. When he arrives he has an informal conference with the minister of foreign affairs and a date is fixed for the formal presentation of his credentials.

The diplomatic service is divided into various ranks. In 1815 the Congress of Vienna adopted rules establishing rank and precedence, and the American State Department has adopted these rules for purposes of uniformity. Under this system all diplomatic agents are divided into three classes—ambassadors, legates and nuncios; envoys, ministers, or other persons accredited to sovereigns; and chargés d'affaires, accredited to ministers of foreign affairs. Of these only ambassadors, legates and nuncios have a representative character—that is, our ambassadors are the only diplomatic agents we have who personally represent the Government and the president. Ministers rank beneath them, having no representative character—and so on down. Consuls have no diplomatic functions, but are business agents of the Government.

Procedure differs at each court and in each country. All forms are interesting and some are more ceremonious than others. When a patriot is sent to England as ambassador to the Court of St. James he gets the pick of our ambassadorial places; and when he goes to Turkey he gets the poorest of the lot.

Precedence in England is based on law. Ambassadors there are ranked only by the king and by the male members of the royal family. Ministers rank after dukes. The rank of the ambassador in the diplomatic corps is based on the date of the official notification of his arrival; and as American ambassadors are continually changing few of them come to be deans of the corps anywhere.

In England the newly arrived ambassador notifies the secretary of state for foreign affairs of his arrival and a date is set for his presentation to the king. On that day the master of ceremonies comes round with a court carriage and takes the new ambassador to Buckingham Palace.

The affair is quite simple. The secretary of state for foreign affairs presents the American to the king—and that is all there is to it. There are no set speeches, no guard of honor, no return visit and no official reception. After the king has greeted the ambassador he is presented to the queen, the Prince of Wales and others of the royal family. Then he is driven back to the embassy, notifies the other ambassadors of his arrival, and calls on them.

From that moment he becomes the busiest little distributer of calling cards of American birth. He calls on the lord chamberlain, the foreign office, the members of the Cabinet—and there are a lot of them—and the other ambassadors.

Immediately every one in the place calls on him—the ministers; all the secretaries of embassies and legations; the lord mayor; the mayors of all the boroughs that make up London; heads of guilds; the governor of the Bank of England—and so on and so on, until there are probably a thousand persons on his list. He returns few of these calls in person. Not many of them are made in person. Cards are used both ways.

Two of the important attachés of the embassy in London are brothers—Frank and Edward Hodson by name. They are officially designated as messengers, but should be known as pasteboard pedlers. Their father—a benevolent old man, with a white beard and a most distinguished air—was a clerk in the embassy for years, and the boys were born in the service. Part of their routine is to take their bicycles of an afternoon, with a calling list and a bunch of cards, and pedal round London, leaving cards for the ambassador and the attachés at the places designated on their lists. These are official calls.

The Ambassador's Despair

ONCE an ingenious attaché of the embassy sent a package of twenty-five or fifty of his cards to every embassy and legation in town, and to other places where he was likely to be entertained. Then on the morning after a function he had one of the Hodson boys call up the porter at the place where his call was due and instruct the porter to remove the proper number of cards from the package previously deposited in his care and put them in the box of the person to whom the courtesy call was due. Thus much labor was saved and the amenities were preserved.

An ambassadorship at a capital where there is a court—especially in England—has greater difficulties than plastering London with cards and attending to social obligations. The feature of official life that drives ambassadors into nervous prostration is the matter of the presentation of American ladies at court. There are four courts a year, and the ambassador is permitted to present four ladies at each court. The average number of applications for this honor is three hundred for each court.

The women flock in on the ambassador, armed with letters of introduction from important personages and often backed by political influence. Each one insists on her prior right. The husbands are not presented at court. While wives are having that honor bestowed on them, in costumes rigidly

Ambassadors Do Not Go Into the Palace and Say, "Howdy, King?"

prescribed, the husbands wait outside; but the fact that a wife has been presented gives the husband a chance to meet the king at the next levee—which is for men only.

More presentations are allowed in Germany; last year there were about twenty. Russian receptions are limited to officials almost entirely, though there are occasions when a high official, such as a traveling Cabinet member or a very distinguished American citizen, may meet the czar. France has no audiences. Instead a series of state balls is held, to which the ambassador can obtain invitations for his fellow countrymen and countrywomen.

Almost every time a new man gets an ambassadorship he announces that he will not wear a uniform; but that announcement soon comes to be classed with the things best left unsaid. Our ambassadors wear uniforms at practically every court in Europe.

In England the dress is rigidly prescribed. Ambassadors and others who have no uniformed rank wear frock dress at court and evening dress at levees. Frock dress consists of a black evening coat, which may be faced with silk, a black or white evening-dress waistcoat, and black knee-breeches, which may be of evening dress material or stockinet. These breeches are required to have three small dull black or jet buttons at the knees, and the stockings are of black silk. The wise ones put on white silk stockings and draw the black silk stockings on over them, thus imparting a fine, shiny effect to their displayed calves. Plain court shoes are imperative, which are pumps with jet buckles. The tie is a white bow, the gloves are white, and the hat is a black opera hat, which is carried closed in the left hand or under the arm, in imitation of a cocked hat.

The law says there shall be no ambassadorial uniform in the United States, but that the ambassador may wear the uniform prescribed by the court to which he is accredited. Hence uniforms have been prescribed at nearly every capital. The result is that each country's foreign office, having its own ideas as to how an ambassador should be harnessed and upholstered, has put those ideas into its regulations, and American ambassadorial uniforms are conglomerate rather than uniform.

The Russian rig is the gaudiest. It is mostly gold lace and bullion. The gold stripes down the sides of the trousers are so wide that the cloth seems incidental. The coat is a single-breasted affair, heavily set out with gold lace and stripes; and the collar is practically all bullion, decorated with oak leaves and other floral fancies. The ambassador has a red-white-and-blue sword-knot, a gold-plated sword and a cocked hat. He is a thing of regal beauty.

It is desirable for an ambassador to have a uniform. One American diplomat went to his post determined not to dress up in gold lace. He and his wife were much liked and he attended several functions in ordinary evening dress. Finally the minister of foreign affairs, who knew him well, went to him and suggested a uniform of some kind. The minister said the queen liked the ambassador and liked his wife, but thought the ambassador should appear in some sort of special dress when in her presence. Otherwise, much to her royal regret, she could not receive the ambassador again. So he procured a uniform and all was well.

When an ambassador arrives in St. Petersburg he discovers that he is the creature of local officialdom, so far as his reception and his social functions are concerned. There, as in most capitals, an official reception is required of him; but in Russia the ambassador has less to say about it than elsewhere. There is a bureau in St. Petersburg called the Direction of Ceremonies, headed by the master of ceremonies; and the new ambassador soon learns that the *recivamento* is entirely out of his hands.

The bureau sends out the invitations, which include the three highest classes of Russian officialdom and their families, and all in the fourth class who are attached to the foreign offices. Several submasters of ceremonies are sent to run the show on the date selected. All arrangements are made for the food and wine—particularly the wine—and the submasters take charge of the embassy, do the introducing, see that all are fed and properly wined, while the ambassador stands about, looks pleasant and pays the bills, which are submitted in due course and include the entertainment of about one thousand guests, none of whom he invited.

It takes about six months for an ambassador to establish himself socially in St. Petersburg, and costs about a year's salary; but the procedure is imperative. Imagine the feelings of one diplomat from this country who paid for all these things and—almost as soon as he had finished paying—was transferred!

When a new ambassador gets to St. Petersburg the man in the embassy who is permanent—there always are some permanent chaps about, and if there were not our diplomacy would be more of a hit-or-miss affair than it is—tells the newly arrived diplomatist what to do. He writes an announcement in the proper form to the minister of foreign affairs and the grand master of ceremonies of the imperial court, apprising them of his advent on the scene. He calls on these dignitaries and on the grand mistress of the queen's household.

A date is set. Then comes a master of ceremonies to the embassy on that eventful day, with two secretaries of the ceremony, with enough vehicles to make the following procession: a four-horse carriage, containing the two secretaries of the ceremony, liberally gilded; a gala coach,

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The Throne of Old Tantrybogus

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AFTER his chauffeur had made half a dozen fruitless, skirmishing stabs up the steep, rutted roads that branch from the new state airline highway in the valley the Honorable Baldwin Dorr finally discovered Vienna Corners on the top of Dumpling Hill.

He scowled while he was being bumped into the straggling village over ledges that held his car down to boneracking low gear. He was on an ungracious errand, and he was considerably ashamed of the job that had been unloaded on him by insistent gentlemen eminent in Democratic circles; but, after keeping at him long enough, they had convinced him that he was the only man in the state who could do anything sensible with a certain person whom they had nicknamed Old Tantrybogus.

The Honorable Baldwin Dorr was more or less tractable where Democratic suggestions were concerned, for the party had nominated him as its candidate for governor. He was not quite so much ashamed of his errand by the time he was close on the lair of the individual he sought.

"This is a hoorah of a place for the chairman of a state committee to live in!" he informed his worried chauffeur.

Usually June trims and bedecks most rural communities with considerable success. Long ago she gave up trying to do anything at all with Vienna Corners.

It is that sort of a locality which suggests to a visitor that weather must be almighty cold there in the winter, and it looks bleak in Vienna Corners even in the summer months. The houses are not shaded by trees and are windworn and sunfaded. There is more ledge than grass up there. From what little the Honorable Baldwin Dorr knew of Old Tantrybogus, the latter matched his environment.

Of a listless citizen who sat on the edge of a grocery-store platform Candidate Dorr inquired where he could find Ossian Frye.

"What's the joke?" asked the citizen, exhibiting the demeanor of one who has just been asked to point out the whereabouts of the glaring sun at noonday. And when Dorr stared at him he aimed his finger at a sign on the gable end of the building and asked a further question: "Can't you read?"

The sign was as dingy as the rest of Vienna Corners' exterior, but it was sufficiently plain to give point to the citizen's irony. It announced that Ossian Frye was justice of the peace, notary public, executed pension vouchers, and dealt in insurance and real estate.

"He's up there," stated the citizen.

The Honorable Baldwin Dorr shucked off his automobile coat and climbed the narrow stairs. The office door was open and he went in. There were half a dozen or so elderly men in the room. They were stuffing food into their mouths and their beards were wagging in unison.

Dorr needed no introduction to Ossian Frye, even though up to that moment no spoken word had ever passed between them.

First he saw Frye's feet. They were on his desk and loomed large, because they were feet that had to be big enough to carry round a man who measured six feet four inches in stature. The old man was sitting nearly on the back of his neck in a chair and was gnawing away at a hunk of meat supported by a pen thrust through it in lieu of a fork.

"How are you, Dorr?" inquired Frye nonchalantly. "You're just in time to grab in on the second installment of a barbecue. The boys didn't clean up all the steer last night and it's a pity to let good meat go to waste."

Dorr took a side glance at a great chunk of charred and ragged carcass on a table on which dusty papers had been pushed aside to make room for the feast. A newspaper was spread under the meat for a tablecloth, and two old men were carving a helping for themselves with their jackknives. One of them politely tendered a slice of the meat to the new arrival.

"Thank you; I'm not hungry. I don't care for it," said Dorr, a little too sharply.

"And yet candidates used to have to kiss all the smutch-faced babies that were handed up," remarked Frye. "That meat is better than it looks, Dorr. Old Jepson barbecued it. He knows how. He barbecued for that district celebration when I was elected to Congress in the good old Greenback days. But you young fellows don't remember much about those times. Better have a slice, so that you can go back and tell 'em that you helped the boys celebrate Frye's election as chairman of the Democratic State Committee."

The keen old eyes studied him from their ambush of brow. The glint in them suggested that the invitation issued not merely from a spirit of hospitality. He was manifestly trying out the mood in which the candidate of his party had come hurrying down to Vienna to hunt up the new state chairman.

Mr. Dorr turned his back ungraciously on the old man who was poking meat at him.

"Where can I see you alone for a little while?" he asked Frye.

"Just a minute, Dorr! Boys, this is our candidate for governor—known to you by name, of course. Walk round and give him a shake."

Three of the old men wiped their smutted palms on the newspaper table-covering. The others grabbed Dorr's unenthusiastic hand and gave him greasy greeting.

Frye, finishing his meat, did not shift his posture. Now there was a twinkle in the eyes under the shaggy brows. The discomfort of this sleek young man from the city was evident, and there is a sort of innocent malice in the nature of unconventional old folks who go about rebuking newfangled airs.

"Now sit right down, Dorr, and be sociable. We're all Democrats here. You're among friends."

"My business is strictly private, Mr. Frye."

"Politics?"

"Well—yes," admitted the visitor.

"Then talk it out, my boy," directed old Ossian, maddeningly patronizing. "Talk it right out—Andrew Jackson style! We're Andrew Jackson folks in this county. We have made this the only Democratic county in this black Republican state by going back to the good old Andrew Jackson principles. We have organized Andrew Jackson

Clubs in every town. I'll go ahead on that plan and make you the next governor of the state. I know the runts and the dudes are slurring me just now; but I'm the man who can turn this state over—give me the chance."

"I'm glad to see that Democrats have woke up after leaving Oss sidetracked for twenty-five years," stated one of the old men. "Why, three-quarters of the politicians in this state thought Oss was dead! That's a nice way to neglect a man who served one term in Congress. But they sure woke up at the last convention and have put him where he belongs! More'n a thousand of the folks turned out from all over the county to the barbecue last night—and that shows how his own county of Rockham looks on him."

Constantly becoming more ill at ease, mindful of the errand on which he had come, the Honorable Baldwin Dorr again suggested to Frye that his business was of a private nature and that he was in somewhat of a hurry.

"Andrew Jackson had a Kitchen Cabinet, and it worked well," stated the patriarch. "This is my Kitchen Cabinet. Your business is politics. Spit it out! I never found it necessary to go behind the door to talk politics."

"There has been too much Star Chamber in the Democratic party of late years, and that's one of the troubles with it today," declared a member of the Cabinet. He pulled a sliver of meat from the chunk and munched it.

"The minute a party stops being for the people as a whole, and lets runts and dudes get behind a door and plot, pick and choose, and parcel out, the party can't get anywhere," asserted another of the elderly men. "A man like Oss ain't either a runt or a dude—and if he's backed up and let alone we'll see some results in this state. He's the only man that's been able to carry a county in twenty years; but I'll bet there are men in this state who are now sneering and scoffing because he was elected chairman of the state committee. There are plenty of men who are fools enough to think that plug hats and buttonhole bouquets and shoe polish count for more than brains in handling politics."

That was a thrust that brought more red into the face of the candidate and made his eyes waver under the steady regard of the state chairman. Old Ossian was now picking his teeth with the pen that had supported the slab of meat; and the Honorable Baldwin Dorr, his aristocratic soul writhing at the spectacle and at the thought that this was the man who was to serve as his Warwick during the campaign, besought once more the favor of a private interview.

"If you have come on politics, and are not ashamed of your errand, go ahead before these boys," advised the old man. "We don't hold secrets from each other—only from the enemy."

"I feel that there is a sort of a—well, a spirit of hostility here for some reason," Dorr ventured to say. "I'm afraid that anything I suggest will be misunderstood."

"Not if you have got a fair command of the English language," said the patriarch. "Use short words and I reckon we'll get the gist of the message."

"I want to say here before your friends," began the candidate desperately, "that I have much respect for your ability and your years, Mr. Frye; but you realize that you came in on our state convention as pretty much of an outsider. The newer generation of us has been running things; we had made our plans for the next campaign and had picked our men, and had an understanding between ourselves, having associated together on the—the same plane—or, rather," floundered Dorr, "having been friends and associates in many ways for a long time. You understand, I hope, Mr. Frye."

"Let's see: you're talking about the next state campaign and not about a special-invitation dinner party?"

"I am speaking of the next state campaign, sir. The loyalty of your county delegation put you on the state committee. I'm glad Rockham recognized you as it did; but I'm talking just now as a man who is candidate for governor. I'll have to depend on the personality and the activities of the chairman of the state committee. I must say to you that the organization of the committee was not effected properly. It was done hastily, without waiting for cool judgment."

"There was a quorum, wasn't there? And those who voted for me were neither bought nor hypnotized, as I understand it."

Mr. Dorr granted to himself the privilege of smiling a short and fleeting smile.

"Since the meeting the opinion rather inclines to hypnotism. Allow me to remind you that you smashed into the room and twitched Chairman Lang by the nose, and took the lead of conversation and explained how you had carried Rockham and could carry the state. Then, in the temporary absence of my good friend, Harry Lang, and his crowd, you ——"

One of the old men jumped up and banged his fist on the table. His face was white with passion.

"Hold on! Hold on right there, you tarnation dude! You're talking about the Honubbul Ossian Frye, who has just come home to Vienna, elected chairman of the state committee as the ablest man for the position. More'n a thousand men—not loafers and dudes, but hardworking farmers and quarrymen—flocked in here and stayed up

He Was Philosophically Serene in His Sartorial Disarray

half of last night to do him honor the best they could. And when you come here and say that he smashed into any place where he wasn't wanted, or twitched any nose, or ——"

The patriarch changed his attitude for the first time—he crossed his feet.

"Now you're getting worked up to the climax where you'll tell the Honorable Dorr he's a liar, Ben; and I guess I won't let you go that far," he broke in. "I haven't made much talk about that state committee meeting to any one, because I'm never much of a hand to reveal the secrets of an executive session; but here among friends I'll say I did yank the nose of the Honorable Harry Lang. I did it calmly and judiciously, and because he needed it. He had held up the state convention that day to give him time to defeat me for the state committee if he could—solely for personal reasons; but seeing, as you know, boys, that I had come up with the only Democratic county in the state in my pocket, the convention wouldn't stand for any such snigdom.

"Then he locked me out of the state committee meeting when the boys got together for organization. I did kick the door open and go in—I had to kick the door open to get in! Then he insulted me. Then he tore out with his crowd to get men to come in and lie about me; and the rest of the members did what fair-minded men usually do when they see dirt done to a decent man who deserves good treatment—they went considerable of a distance to square the thing—they made me chairman of the committee."

"With all due respect to you, Mr. Frye, I've got to tell you that the thing was done rather on the spur of the moment," stated Dorr blandly and apologetically. "I have sounded the members since, and they are sorry they acted so hastily; but it can all be adjusted very nicely. I have come down here to help arrange matters quietly. I'm sure you and I can get together."

There was silence in the room for some time. The chairman stared straight at the candidate and the old men stared at the two of them.

"Go ahead and say it. It's for you to go ahead and tell me all they told you to tell me," suggested old Ossian.

"Aren't you inclined to make this thing easy and amicable for all hands—in the interest of the party?" inquired Dorr in wheedling tones. "I assure you, on my honor, that the majority of the state committee, on sober second thought, would prefer to have Mr. Lang back in his old position as chairman. He is young and enthusiastic and progressive, and comes from fine old Democratic stock—the son of General Thomas Lang, who led his party for so long; the ——"

"The old swelled-head who ordered me kicked out of a state convention once when I told him he was wrecking his party!" broke in old Ossian. He snapped out of his chair and stood up and stamped his trousers legs down over his long-legged boots. "A year or so ago, you and his son, riding past in an automobile like dukes in a chariot, saw me sitting on a log down at the foot of this hill; and he sneered at me before he knew who I was, and asked you to watch him 'jump an old tomcat.' And when he found out who I was he informed me that any man whom the Langs had once licked always stayed licked. He was chairman of the Democratic State Committee that day—but he isn't now. It was the old tomcat that did the jumping."

"You can't afford to take this attitude, Frye," declared Dorr, bridling. "First of all, you've got to have the interests of your party at heart."

"Don't you dare to come down and tell us that the Honubbul Ossian Frye ain't the noblest and best and ablest Democrat in this state!" shouted one of the Cabinet. "We have slept and et with him in these parts; and he ——"

"Hold on, Ben! I can do the talking for the party, and do it without maligning the neighborhood that there's a Democratic love feast on," interrupted old Ossian.

He began to stride to and fro in his bare little office. A moment before he had spoken with considerable heat. Now he was calm and his voice was low.

"It's this way, boys: They're ashamed of me up at headquarters. They're making politics more of a kid-glove business than it used to be. I suppose it's old-fashioned and low-down to wear cowhides and whiskers, and not have your pants creased. I felt pretty good when the fellows flocked in last night to the barbecue—I sort of forgot that I was so far behind the times."

"You've got to admit that times change," put in the candidate. "We're making an appeal to the young and progressive voters in this campaign—the national committee is going to send us some of the biggest men in the party; and—again with all due deference to you, sir—Harry Lang will know how to entertain them."

The outjutting eyebrows bristled and the old eyes flashed.

"Turning politics into society stunts—that's the new idea, hey? That is all fine for the upper crust, Dorr; but how does it elevate or interest the men down in the ranks? There's been too much of this business of a man in a plug hat standing up and telling us what we ought to do to keep him and his crowd in office." He leaned over the meat-littered table, propping himself on his huge, straddling fingers. "I'm not a candidate for office, Dorr. I'm not holding myself up as a patriot appointed to save the people or anything of that sort. I'm an old-fashioned, practical politician; and I'll tell you, man to man, just what I did in

this county to turn it over after twenty years. But first I'll tell you why I pitched in to turn it over. That young whippersnapper of a Lang made me mad."

"Oh, you were not actuated by high motives of citizenship?" drawled Dorr.

"No; I leave the dudes to profess that - and get caught in the lie, Dorr. I've got a double-fisted grandson that's the most popular man in this county with the stonecutters, limeburners and quarrymen; and they make up a big hunk of the voting strength. He has licked all comers in boxing matches and has organized my Jackson Clubs for me in all the towns. I have appealed to all the prejudices that ignorant men can entertain against the men who are bossing things. I carried this county; but I saw to it that decent men got the offices. Decent men will turn round and help the men who voted for 'em. And that's all politics is for, so far as my opinion goes."

"A pretty narrow view for a state chairman!" snapped Dorr.

"A man who says he has a wider view is usually lying. I've got a plan for going ahead and turning over this state. And I'm not pretending to be a statesman or a savior of the dear people. I propose to play politics and scruff ears."

"I'm going to inform you frankly and bluntly, and in the presence of these men, since you are bound to have it this way, that we don't propose to have you manage the campaign. We won't stand for your sort of operations, Frye. You've got to step to one side."

"Don't you want this state to go Democratic in the coming elections?"

"There's a politer way of bringing about what we're after. I hope, Frye, you'll tender your resignation and get let down easy."

One of the big fists doubled and banged the table.

"Not by the great tin-plated hoorah will I resign!"

"Good for you, Oss!" yelped one of the Cabinet.

"Then we shall choose another chairman at the next meeting. I came down here hoping we could smooth the thing; but if you want to fight you'll have to take what's coming to you," declared Dorr, throwing off his caution and exhibiting his full contempt. That assemblage of coarse old men had disgusted him.

"And that's all the consideration you're going to show for Rockham, the only Democratic county in this state, is it?" asked the old man whom Frye had addressed as Ben.

"Oh, county politics is one thing and state politics is another," replied the candidate testily. "Your little fluky election in this sidetracked county may seem to be an important thing down this way, but it really cuts no ice in the big game. Be sensible!"

"Do you dare to say that the runts and dudes are going to throw down Oss Frye?"

The candidate pulled on his gloves and started for the door. He was mightily indignant. From the moment of his arrival he had not seemed to impress them with a sense of his importance, and he despised them for it.

"We don't propose to have a state chairman who would be the laughing-stock in the cities of this state the moment the people laid eyes on him. Now come on and see what you can do about it, Frye!" he called over his shoulder as he ran down the narrow stairs.

Old Ossian stared after him, still propped on his sprawling fingers.

"How did they ever come to nominate a doodywhickus like that as a candidate for good Democrats to vote for?" asked one of the old men, turning from the window after Dorr's automobile had bumped out of sight over the ledges of Dumpling Hill.

Frye proceeded to pare off another slice of meat.

"I reckon they'll find they've twisted a tail that's hitched to a tiger instead of a tabby cat, Oss," suggested Ben. "They have to get you mad to make you operate in good shape—like you got mad at the state convention. It's too bad you haven't kept mad more in this life. Them kind of fellows don't come along here often enough."

They all stared at him, expecting that soon he would break out into maledictions; but he chewed on his meat, meditating. His face was entirely serene.

"Ben," he said at last, "I shall send in my resignation from that state committee. You'd better be a candidate. The Rockham man won't have much to do, seeing that the county is all safe."

"Ain't you going up there and fight them critters to a standstill? Ain't you going to manage this campaign?"

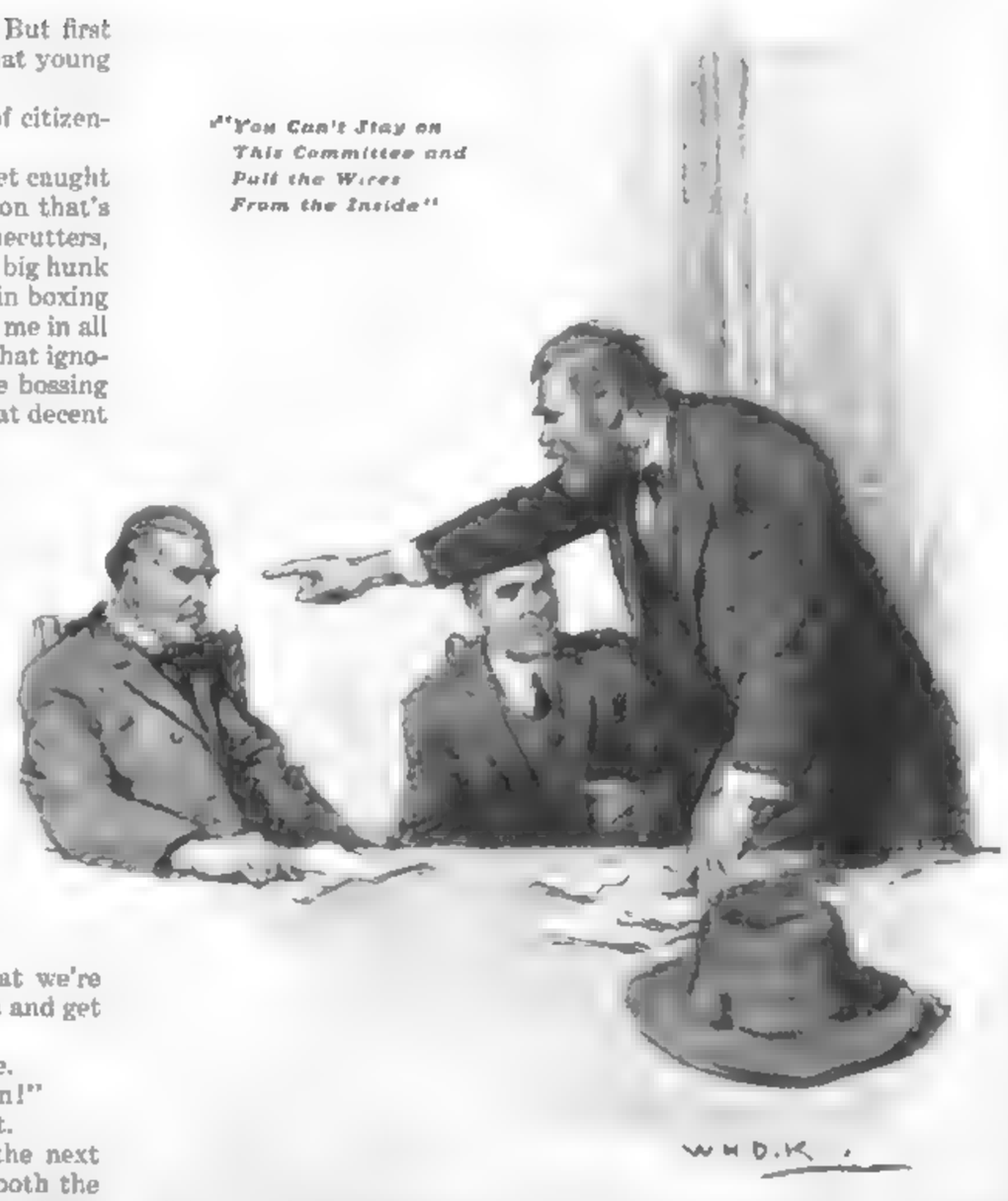
"I'm not a bit interested in politics—not just now."

"But you'll have to ——"

"If I should stay on that committee I might get interested and pitch in hard enough to boost that dude into office. I don't want to take any chances. You can have my place, Ben. I know you won't work very hard at anything you do."

"What in tophet is the matter with you, Oss, all of a sudden? You banged that table and told him you wouldn't resign offen that committee."

"A man changes his mind sometimes—a mule never does," was the calm rejoinder.



"You Can't Stay on This Committee and Pull the Wires From the Inside"

"Are you letting a passel of plug-hatters whoppydoodle you out of the position this county is so proud to see you in?" wrathfully inquired another member of the Cabinet. "Where does it leave you, Oss? Where does it leave the boys who are looking up to you? Gosh! Think of 'em all here last night—the red fire—the bands—proud—hats in the air! And now you quit when the first dude thumbs his nose at you!"

The patriarch sat down on his chair, stretched his long legs and propped his feet on his littered desk. With elbows cocked on the arms of his chair, he slowly constructed a framework of gaunt fingers and stared over the peak of this into vacancy. There was silence in the room. Ben broke that silence.

"You're among your friends here, Oss. Friends can say things to each other—like you just told me I wouldn't amount to much on that committee—like I've had Jep Ellison walk up to me on the street in the shire town and hoot and holler and bang me in the ribs, and call me seventeen kinds of a bluefaced, fleabitten orangitang! That's friendship! It's the way for good friends to talk to each other! But that flickerbird that just hopped out of here said that he and the rest of his creampuff pollywhoops are ashamed of you!

"We may just as well peel the hide offen the onion, seeing that we're here among friends. He says they are ashamed of your looks. It ought to have made you mad; but I can see what the trouble is—he hurt your feelings. You ain't getting so old, are you, Oss, that talk of that kind from a whickertail hurts your feelings instead of making you mad?"

Old Ossian broke down the propped rafters of gaunt fingers and locked them into a huge knob of flesh.

"My feelings, boys," he said, after running his gaze along the circle of their faces, "are just now not open for inspection." He shot one digit out from the knitted knob of fingers and aimed it at Ben. "Cobb, when I adjourned that meeting of the state committee I adjourned it subject to the call of the chairman. I shall send out notices tonight calling the next meeting for the fifteenth. That's four days from now. I shall give you my proxy. You attend the meeting and act for Rockham County. My letter resigning from the committee will be read at that meeting. I shall suggest in that letter that the committee elect you to fill the vacancy."

Benjamin Cobb, designated as the recipient of the slipping mantle, muttered rebelliously. The other members of the Cabinet growled protests. But the Honorable Ossian Frye derricked himself out of his chair, reversed the finger-smooched card in the window so that the word "Out" was displayed to possible clients, and went downstairs munching on a generous portion of the blackened meat.

He did not evict the Cabinet. He left them in possession. He did not shut the door of the office. It was so permanently propped open that a spider had grown old, fat and prosperous maintaining a fly abattoir between the door and wall. That office was the forum of the village—free to all who came. If a citizen of Vienna Corners had ever bumped his nose against a closed door at Ossian Frye's office he would have been as mightily astonished as if he had found Main Street fenced across in front of the post office.

The old man stepped over a lazy dog at the foot of the stairs and dropped what was left of his meat into the grateful animal's mouth. Then he walked down the middle of the street, scuffing over the ledges. He went slowly, with the air of a man pondering deeply. His hands were behind him, one hand clutching the wrist of the other. His ancient frock coat bore witness in a yellowish blur across the shoulders to the fact that the sun was pitiless on treeless Dumpling Hill. One trouser leg, hooked up over the tag of a long-legged boot, also bore witness to the fact that Ossian Frye was philosophically serene in his sartorial disarray.

As he walked down the road, however, with the dust fluffing up from under his plodding feet, he was not exactly the type of man an aristocratic gubernatorial candidate would have pointed to with pride as the state chairman to whom had been delegated the management of a campaign.

Nor did the course taken by the patriarch or his destination suggest that absorbing attention to politics that should be displayed by a state chairman on the eve of a campaign. He went off the main highway, down a lane deeply rutted by broad-tired wheels, picked his way over heaps of brash and rubble, and called to a man who was bossing the crew in a stone quarry. The man came promptly and sat down beside the state chairman on a heap of paving blocks. He was young, and his height and general air suggested kinship to the patriarch.

"I've just been bragging about you, Fred," stated old Ossian. "I told the Honorable Baldwin Dorr a few minutes ago that I have a double-fisted grandson who has licked all comers in this county up to date."

The young man inspected a plug of black tobacco, seeking the most likely corner for a bite, and chuckled.

"Why didn't he get along last night for the barbecue, gramp, so that he could see how popular the Frye family is in these parts?"

"He got along this morning and told me how unpopular I am with him and his silk-stocking crowd."

Fred Frye, ready to take a self-congratulatory bite, changed his mind and rammed the plug back into his pocket.

"He done what?"

"They're ashamed of me, Fred—ashamed of my whiskers, cowhides, clothes and conduct."

"Gramp, that powderpuff dude didn't dare to tell you that?"

"That's the gist of it, buh; and it's probably more or less true. Looks and clothes they make a lot of account of 'em; some folks do."

"Looks and clothes—have they got to playing politics in this state like women run a tea party?"

"Of course I can go ahead and doll up, Fred," drawled the old man. He caught up his knee in his clasped hands and squinted at his sputtering grandson—a sidewise glance that had a queer sparkle in it.

"What the blazes does a suit of clothes or a plug hat have to do with men's ——"

"Hold on a second, buh! I say I can buy clothes enough; but when I let the Honorable Baldwin Dorr or the Honorable Harry Alvah Lang, son of General Thomas Lang, tell me what kind of clothes to wear, or how to have my hair cut, or what kind of shoe polish to use, you'll be selling these paving blocks I'm sitting on to pave a place that's a deal hotter than the city of New York."

Then the grandson caught the meaning of the sparkle in the eyes that shone under the huge, jutting brows.

"Excuse me, gramp," he said, simply and quietly; "but that tone you put on at first 'most got my goat. What's the orders?" It was prompt and humble deference that questioned no further.

"I'm going to resign from the state committee."

"Yes, gramp."

There surely was discipline in the Frye family! The young man's hand trembled when he pulled out the plug of tobacco, but the huge bite helped him to choke back questions.

"I'm going to send Ben Cobb up to the next meeting with my proxy, and recommend him in a letter as the man I'd like to see take my place on the committee."

"Will they vote him in, gramp?"

"Of course not. I almost think that simply carrying my proxy would be enough; but I'll take no chances. I'll make that letter so strong for him, urge him so hard, that they'll make a dent in the ground when they throw him down."

Old Ossian snuggled his huge feet up under himself and took both knees into his embrace.

"Have you still got all your Jackson Clubs in hand, Fred, so that they'll do what you tell 'em to without asking questions or blabbing afterward?"

"They're tight, gramp."

"Get word round to all the towns for a quick special meeting of the county committee. If any committeeman has to send a proxy see that it's a Jackson Club man just the same. Have the county committee sign a memorial to the state committee, representing and respectfully requesting that when a vacancy on the state committee is to be filled the county committee shall be allowed to designate the man, in the interests of county harmony, and so on and so forth. I'll draw up the paper and have the Reverend Beedy send it in his handwriting. Have the committee indorse for the state committee Dr. Simeon Estes."

Even tobacco and Frye discipline could not restrain the grandson.

"Good ballywhooped Judas! Indorse the man we've just got rid of for state committeeman—the man you fired out—that old kettle-bellied ——"

"You're only an amateur at calling names in politics—don't waste my time, bub. Remember that I listened to good, able name-callers in Greenback days, when I was in Congress. Indorse old Estes; and some day, when I'm ready, I'll plaster him with the names he deserves—and do it myself. When I go out of this quarry forget that I've had any talk with you. Tell your particular man Friday in each Jackson Club to lie about your having had any talk with him. That's one beauty about those Jackson Clubs," continued the old man after he had eased himself off the stonepile; "they obey more orders in politics and ask less questions than any crowd I've ever had anything to do with."

II

MR. BENJAMIN COBB, nominated for committee-mantle recipient, came into the office of the Honorable Ossian Frye for a half-hour conference before the stage left Vienna Corners. He wore a look of mingled anxiety, bold determination, fierce resolve and apprehensive expectation; he also wore a new suit of ready-made clothes and a hard hat, and yawed down his chin and twisted his neck every few minutes to ease the chafe of a high collar.

"I ain't going to give 'em no excuse to hoot me offen that committee because I ain't togged right," he confided to certain members of the Kitchen Cabinet. "If a man has got to be a dude to help manage politics in this state these days I'll join the parade." He nursed his little valise on his knees. "Now, Oss, can't you think of something—some last thing—that you've forgot to tell me?"

"No, Ben. The questions you have asked me during the last four days have ransacked my soul like an old maid going through a trunk in her attic. The dust seems to have been patted out of everything stored in me, from politics to piffle. Go along up and take your place on that committee—with my blessing. Have the proxy all safe, eh?"

Mr. Cobb prodded his breast with his thumb and produced a crackle of paper.

"All I can say is: Don't be afraid of them!" suggested the mentor.

Mr. Benjamin Cobb banged his way down the stairs with the declaration that he'd be several varieties of this and of that before he'd be afraid of any of those and some others, backed as he was by the "Honubbul Ossian Frye."

Mr. Benjamin Cobb—without the aforementioned mantle—came into the office of Ossian Frye ten seconds after the stage stopped in front of the post office. He had been away one night.

He threw his little valise into a corner, stripped his sweat-sodden collar from his neck with one yank and flung it afar, and began to pound his hard little fists on a littered table. He seemed to be unable to express his emotions in words.

The Honorable Ossian Frye, stretched back in his chair, his feet on his desk, shut one eye and aimed a steadfast stare from the other at this exhibition, leveling his gaze between the tips of his boots.

"Sometimes, Ben," he ventured at last, "when opening homemade pop beer, you can save some of it by squeezing your thumb tight over the nozzle. If you don't look out you'll froth this thing all away!"

Oaths that popped like red balls from a Roman candle preceded and followed this shrill declaration from Cobb:

"I never got in—they wouldn't let me in! I set there like a toad under a harrow eight hours. They kept me out. Did you see that collar? I sweat a gallon! If I hadn't I'd have gone up in blaze and smoke there—waiting in that corridor. Do you see that collar? That shows the agony I went through ——"

"Heat under the collar is no new thing in politics, Ben. But you had my proxy. You don't mean to tell me they dared to throw you down when you had my proxy—mine!"

"Proxy! If I'd 'a' taken a crowbar I'd 'a' done better. Your proxy! For the love o' the suffering kadunk, Oss Frye, do you think you cut any swath in politics any more in this state? I can see now why you quit so easy. I couldn't understand why you didn't fight. Now I do."

"It does broaden a man's views to get out of Vienna once in a while, Cobb."

"You ain't nothing in politics no more, Oss Frye."

"I've been suspecting it."

"You don't even control your own county any more. You don't know what's going on here behind your back. Don't you know that the county committee sent old Doc Estes up there to that meeting—indorsed him? And I set there in that corridor; and he walked in past me, swelling out his old pod, and give me a snort and a grin. You ain't got no more influence than a nit on a housefly!"

"But what did you do with my proxy?"

"I sent it in—and I guess they lit their dude cigars with it."

"The trouble is with you, Ben—you haven't got sprawl enough. I have always told you you haven't been up and doing the way you ought to. If you'd had a little gizzard, backed by my proxy, you could have got into the meeting. But a man without any spirit ——"

"Spirit! Spirit! I got up and welted that Harry Lang across the chops with the flat of my hand when he came out; and he sneered at me and told me that neither you nor anybody connected with you amounted to a hoot in state politics. I'm sorry I done it now; he was telling the truth. You sent me up there to be shamed. They sent a policeman with me to put me on the train. I had spirit—I didn't have no sense; but I thought you amounted to something—and you ain't even got your own county now!"

"I did all I could for you, Ben," stated the patriarch, starting for the door. "Seeing that you didn't get into the meeting I sent you to, I'll have to depend on what the newspapers say. The mail must be open by this time."

He found a conservative report of the meeting in his newspaper. Only one detail interested him. He slapped the paper open and stood on the post-office porch, and read that Dr. Simeon Estes, of Rockham County, had been chosen to succeed Ossian Frye, resigned. It was not mentioned that any other candidate had appeared; but it was stated that Doctor Estes, who had formerly served on the state committee, was elected to fill the vacancy because he was indorsed by the county committee.

"The Honorable Harry Alvah Lang, reëlected to his former position of chairman, stated in an interview after the meeting," read the patriarch, "that the state committee, desiring to represent fully the wishes of the voters, ratified the choice of the county committee of Rockham, and in case of further vacancies will invite other county committees to indorse new incumbents. This is a new custom; but Chairman Lang wishes the party to understand that in these broadminded days of young blood and progressiveness the state committee will be no oligarchy."

"That's good," commented the Honorable Ossian Frye. "The sons of seacooks took that bait easy. There's nothing like establishing a precedent and having a fool rush it into print."

He met Ben Cobb stamping down the stairs.

"I don't know as I can ever look up to you again, just the same, Oss," he stated sourly. "I'm pretty hot."

"That's right. I like to have a backfire hot when I kindle it," was the cryptic rejoinder of the ex-state chairman of the Democracy.

III

TWENTY-ONE men, members of the Democratic State Committee, sat about a long table in the big room of Suite Ten, of the Phenix Hotel, in the state capital. Chairman Harry Alvah Lang lounged at the head of the table, his right leg thrown over the arm of his chair, his coat lapel propped back by the thumb he had hooked into the armhole of his white piqué waistcoat. He seemed to be mighty well satisfied with himself and the world.

"And that, gentlemen, is what the chairman of the national committee told me himself in Washington three days ago," he proceeded. "We're going to elect our president this fall. The country is going Democratic. We have felt it coming. We have got to do business in this state at the September election. They're looking to us. I didn't have to coax 'em for a lump of money or for the big guns in the speaking line—they're only too glad to send them.

"'Lang,' said the chairman to me, 'you've got to make your state the national weathervane in September. We want to point to it and say to the rest of the country that the wind has shifted and has become a Democratic gale. We'll send you oil for the bearings and gilding for the vane—we propose to have it show up good and bright.' It's up to us, gentlemen, to show results. Go home now and tell the boys. The meeting is adjourned, subject to call of the chairman."

On the way out of the room Chairman Lang found himself walking beside a rotund man, who gave forth faint odors of tincture and medicaments. He was Dr. Simeon Estes, committeeman from Rockham County.

"Well, doctor, how about Old Tantrybogus, down your way? Isn't dead yet, is he?"

"Haven't heard that he was—physically," replied the doctor with a wheezy laugh.

"If he isn't sure he is politically we'll have you issue a certificate to that effect. I don't know when I ever had a fool thing jab me any harder than that!" confided Chairman Lang, lighting a cigarette and talking between puffs. "It was like having a scarecrow come to life and jump at

(Continued on Page 33)

"Thank You; I'm Not Hungry. I Don't Care for It"

THE CAPTURE

By JAMES HAY, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

The Ratlike Pole Burst Into Wild, Hysterical Laughter

VINAL sat in a plain deal chair near the cold fireplace, his body leaning slightly forward, his hands resting lightly upon his knees. With the exception of two brief interruptions he had been in that position for more than twelve hours, but there was in the lines of his still figure that which suggested desperate expectancy, incessant alertness.

At eleven o'clock that morning he had risen from the chair by inches and tiptoed to the window and, gently pulling aside the thick, dirty curtain, had looked out through a chink in the closed shutters to glance at the two policemen patrolling the pavement outside. In that journey he had not made a sound. Not a board had creaked. There had not been even so much as the scraping of one part of his clothing against another. And again at five o'clock in the afternoon, creeping, a master of silence, he had repeated the pilgrimage and had seen the same patrol. At the back of the house, he knew, was a third blue-coated man.

On the far side of the room was a door and beyond that door were Pole and Dowell, two of the men who had murdered old Sothoron and old Sothoron's wife. He knew they were there. How he knew it he could not have explained. So far as his trained senses had been able to discover, there had come from the next room during his long wait the sound of neither voice nor motion. He simply felt that they were on the other side of the wall.

He had acted on the supposition that they would do what thousands of others of their kind had done, double on their tracks and return, if possible, to their old refuge. He had figured that, if they could enter the house in spite of the one policeman at the rear and the two at the front, he in his pursuit of them could accomplish the same feat.

As he thought of this deduction on his part, and its impending result, he experienced the greatest excitement he ever allowed himself to feel. It was now only a question of minutes, at most not more than an hour, before he would have the laugh on the police commissioner. He would make Finkman and his men look like fools; and the famous Bloomer agency, with its cocksure chief, would find itself cheated of its prize at the very time when the city and the entire country expected it to turn its best trick. He liked neither the commissioner nor Finkman nor the Bloomers. They had never given him a fair chance, and he had a nice sense for revenge. Single-handed he would deliver two of the three murderers to justice that evening.

If he had waited a lifetime he could not have had a better setting for the drama he was about to enact. The newspapers the next morning would grip the imagination of the whole country and lead it irresistibly into the dark room of that miserable house in which he now sat. Because the public mind had been inflamed by the recitals of the outrage, it would read eagerly, even delightedly, the details of the capture of the criminals.

For three days the search for the murderers had spread out, spun itself into a mighty web. The furor had been created because of the prominence of the victims, not because of any particular brutality in the commission of the crime. While one man had watched outside the other two had crept into the bedroom, chloroformed the husband and the wife and ransacked the house. To all intents and purposes, so far as the burglars were concerned, the double murder had been an accident. Instead of stupefying, as they had intended, they had killed.

But immediately the authorities and the newspapers had come forward with the cry: "The chloroform gang!" They recognized in the tragedy the work of the Chloroform Colonel and his two associates, Dowell and Pole. And because the owners of millions had been done to death, he, Vinal, sat there in the cold, dark room and calculated to a nicety the details of every move he must make to accomplish this triumph unaided, to achieve it in such a way that he—he alone—would stand head and shoulders above the mass of men who made the pursuit of crime their profession.

He had entered the house before daylight that morning, coming up like a specter out of the wet blackness of the back alley, slipping past the sleepy policeman and disappearing into the areaway in perfect silence. His progress on stockinged feet from the basement to the fourth story of the rickety house had been as quiet as death and laborious enough to wring the sweat from his body.

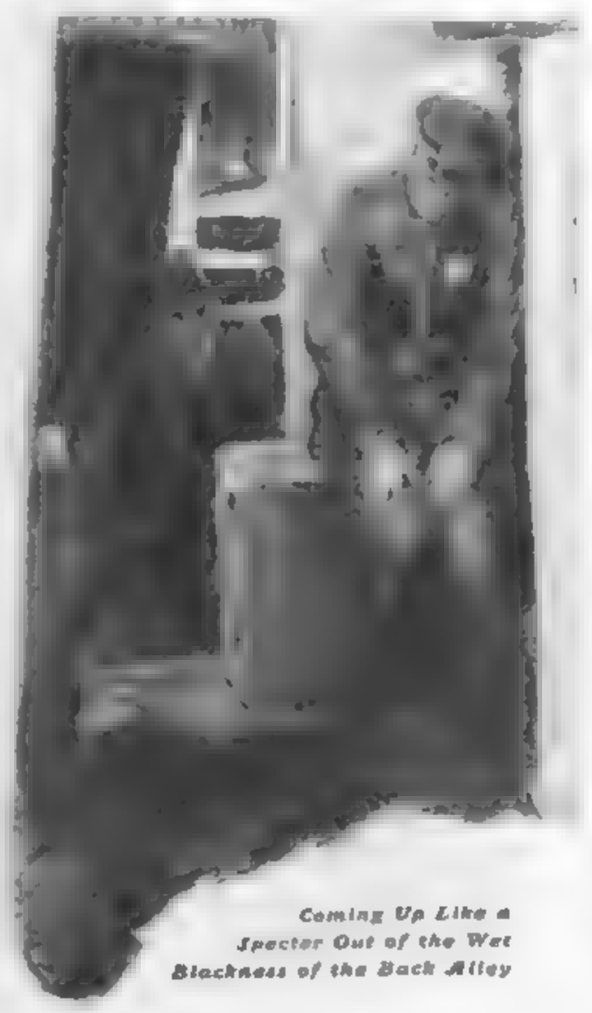
And yet he should have had no real fear of interruption. The police, having searched the place from top to bottom two days before, had contented themselves with placing the three pickets on the outside—in case the murderers should seize on the perilous chance of doubling back. And if his marvelous intuition had served him right and any of the three had returned to wait for a last play for freedom, they would have made no outcry if he had stumbled against them. They would have realized the futility of further resistance. The average crook, dislodged from his last ditch, makes no fight. In view of these things his care, his fear of outside interference and his incredible patience were sure signs of the eagerness with which he looked forward to the capture.

The time had come for him to act, to put into execution the plan which he had elaborated. On the other side of the flimsy door there were only two men. He knew this. In the first place the Colonel, their leader, would never have beaten back aimlessly to an old haunt. Rather than pen himself up in a place in which either starvation or a second search would end his career, he would make a daring try for more open ground. Realizing that all the machinery of the law was combing clean the retreats of the city, he would strive in every way to get beyond the scope of such a chase. Only the lower intelligence of Pole and Dowell would hold out to them the promise of ultimate escape by such a ruse.

The room was very cold. Vinal wanted to shiver, but checked the impulse. In all the time he had been there he had not moved a muscle unnecessarily. The darkness was in the shuttered, curtained house like a tangible, palpable object. It seemed a solid, oblong formation against which the glare of the street lights beat in vain. And the silence inside was almost as bad. In that vast, crashing, shrieking city it was a separate thing, unchanged and unmoved by the ordinary uproar humanity makes at night. It began to get on his nerves, until he mentally took hold of himself and assured himself that there was nothing uncanny in the affair. It was simply a matter of one man sitting moveless and soundless in one room and two other men equally moveless, equally silent, in the other.

He got to his feet—and it took him two full minutes to reach an upright position—his hands held slightly away from his sides. He moved his fingers, crooking them and straightening them out methodically time and again to get out of them the stiffness that had been caused by the cold. He raised his right foot and put it forward through the darkness in one long step, but when he placed it on the bricks of the hearth nearby it was with a motion as soft as the falling of down. Once on the hearth and away from the danger of creaking boards, he began to rise slowly and repeatedly on the balls of his feet in such a way that the exertion called into play all the muscles of his legs. He did this fifty times, more rapidly toward the last, and always continuing the movements of his fingers.

He went through with it scientifically, utilizing the knowledge he had gained in the gymnasium. He had begun to roll his head from side to side when he noticed that his neck, unshaven for thirty-six hours, rasped against his collar. With slow deftness and short, tedious movement he took off his cravat and, leaning over, placed it carefully on the bricks to one side. He did not drop it. The collar was more difficult. He moistened his fingers with saliva and applied them many times to the buttonholes. When he slipped the first flap from its holding the buttonhole was as soft and wet as if it had been dipped in a river.



Coming Up Like a Specter Out of the Wet Blackness of the Back Alley

His straining ears, ready to receive every sound, could not hear his own work. Outside there was the constant chorus of the city, punctuated now and then by the shrill horn of an automobile or the wail of wheels against the cold steel rails on the Elevated, and continuously there came up from the pavement directly underneath the monotonous pit-pat of the brogans of the slowly promenading policemen. Several times he heard voices guying the officers.

"Watch the Sherlock Holmeses doing a marathon!" one of the street gamins called out.

And another:

"Why don't you go down to the station and wait for 'em to walk in?"

But there was no sound from the next room. He had taken off the collar and laid it down beside the cravat when the thought came to him: "Suppose they're not there!" He paused, still bowed over, and listened as if to reassure himself. He heard nothing. And yet the old intuition came back to him. They were there. That was the only explanation of why the newsboys at that very moment were crying the extras telling of their remarkable escape. They must be there. They would have thought of no other place when the chase behind them had grown too hot.

He did not falter once in his infinite precaution, his far-reaching calculation of just what each muscle would do, of how he must place each hand and each foot to avoid even the chance of noise. The slightest thing, he knew, would split that block of silence like the thundering blow of a trip-hammer. The blackness pressed upon him and stung him as if it had been made up of the ends of live wires, wires which, in his unnatural imagination, he thought would carry straight to the ears of the two in the other room the ghost of any sound. But he forced himself to calmness. He could not afford nervousness.

As plainly as if it had been in the room he suddenly heard the rattle of the knob of the front door of the house. One of the policemen, varying the monotony of his vigil, had rattled it aimlessly. In an instant he became one degree more alert. The eager desire of his mind sharpened still more his hearing. There had come from the other room a sound. He listened—listened—listened hungrily, painfully. The noise was not repeated. It had not been enough, in the first place, to make a scratch on the hard block of the silence which hemmed him in. And yet he was sure, certain.

He leaned over again and, resting his left hand on the bricks, thrust his right slowly into the fireplace and up the chimney the fraction of an inch. He wanted some of the soot, but none of it must be dislodged and fall into the fireplace. He put the soot with well-considered smears upon his cheeks and nose and forehead. Then, regaining his upright posture, he slowly turned up the soft collar of his coat and buttoned the garment tightly about his slender figure.

He stood hesitant once more, cataloguing in his mind all the things he had done,

the limbering and softening of the muscles and ligaments of his body, the removal of his collar and tie, the disfiguring of his face—this being done for two reasons: The blackness of the soot would remove the possibility of his face looming up like a white blur before the men he intended to capture; also, if they discovered him too soon, he would stand a chance to fraternize with them as being, like them, a fugitive. That idea struck him as grimly ludicrous. What would they, the murderers, think if they became convinced that he, fleeing because of some minor offense, was closeted with them in their last house of refuge?

With soft touches he felt that the revolver in the right-hand outer pocket of his coat was as it should be and that the one on the other side was convenient to his immediate reach. He was ready, he told himself. Finkman and the Bloomers, he reflected, could not have prepared themselves one-half so well for what he was about to do.

Vinal was not a coward. No man with fear in his heart ever could have gone through with that day's watching. But as he put out his right foot and started on that long, apparently interminable journey across the short expanse of flooring between him and the door, the slightest noise of his own making would have thrown him into a panic. Keyed up to an abnormal pitch, his nerves raw from their tension, he was emotionally wide open to any impression, any idea, any happening foreign to his definite undertaking.

It was as if he carried in the balls of his feet premonition of noise. In his trip to the door he traveled at right angles to the boarding of the floor, and he knew that in order to avoid the creaking of the planks he must follow the line of one of the crosspieces underneath the boarding. He found this by instinct and he kept to it unswervingly in his progress.

His sense of direction was extraordinary, weird; the more so because every step he made was almost a half-circle, since he did not dare to tip forward in the ordinary manner. In each groping stride his foot went out to one side from him and forward at the same time, so as to avoid the danger of one trousers leg brushing against the other. And he was guided entirely by the mental picture of what he had seen grayly when the daylight had been sifting through the chinks of the shutters—by that and by the instinctive accuracy with which his light, catlike feet followed the safe part of the flooring.

Within a yard of the door, he stopped midway in the act of letting his weight swing with wearisome slowness from his right foot to his left. He had had neither food nor drink for twenty-four hours, and in the anguished nervousness of his progress he had allowed his mouth to slacken, half-open. It was like that of a runner who, nearing the close of a race, gasps for breath. And all of a sudden he realized that the inhalations went into his lungs with what threatened to be the sound of a low whistle. He closed his lips and hung motionless, balanced halfway in his stride. He listened. There was nothing except the roar of the city—that and the pit-pat of the policemen's feet.

He put out his hand and moved it forward slowly, slowly as the ages.

The tips of his fingers thrilled and pulsated as if the nerves were not covered by the epidermis. And when they touched the doorjamb he had to hold himself together to keep from starting suddenly, so hard and abrupt seemed the touch when they struck against the woodwork.

Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, his long, lean figure crouched forward more and more until his ear was on a level with the keyhole. He waited five minutes—eight minutes—ten minutes. His hearing was reinforced by his hope of discovering them and his fear of their discovering him. All his senses reached forward into that other room. So great was his concentration that the noises of the city and the echoes of the footsteps down below were at last a million miles away.

He could see the two men exactly as they had been pictured in the newspapers—Pole, little, round-shouldered, pusillanimous; and Dowell, heavy-set, broad-shouldered, bull-necked. Now, more than ever, he knew that they were there—Pole bunched up, terror-stricken, white-lipped, and Dowell a big, immovable lump. But he could not understand why he did not hear their breathing. It was natural that they should not move about. Their consuming fear of discovery would account for this. And yet the fact that they made no sounds whatever was beyond him. If they were breathing, he felt, the sound of it must come to him in that virgin silence.

Then he heard. It was a whisper, low, guarded, but to him it sounded like the crack of a gun, so much so that instinctively and in silent swiftness he put his hands to his revolver pockets.

He listened.

"If they get the Colonel we've got a chance."

He knew that the voice was Pole's. It was a whisper, but to his ears, incredibly trained, it had in it all the characteristics of a voice. It sounded like the talk of a little, shrill-toned man.

"They won't get him." Dowell's whisper in reply was like Dowell, slow and heavy.

The silence closed in again.

"For God's sake, we've got to do something! We'll starve to death here."

Pole's whisper, so low that it seemed scarcely to make a ripple on the ocean of stillness, was freighted nevertheless with a coward's despair.

Vinal, exerting himself as if he wrestled with ten men, had heard every syllable of what had been said. He found himself balanced on his toes, his right arm straightened out behind him, his left pointed forward and downward, as if he were poised agilely and perfectly for instant movement.

"Here! Come Here, You Men! Grab 'Em!"

He hung, light as a feather, in the silence, and yet his muscles were so tense that he looked, too, like a man supporting tremendous weight.

"Don't talk." Dowell ended the whispering.

Vinal put his hand on the doorknob. His fingers touched it as lightly as grains of dust, and, while all his consciousness was centered on the gigantic task of turning it without noise, somewhere in the back of his mentality he was cursing the necessity of fooling with a thing so pregnant in its possibilities for the ruin of his plan.

It seemed to him afterward that he used up a year of his life in turning the knob. At every fraction of the turn he paused, knowing that, if he went the thousandth of a second faster, the inevitable grating of the latch would follow. He was seized by an insane desire to wrench the door open and charge in with thunderous noise, discharging his guns and shouting at the top of his voice. The silence—silence which was necessary to him—was growing too big, too mysterious for him. It was a torture that multiplied itself every moment.

When he had the latch free of the hasp, there came a repetition of the careful tactics he had already followed. Just as there had been a certainty that the lock would creak, there was the dead-sure thing that the hinges would cry out if urged by more than snail-like motion. As the door opened he began to calculate through his sense of touch just when to bring it to a stop, and to go through again the crucifying process of letting the latch creep back to the point from which he had started it. While he did this he could hear the breathing of the two men, and gradually, by painful degrees, he began to sense their positions in the room. They were nearer to the window than he had thought and they faced the window. That was the first piece of good fortune he had had. He could work on them from behind.

He took his hand from the knob and the door was still. He took one slow step into the room. It was a motion that required minutes. Three times the ball of his foot touched the flooring and drew back. Each time he knew that, if he had put the weight of ten pounds on that step, the flimsy flooring would have cried out. At the fourth attempt he felt safe—and he could not have explained the feeling to save his soul.

"I wish I had some water," Pole's little whisper rang out.

Involuntarily there flashed through Vinal's mind a story he had read years before of the carrying power of certain actors' voices. Pole, he thought, undoubtedly would have made a good actor.

Before he took the next step he got both the pistols from his pockets and held them ready. He was possessed by a mania for speed, a wild desire to make a rush, to liberate his muscles from the captivity of care, to throw from his limbs the manacles of tediousness. But as he went forward, gaining at every step a clearer consciousness of where the two men sat, he did not hurry in the slightest. Each contraction of his muscles was as slow as it had been at the hearth in the other room. And even at this moment, when the whole fabric of his success hung on the slender chain of a few silent seconds, he thought with astonishment of how perfectly his mind controlled every smallest atom of his body.

The climax came exactly as he had planned it. He ended the torture of slowness with a rush of motion and cut the stillness with a whisper. With one lightning-like sweep the revolvers flashed through two feet of space and came down, muzzles forward, on the backs of the two men's necks. He could tell by the way the flesh at the end of the right-hand revolver gave way that the little Pole shrank down in his chair as far as he could. The left-hand gun met the thickness of Dowell's neck and moved only a few inches.

"If you make a sound I'll pull the trigger!" he said, and he put the threat in a murmur scarcely louder than had been the whispers he had heard.

For nearly half a minute the group was motionless—only Pole's breathing began to come and go with a hissing sound.

Finally Dowell broke the stillness.

"What do you want?" he asked aloud, but in a subdued tone.

"Don't do that again!" Vinal's whisper was sharp enough to be like a blow. "I want you both. I've got you. Now listen. There's another man in this house, and if you make a sound he may make a getaway. You are going with me quietly—or shot."

There began in Pole's throat what would have developed into a whimper, but Vinal stopped it with his thumb.

"Now," he whispered his directions, "I'll guide you out of this room through the next into the hall and down to the front door. You go the way these guns press you."

Dowell had made no sign of emotion, except that his breathing was faster. Both he and Pole rose to their feet and turned as Vinal indicated with the revolvers. To be more certain in his guidance he had thrust the muzzles of the revolvers inside their collars.

"Where are your shoes?" he asked, whispering softly.

It was Dowell who replied:

"Over in the corner."

"They are not in the way? We won't stumble against them?"

"No."

He was still desirous of silence. Nobody must enter the house to interfere with his work, his capture. He would deliver them at the front door, on the pavement, to the sleepy policemen. But the three could not traverse three flights of stairs without some noise, and this angered him. Whenever his captives made a board creak he gouged them mercilessly with the revolvers; but he did not whisper.

Quietly, with reasonable quickness, they reached the vestibule. Pole, weak and small, was flinching under every

(Concluded on Page 40)

Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine

"And Then the Justice"—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

. . . And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. . . .
AS YOU LIKE IT—
Act II, Scene VII.

THERE now, in an instantaneous pen-picture, we have him, the justice—his fair round belly and all. You know that kind of frontispiece. It juts well out, with a gradual, billowy bulge to it; and it sways at its moorings, so to speak, like a captive balloon. Taking a nap after dinner, he holds it on his lap with both hands; and when he is in a hurry and walking fast it makes you seasick to watch him.

He is lined with good capon—and with other good rich things too. His eyes are severe—why shouldn't they be when he disapproves of nearly everything he sees? His beard is of formal cut—a full-rigged face for a country justice; side-whisker jib-booms, with a spinnaker on the chin, for a city justice.

He is full of wise saws. They are not necessarily wise saws—we merely accept them as embodying wisdom because the generation ahead of us gave them currency. If we only stopped to think about it proverbs are very much overdone anyhow. Many mickles do not always make a muckle. Very often it is a mucker. The rolling stone gathers no moss—quite true; but it sees the world—does it not? And, besides, did you ever stop to think that the market for stones with moss on them is very limited?

Soft words butter no parsnips. Granted. Buttered parsnips are not so awfully popular either. I can think of several things I should rather have for a steady diet than parsnips, with or without butter. But coming from the justice's mouth these remarks have a sonorous, convincing sound, and we accept them unthinkingly.

The Smug Egotism of Fifty

AS SHAKSPERE intimates, all these things help him to play the part. He does play it too. He is satisfied with himself. Looking back on his life from the calm reflective altitude of, say, his fiftieth birthday, he cannot see where he has made any serious errors. From time to time others may have been guilty of mistakes—but not he. He is acquainted with the one perfect work of Nature—namely himself.

He is egotistical—not with the blatant and vociferous egotism of youth, but with the settled and immovable egotism of middle age. He has traded most of his early ideals off for symptoms; but they are important and impressive symptoms—else he would not have them. He does not talk as much as he did. He realizes that a dignified silence often goes further than a loud roaring sound; the Sphinx preserves its air of mystery through all the ages, but Mammoth Cave has no secrets from any one.

Semper Edam! is his motto—signifying: At all times the whole cheese! He removes his high hat with the air of one unveiling a monument. His way of buttoning his frock coat makes you think of closing up the courthouse for the day. At breakfast he orders his eggs fried on both sides in a tone of voice suggesting Mark Antony beginning that funeral oration to the Roman populace. He takes himself as seriously as a funeral. He has no fears for the future. His position is fixed, secure, unassailable! So long as he keeps his health, all must necessarily be well with the universe. And then—thud!

Another of the old English writers has treated of this same subject. I refer to Mother Goose. She carried it further than Shakspere did. He rested content with picturing man in his fifth age. She went to ultimate conclusions and described

The Humpty-Dumpty Brotherhood Has a Large Membership

his frequent finish. She did this in those immortal verses of hers dealing with Humpty-Dumpty.

In the versions of both writers the central figure is of a circular aspect—rotund, egg-shaped, self-satisfied. She has him sitting on a wall; Shakspere visualizes him sitting on the bench as a justice. Each, I take it, indulged in an allegory to show that undoubtedly he sat in high places. Shakspere leaves him there. She tells what happened to him. You remember the deathless lines:

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on the wall;
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't put Humpty-Dumpty back again!"

Believe me, they did not try! I will not be positive as to the king's horses, though I have a shrewd suspicion that immediately after the catastrophe they went hurriedly away to take part in the inaugural parade of the late Humpty-Dumpty's successor; but I am in a position to speak with authority as regards the actions of the king's men—because, after all, they were men. So we know what they naturally did under the circumstances. They dusted round the corner to be ready to whoop for the new administration when the bandwagon should pass; and if any of them lingered upon the spot at all it was for the purpose of dancing on the fragments.

These distressful tragedies occur daily—the front page of the paper is always full of them; but it seems to me they occur most numerously to the person who has been so busy studying his own graceful proportions that he failed to look behind him.

There are several morals to be deduced from these mournful affairs. One—and an old hackneyed one—is that the higher you climb, the harder you drop. The second is that, before undertaking to climb at all, you should be sure the life-net is properly rigged. And the third is that while sitting on the wall it is well to cast a glance toward the rear. It is bad luck to see the new moon over the left shoulder. It is worse luck not to—because nobody ever yearns to give you a fatal shove until you have clambered to an elevation where you will make a pleasant splashing sound when you hit. That fatal plunk is music to many an ear then; and the more pieces there are the greater the satisfaction.

A Gentleman Rising Fifty Who Falls in Love Should Not Be Allowed to Write

The Roosting-Places of the Mighty

YET how very few climbers there are who take these precautions! During the best years of your life you strive to scale that cloud-piercing wall called success and perch upon its tallest pickets. If necessary you will trample on the form of your best friend to get there. You tear your clothes and you damage your reputation maybe. You get stains on your hands and scrape the skin off your knees.

Finally, though, you achieve it. You reach the top. You shove a previous arrival off into space and scrouge into the place he has left vacant. To be sure, it is not altogether as comfortable a roosting-place as it appeared to be when viewed from below. It is jagged and rough, and there is broken glass on it, and rusty nails and sharp splinters. Your conscience pains you too, perhaps.

There are compensations though. Far, far down below you behold the masses of the population wriggling about in a foolish, futile sort of fashion. By straining the eyes you can make out their admiring faces—they remind you of ants; and, as with ants, you prefer them at a distance. You say to yourself that this thing of sitting on the wall has its attractions. There is a lot of personal satisfaction in being up there under any circumstances. The company is small but exclusive, and—thank Heaven!—there is elbowroom. One is not annoyed by the proximity of ordinary, common people.

The limelight flickers on your face, its calcium beams lighting up your distinguished lineaments. Somewhere in the distance a brass band is playing: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow! Bouquets are dropping in your lap. The sun is shining upon you, warmly yet softly. You have a pleasant taste in your mouth. You fetch a deep breath, and one by one the buttons pop off your vest.

Under the pressure from within your hatband slowly splits asunder. You can scarcely look over your own bust development now; the crawling multitudes below are barely visible. A playful breeze—but a soothing one—touches with caressing fingers your front hair. You light a good cigar, cross your legs, put your thumbs in the armholes of your waistcoat and lean back to enjoy the bracing and buoyant view from these pleasant altitudes.

If you did but peek over your own shoulder you would see something. You would see a group of determined conspirators stealing up behind you, treading the pickets with pussy-footed

care—all animated by a common impulse. Did you but glance downward you might observe a determined person, with covetous eyes, reaching up a greedy hand to grip you by your silk-shod ankles. But, as a rule, you look neither backward nor downward. Why should you? The applause is all coming from other directions—also the floral offerings, the musical selections and the requests for autographs.

Besides, in response to the popular demand, it is time to have your photograph taken again. You assume an attitude of easy grace, with a thoughtful expression in the eyes, and the forefinger of the right hand pressing against the pulsing temple of your massive brow. This is an effective pose, but leaves the back of the neck exposed.

There is a sudden jarring impact under the butt of the left ear. There is a low, muffled report, as if a sledgehammer had fallen on a ripe watermelon. There is a flash, a crash, and you know no more. And it is not necessary that you should either; for you are now but another mussy job for the janitor. The king's horses are nickering and the king's men are cheering—nickering and cheering for the assassin who gave you the lethal wallop, and who is even now settling himself in the cozy spot on the wall which you unwittingly have warmed for him.

The Humpty-Dumpty Fellowship

THE Humpty-Dumpty Brotherhood has a large membership. It is a family that is constantly growing. It includes many famous names. It stretches all the way from Julius Cæsar to Uncle Joe Cannon; from the Garden of Eden to Washington, D. C. Every page of history drips sadly with the lamentable annals of those who sat on a wall and had a great fall. A few survived the dread experience, but they were very few indeed. A former champion rarely comes back except as perishable freight. Many people can stand adversity—they just naturally have to stand it; but not so many can stand sudden prosperity, and fewer still the abrupt slump from prosperity to adversity again. Generally the fall results fatally. In a vast majority of cases Humpty-Dumpty is a total loss—with no insurance.

Every stratum of society furnishes its recruits to the league.

Take financial circles for an example. About once in so often, out of the West or somewhere comes tearing a new Napoleon of finance, accompanied by his family, his touring cars, his press agent—who later becomes his suppress agent—his ego and his bankroll. New York is his destination. His native state has grown too tight for him round the chest. He needs air; he needs the inspiration of the metropolis. Wall Street calls to him as a mother to a favored child. Willing hands boost him to the top. Behold him there, with his head in the clouds, o'ertopping the pygmies of the Stock Exchange, as he inhales the rarefied atmosphere of higher finance! He can think now only in large sums of money. When he gives out an interview it is so full of upper-case I's that it looks as if it had a picket fence round it.

He has his plans all worked out for revolutionizing the existing financial systems, and incidentally shoving the old school of financiers into the umbrella closet under the back stairs and turning the key on them, when—kerplunk! Somebody has shoved him right off the wall. He drops into the welcoming arms of a Federal grand jury. His next imitation is that of a pet zebra, with a close hair-cut, learning how to make chair-bottoms in a large stone building with a wall round it.

The actor and the artist; the opera singer; the author and the playwright—these, too, are particularly subject to the kind of vertigo that comes of sitting in a high place, with the feet hanging over and the torso swelling. So long as they are humble beginners they are in no peril. But when your young leading man or your young dramatist rears himself on the skyline, shutting out most of the horizon from the purview of lesser mortals; when he begins to speak of his audiences and his following; when he starts cultivating idiosyncrasies; when he forgets the friends of other days—it is time to stand by for the fatal concussion.

You might as well be ascertaining the glove-sizes of the honorary pallbearers, and ordering the broken columns and the gates ajar, because the obsequies are about due and the remains will be ready.

He is Lined With Good Capon—and With Other Good Rich Things Too

Taking it on the whole, though, politics probably furnishes more candidates for the Humpty-Dumpty Club than any other calling. At an early age a young man qualifies for the career of a statesman by being born of poor but honest parents in a log cabin or an earth dugout. Once in a while a man succeeds in politics who was born in a clapboarded house; but he is rarely found and starts under a severe handicap. A log cabin is, after all, the only proper place for a future statesman to be born in.

If Necessary You Will Trample on the Form of Your Best Friend to Get There

Having thus laid the foundations for a life of political preferment, the ambitious youth, while still in his teens, strengthens his hold by whipping the village bully—see the published life of any prominent American statesman. He rounds out the preliminary course by teaching a district school, spending his evenings reading law by the light of a tallow dip. Electricity or gas will answer, but a tallow dip is much better, as more nearly conforming with the traditions. Sometimes I wonder what our public men would have done without district schools to teach, and village bullies to lick, and tallow dips to read law by. It does not seem possible that there were enough bullies to go round—but there must have been. History attests it and you cannot go behind those returns.

Anon he enters the arena and the forum, not to mention the caucus and the convention. He wears the customary habiliments of his profession, including the limp string tie and the long-tailed coat. He has cultivated the deep rolling voice, the eagle eye and the majestic yet democratic manner. The people have become, indeed, very dear to him. He speaks of them as My Pe-pull!

Step by step he climbs higher and higher. Honors crowd thick upon him. He learns how to wear a halo, a high hat and a laurel wreath—all on the same head. He feels that he is old Mr. Destiny's favorite son. The fevered dreams of youth have abated, but the rewards of a ripened maturity beckon him ever on and on.

The halls of Congress have heard him in debate and the loosened plastering is still falling. One step farther is the Senate Chamber and on beyond that is the White House. He is up on the wall, nine hundred miles from his constituents and nine thousand miles above them. They have shrunk until he can hardly discern them with the naked eye. What boots it? His mind is fixed upon a more attractive and a more congenial subject—the same being himself.

In the distance is heard a low, rumbling sound; but he thinks it is the applause starting all over again. There is a cloud in the sky, but it seems no larger than a man's hand. A significant whisper is borne on the breeze, but to him it sounds like the far-off music of lutes and harps. Slander has bared its forked tongue mayhap; jealousy, green-eyed and baleful, has cast its poisoned darts. Tomorrow will be election day too; but what cares he? He is safely enthroned on the top of the wall—safely enshrined in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. He inclines his Jovelike head to pin another medal on his breast.

But hark! What means that quick, agonized bleat of distress, followed by a low, muffled sound—as of something soft and squashy dropping from a great height? Mark you how the curious crowds gather to view the shattered bits of shell, the spilt yolk, the caved-in high hat and the broken umbrella. 'Tis no matter! When Congress convenes again a new brave of the White-Tie Tribe marches up to the speaker's desk to be sworn in, and back home in Osculoosa there's a fallen idol commenting bitterly upon the proverbial ingratitude of republics, wondering whether any of the small consular places are left—and the list of prominent members of the Humpty-Dumpty Fellowship has been increased by the name of one more patriot out of a job.

She Gave Uncle Henry One Long, Lingering, Thawing Look

The Age of Squashy Love-Letters

PERSONS who have made a scientific study of the human race say man reaches his greatest pinnacle of efficiency between fifty years and sixty. Some scientists say that and other scientists disagree with them—if they did not disagree with them they would not be scientists; but if a majority of men climb the highest during that decade it is equally sure that a large number fall the hardest along about then. This appears to be the period chosen by a good many for making cross-barred, star-spangled spectacles of themselves.

Up to then the average man has been too busy rearing a family and getting it launched, or gathering a competence and getting it hived up, or making a name for himself—one of these things or all three—to give much time to the job of making himself conspicuously foolish. Now, though, there comes a glorious opportunity of which he often takes advantage.

Those mushy, squashy love-letters that are written to the trusting, yielding damosel—put the accent on either the first syllable or the last—who later comes to court with a broken heart and a smart lawyer, craving damages, are they generally written by a young, sappy person? The records say not. The records disclose the distressful fact

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BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

By Henry Irving Dodge

Augustus Thomas Directing Outdoor Rehearsal of Scene in "Arizona"

FOR ten years Briggs worked on New York newspapers and made the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway the center of his circle. He was a good fellow—whatever that is—yet there was a certain quality of shrewdness to his makeup—liberal, yet keen, a ready spender, but always alert for the main chance. Therefore when the death of an uncle brought him fifty thousand dollars of real money he determined not to let the fact go unheralded. His purpose was to get a line on available schemes that were seeking capital in the center of the entertainment zone.

Most men, in investing capital, are governed by environment. As the clerk in the financial district, coming into sudden possession of money, invades the stock market, Briggs resolved to take his flier in the amusement game.

Briggs, however, did not propose to speculate. Ten years on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway had taught him to do better than that. No big musical shows for him! No appalling bills for scenery, salaries, costumes and advertising! He would go into the motion-picture business. He had been dazzled by glib stories of the marvelous success of the men who had got into the game early—men like Lubin, Rock, Kennedy, Spoor, Laemmle and others, who had gone into it on a mere shoestring and made their fortunes.

How Briggs Waded In Gradually

WHEN broke Briggs had often declared that, with a little money and *his* ideas, he could duplicate the success of these men; but few men when they have money have the courage of the convictions they had when they were broke. It is a notorious fact that no man is so reckless with money as the man who has not got it. There is nothing so timid as capital. So the sudden possession of money made Briggs conservative. Instead of plunging, he would wade in gradually—feel his way—ask questions.

The first thing he found out rather shocked his confidence in his previous judgment. If it did not dampen his ardor to go in for movies it at least emphasized the necessity for going slow. His discovery was that entering this field was not the special privilege gossip had seemed to make it.

The news of his good fortune brought about Briggs' ears a horde of men—young and old—with propositions requiring, by a marvelous coincidence, the exact sum of money he had at his disposal—neither more nor less. Morning, noon and night these fellows lurked outside the office where he had temporary desk room, every blessed one with a movie proposition to offer—every one offering Briggs the chance of his life to get in on the ground floor!

Also Briggs found that certain new companies had called in the help of the professional stock jobber. In short he came to realize that one can learn more by sitting in the game for one day than by looking on, an impersonal observer, for ten years!

Suddenly a happy thought struck Briggs. Why not bring his fine newspaper training to bear on a big commercial proposition as well as on a great news story? So he began an investigation of his own in his old professional manner of asking questions of everybody, believing nobody, and trying to get at the average truth. In his newspaper days Briggs had accepted anything that would make good copy, but the possession of money had made him skeptical.

Understand, Briggs was looking into the business of manufacturing motion pictures and not into the business of exhibiting them. The dangers for the exhibitor—especially in New York, where one man is paying one hundred thousand dollars annual rental for motion-picture houses in one block—were too apparent, and he had no ambition to run an out-of-town circuit of ten-cent houses. Besides, he had capital enough to go in for the big end of the game.

The more he investigated, the more he wanted to get into the movies, but the more he realized that he had to get in right—that he must make no false move at the start; for an error in business is apt to widen like an angle until it undermines the whole structure.

He learned that the motion picture is becoming almost if not quite as important as the legitimate theatrical production or vaudeville. Being a cheap commodity, it goes everywhere and will eventually reach pretty nearly every man, woman and child. With the possibilities for continual improvement, it has come to stay.

From a great expert Briggs learned that a single motion picture can reach fifteen million people—more people than a legitimate production could play to with one company continually on tour for twenty years! As many as one hundred prints are being made of some few pictures put out by the large concerns, each print reaching at least five thousand people a week. In thirty weeks—a moderate life for a picture in the United States and Canada—each print will reach at least one hundred and fifty thousand people—which, multiplied by one hundred, means fifteen million!

The largest regular "release" in America at present is said to be ninety to one hundred copies of the Pathé Weekly.

Some of these prints go to Europe, where the market is even better than here. Indeed, often more prints of an American-made film are sold in Europe than in the home market. "Europe" really means "all the world except America," because the prints for use on other continents are purchased there. And because the motion picture speaks the silent but universal language of sight, many of them will keep on traveling until they reach Australia, South America, India, and even the Celestial Kingdom.

There has been an immense demand all over the world for American pictures, the cowboy pictures particularly having a great vogue in France. The magnitude of the business in America was further borne in on Briggs by the fact that the motion-picture men themselves are unable to give positive figures about the number of houses in operation throughout the United States and Canada even. The number changes almost every day. A very conservative estimate is that there are at least twelve thousand or thirteen thousand regular motion-picture houses in the United States and Canada. These houses change their programs either every day or three times a week. There are some six thousand other houses showing pictures in conjunction with vaudeville, restaurant or dancing facilities. And there are several hundred legitimate theaters where the new feature films are to be seen on tour at somewhat higher prices.

Educational pictures are being shown in schools, scientific pictures are being exhibited in theaters and at conventions, and manufacturing pictures are being used for teaching lessons in efficiency to employees, and for selling machines of various kinds.

It is estimated that there are more than ten thousand motion-picture theaters in the European field; but the average size of amusement houses there being greater than here and the admission fees rather higher, it follows that they play to as much money as or more money than our theaters. The Gaumont Palace, in Paris, operated by one of the famous international picture manufacturing and exhibiting concerns, seats seven thousand people and is probably the largest regular picture theater in the world.

The first moving-picture films were only one hundred feet in length and showed mostly scenery and trick photography. Presently these developed to a standard of five hundred feet, which became known as the reel. Roy McCardell wrote some of the first real photo-plays about twelve years ago.

The Parsifal of the Movies

THE reel soon reached a standard of one thousand feet, which is the present and apparently permanent length, and the five-hundred-footer became known as a split reel. Only within the last two years have pictures, induced by the development of the feature idea, gone beyond the two-reel stage.

The feature film is the new product that is upsetting the conditions of the last three or four years. The longest of such films yet on record is Les Misérables—in twelve reels. About three hours of uninterrupted motion are required to show this piece. In point of length it is the Parsifal of the motion-picture business.

It is stated on good authority that no less than one hundred regular photo plays are now being produced in this country each week, in addition to the educational, historic, scientific and current-news subjects. One concern alone produces some forty-two thousand feet of negative a week. One print of these negative reels would furnish one theater with a fresh six-reel program every day for a week, or two theaters with a fresh three-reel program every day for the same length of time. In other words, two theaters side by side could draw fresh material from the trust for a week without conflicting in any instance.

The expense of making the ordinary one-reel photo play varies so greatly with the quality of the acting and the scenic requirements that it is difficult to give an average cost; but it may be said that a one-reel photo play of the

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Moving-Picture Studio—Rehearsing Two Plays in Different Stage Settings at Once

THE GOLDFISH

THE RISING GENERATION

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Ye'll be After Taking My Darlin's Away From Me?"

I PRIDE myself on being a man of the world—in the better sense of the phrase. I feel no regret over the passing of those romantic days when maidens swooned at the sight of a drop of blood or took refuge in the "vapors" at the approach of a strange young man; in point of fact I do not believe they ever did. I imagine that our popular idea of the fragility and sensitiveness of the weaker sex, based on the accounts of novelists of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, is largely a literary convention.

Heroines were endowed, as a matter of course, with the possession of all the feminine virtues, intensified to such a degree that they were covered with burning blushes most of the time. Languor, hysteria and general debility were regarded as the outward indications of a sweet and gentle character. Woman was a tendril clinging to the strong oak of masculinity. Modesty was her cardinal virtue. One is, of course, entitled to speculate on the probable contemporary causes for the seeming over-emphasis placed on this admirable characteristic. Perhaps feminine honesty was so rare as to be at a premium and modesty was a sort of electric sign of virtue.

I am not squeamish. I have always let my children read what they would. I have never made a mystery of natural facts. I believe frankness to be a good thing. A mind that is startled or shocked by the exposure of an ankle or the sight of a stocking must be essentially impure. Nor do I quarrel with woman's natural desire to adorn herself for the pleasure of man. That is as inevitable as springtime. But, since one of my privileges as a successful man is to have my daughters move in what is called the best society, the actual value of such privilege has a direct bearing on the worth of success itself.

Now unquestionably the general tone of social intercourse in America, at least in fashionable centers, has recently undergone a marked and striking change. The athletic girl of the last twenty years, the girl who invited tan and freckles, wielded the tennis racket in the morning and lay basking in a bathing suit on the sand at noon, is gradually giving way to an entirely different type—a type modeled, it would seem, at least so far as dress and outward characteristics are concerned, on the French gay world. There are plenty of athletic girls to be found on the golf links and tennis courts; but a growing and large minority of maidens at the present time are too chary of their complexions to brave the sun. Big hats, cloudlike veils, high heels, paint and powder mark the passing of the vain hope that woman can attract the male sex by virtue of her robust health alone.

Simplicity Gives Way to Sophistication

IT IS but another and unpleasantly suggestive indication that the simplicity of an older generation—the rugged virtue of a more frugal time—has given place to the sophistication of the continent. When I was a lad, going abroad was a rare and costly privilege. A youth who had been to Rome, London and Paris, and had had the unusual opportunity of studying the treasures of the Vatican, the Louvre and the National Gallery, was regarded with envy. Americans went abroad for culture—to study the glories of the past.

Now the family that does not invade Europe at least every other summer is looked on as hopelessly old-fashioned. No clerk can find a job on the Rue de Rivoli or the Rue de la Paix unless he speaks fluently the language of the customers on whose trade his employer chiefly relies—those from Pennsylvania, New York and Illinois. The American no longer goes abroad for improvement, but to amuse himself. The college Freshman may know, at least by name, the latest beauty who haunts the Folies Bergère, and his father probably has a refined and intimate familiarity with the special attractions of Ciro's and the Trocadéro.

I do not deny that we have learned valuable lessons from the Parisians. At any rate our cooking has vastly improved. Epicurus would have difficulty in choosing between the delights of New York and Paris—for, after all, New York is Paris and Paris is New York. The chef of yesterday at Voisin's rules the kitchen of the Ritz-Carlton or the Plaza today; and he cannot have traveled much who does not find a dozen European acquaintances among the head waiters of Broadway. Not to know Paris nowadays is felt to be almost as great a humiliation as it was fifty years ago not to know one's Bible.

And beyond the larger number of Americans who visit Paris for legitimate or semi-legitimate purposes, there is a substantial number who go to do things they either cannot or dare not do at home. But those who have not the time or the money to cross the Atlantic and who still long for the boulevards must be kept contented, and so Broadway is turned into Montmartre. The result is we cannot take our daughters to the theater without risking familiarizing them with vice in one form or another. I do not think I am overstating the situation when I say that it could be reasonably inferred from a large number of our so-called musical shows and farces that the natural, customary and excusable amusement of the modern man after working hours is such as to reflect no credit on either his intelligence or his morals.

I do not regard as particularly dangerous the vulgar French farce where papa is caught in some extraordinary and buffoonlike situation. Safety lies in exaggeration. But it is a different matter with many of the Broadway shows, where virtue is made—at least inferentially—the object of ridicule, and uncleanness is the underlying purpose of the production. During the present New York theatrical season several plays have been already censored by the authorities, and either been taken off or so altered as to be within the limits of the law.

Whether I am right in attributing it to the influence of the French music halls or not, it is a fact that the tone of our theatergoing public is essentially low. Boys and girls who are taken to see plays in their Christmas holidays, at which their parents applaud questionable songs and suggestive dances, cannot be blamed for assuming that there is not one set of morals for the stage and another for ordinary social intercourse.

Fortunately I believe—and my belief is based on a fairly wide range of observation—that the continental influence I have described has produced its ultimate effect only in "smart" society; yet its operation is distinctly observable throughout American life.

We are dangerously near an epoch of intellectual debauchery. The prevailing tendency on the part of too many young girls of today to imitate the dress and makeup of the Parisian *cocotte* is unconsciously due to this general lowering of the social moral tone. Young women in good society seem to feel that they must enter into open competition with their less fortunate sisters. And in this struggle for survival they are apparently determined to yield no advantage. Herein lies the explanation for some of the otherwise senseless peculiarities of the more extreme of the present fashions.

And here, too, is to be found one of the reasons for the popularity of the current style of dancing.

"It's all in the way it is done," says Mrs. Jones, making the customary defense. "The tango and the turkey trot can be danced as unobjectionably as the old-fashioned waltz."

Exactly! Only the waltz is not danced that way; and if it were the offending couple would probably be put off the floor.

The old-fashioned prudery that in former days practically prevented rational conversation between men and women is fortunately a thing of the past, and the fact that it is no longer regarded as unbecoming for women to take a keen interest in all the vital problems of the day—municipal, political and hygienic—provided they can assist in their solution, marks several milestones on the highroad of advance.

On the other hand the widespread familiarity with these problems is by no means an undiluted blessing. The very warning against evil may turn out to be in effect only a hint that it is readily accessible. One does not leave the candy box open beside the baby even if the infant has received the most explicit instructions as to the probable effect of too much sugar on its tiny stomach.

Letting Down the Bars

IT SEEMS to me that, while there is at present a vastly greater popular knowledge of the high cost of sinning, there is at the same time an even greater tolerance for sin itself. Certainly this is true among the people who make up the circle of my friends. "Wild oats" are regarded as entirely a matter of course. No anecdote is too broad to be told at the ordinary Newport or New York dinner table; in point of fact the stories that used to be whispered only very discreetly in the smoking room are now told freely as the natural relishes to polite conversation. In that respect things are pretty bad.

A large proportion of girls who have been out in certain "smart" strata of New York society a year or so will balk at nothing in the way of conversational topics. I happened to overhear a bit of casual conversation between two of the gilded ornaments of the junior set. He was a boy of twenty-five, well known for his dissipations, but, nevertheless, regarded by most mothers as a highly desirable *parti*.

"Oh, yes!" he remarked easily. "They asked me if I wanted to go into a bughouse, and I said I hadn't any particular objection. I was there a month. Rum place! I should worry!"

"What ward?" she inquired with polite interest.

"Inebriates," said he.

I am inclined to attribute much of the questionable taste and conduct of the younger members of the fast set to neglect on the part of their mothers. Women who are busy all day and every evening with social engagements have little time to cultivate the friendship of their daughters.

Hence the girl just coming out is often left to shift for herself, and she soon discovers that a certain freedom in manner and conversation, and a disregard of convention, will win her a superficial popularity she is apt to mistake for success.

Totally ignorant of what she is doing or the essential character of the means she is employing, she runs wild and soon earns an unenviable reputation, which she either cannot live down or which she feels obliged to live up to in order to satisfy her craving for attention.

As against an increasing looseness in talk and conduct, it is interesting to note that heavy drinking is clearly going out of fashion in smart society. There can be no question as to that. My champagne bills are not more than a third of what they were ten years ago. I do not attribute this particularly to the temperance movement. But, as against eight quarts of champagne for a dinner of twenty—which used to be about my average when we first began entertaining in New York—two are now frequently enough. I have watched the butler repeatedly at large dinner parties as he passed the wine and seen him fill only a glass or two.

Women rarely drink at all. Only about one man in three takes champagne. Of course he is apt to drink whisky instead, but by no means the same amount as formerly. If it were not for the convention requiring sherry, hock, champagne and liqueurs to be served the modern host could satisfy practically all the serious liquid requirements of his guests with a quart bottle of Scotch and a siphon of soda. Claret, Madeira, sparkling Moselles and Burgundies went out long ago. The fashion that has taught women self-control in eating has shown their husbands the value of abstinence. Unfortunately I do not see in this a betterment in morals, but mere self-interest—which may or may not be the same thing, according to one's philosophy. If a man drinks nowadays he drinks because he wants to. A total abstainer finds himself perfectly at home anywhere.

Of course the fashionables, if they are going to set the pace, have to hit it up in order to head the procession. The fastness of the smart set in England is notorious, and it is the same way in France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia—the world over; and as society tends to become unified mere national boundaries have less significance. The number of Americans who rent houses in London, in Paris, and shooting boxes in Scotland, is large.

Hence the moral tone of Continental society and of the English aristocracy is gradually becoming more and more our own. But with this difference: that as the aristocracy in England and Continental Europe is a separate caste, a well-defined order, having set metes and bounds, which considers itself superior to the rest of the population and views it with indifference, so its morals are regarded as more or less its own affair, and they do not have a wide influence on the community at large.

Even if he drinks champagne every night at dinner the Liverpool petty merchant knows he cannot get into the king's set; but here the petty merchant can not only break into the sacred circle but he and his fat wife can themselves become the king and queen. So that a knowledge of how smart society conducts itself is an important matter to every man and woman living in every town of over two thousand inhabitants throughout the United States, since so many of them eventually hope to make a million dollars and move to New York. With us the fast crowd sets the example for society at large; whereas in England looseness in morals is a recognized privilege of the aristocracy, to which the commoner does not necessarily aspire.

Bad Examples Eagerly Followed

THE worst feature of the situation is that the telephone operators, shopgirls, and the like, greedily devour the newspaper accounts of the American aristocracy and many model themselves, so far as possible, on them. It is almost unbelievable how intimate a knowledge these young women possess of the domestic life, manner of speech and dress of the conspicuous people in New York society.

I once stepped into a hotel with a friend of mine who wished to send a telephone message. He is a quiet, unassuming man of sixty, who inherited a large fortune and who is compelled, rather against his will, to do a large amount of entertaining by virtue of the position in society which Fate has thrust on him. It was a long-distance call.

"Who shall I say wants to talk?" asked the goddess with fillet-bound yellow hair in a patronizingly indifferent tone.

"Mr. ——," answered my companion.

Instantly the girl's face was suffused with a smile of excited wonder.

"Are you Mr. ——, the big swell who gives all the dinners and dances?" she inquired.

"I suppose I'm the man," he answered.

"Gee!" she cried. "Ain't that luck! Look here, Mame!" she whispered hoarsely. "I've got Mr. —— here on a long distance. What do you think of that!"

One cannot doubt that this telephone girl would unhesitatingly regard as above criticism anything said or done

"What Ward?" She Inquired With Polite Interest

by a woman who moved in Mr. ——'s circle. Unfortunately what this circle does is heralded in exaggerated terms. The influence of these partially true and often totally false reports is far-reaching and demoralizing.

The other day the young governess of a friend of my wife gave up her position, saying she was to be married. Her employer expressed an interest in the matter and asked who was going to perform the ceremony. She was surprised to learn that the functionary was to be the local justice of the peace.

"But why aren't you going to have a clergyman marry you?" asked our friend.

"Because I don't want it too binding!" answered the girl calmly.

So far has divorce cast its enlightening beams!

I have had a shooting box in Scotland on several different occasions; and my wife has conducted successful social campaigns, as I have said before, in London, Paris, Rome and Berlin. I did not go along, but I read about it all in the papers and received weekly from the scene of conflict a pound or so of mail matter, consisting of hundreds of diaphanous sheets of paper, each covered with my daughters' fashionable humpbacked handwriting. Hastings, my stenographer, became quite expert at deciphering and transcribing it on the machine for my delectation.

I was quite confused at the number and variety of the titles of nobility with which my family seemed constantly to be surrounded. They had a wonderful experience, met everybody, and returned home perfected cosmopolitans. What their ethical standards are I confess I do not know exactly, for the reason that I see so little of them. They lead totally independent lives.

On rare occasions we are invited to the same houses at the same time, and on Christmas Eve we still make it a point always to stay at home together. Really I have no idea how they dispose of their time. They are always away, making visits in other cities or taking trips. They chatter fluently about literature, the theater, music, art, and know a surprising number of celebrities in this and other countries—particularly in London. They are good linguists and marvelous dancers. They are respectful, well mannered, modest, and mildly affectionate; but somehow they do not seem to belong to me. They have no troubles of which I am the confidant.

If they have any definite opinions or principles I am unaware of them; but they have the most exquisite taste. I cannot imagine my girls doing or saying anything vulgar; yet what they are like when away from home I have no means of finding out. I am quite sure that when they eventually select their husbands I shall not be consulted in the matter. My formal blessing will be all that is asked, and if that blessing is not forthcoming no doubt they will get along well enough without it.

However, I am the constant recipient of congratulations on being the parent of such charming creatures. I have succeeded apparently in this direction as in others. Succeeded in what? I cannot imagine these girls of mine being any particular solace to my old age.

Recently, since writing these confessions of mine, I have often wondered why my children were not more to me. I do not think they are much more to my wife. I suppose it could just as well be put the other way. Why are we not more to them? It is, I fancy, because this modern existence of ours, where every function and duty of maternity—except the actual giving of birth—is performed vicariously for us, destroys any interdependence between parents and their offspring. American mothers in "smart" society no longer, I am informed, nurse their babies. I know that my wife did not nurse hers. And thereafter each child had its own particular French *bonne* and governess besides.

Our nursery was a model of dainty comfort. All the superficial elegancies were provided for. It was a sunny, dustless apartment, with snow-white muslins, white enamel, and a frieze of grotesque Noah's Ark animals perambulating round the wall. There were huge dolls' houses, with electric lights; vast closets of toys. From the earliest moment possible these three infants began to have private lessons in everything, including drawing, music and German. Their little days were as crowded with engagements then as now. Every hour was provided for; but among these multifarious occupations there was no engagement with their parents.

Even if their mother had not been overwhelmed with social duties herself my babies would, I am confident, have had no moment for their parent except at serious inconvenience and a tremendous sacrifice of time. To be sure, I used occasionally to watch them decorously eating their strictly supervised suppers in the presence of the governess; but the perfect arrangements made possible by my financial success rendered parents a superfluity. They never bumped their heads, or soiled their clothes, or dirtied their little faces—so far as I knew. They never cried—at least I was never permitted to hear them.

When the time came for them to go to bed each raised a rosy little cheek and said sweetly: "Good night, papa." They had, I think, the usual children's diseases—exactly which ones I am not sure of; but they had them in the hospital room at the top of the house, from which I was excluded, and the diseases progressed under the efficient management of starchy trained nurses.

Grown-Up Parties for Sophisticated Infants

THEIR outdoor life consisted in walking the asphalt pavements of Central Park, varied with occasional visits to the roller-skating rink; but their social life began at the age of four or five. I remember these functions vividly, because they were so different from those of my own childhood. The first of these was when my eldest daughter attained the age of six years. Similar events in my private history had been characterized by violent games of Blind Man's Buff, Hide and Seek, Hunt the Slipper, Going to Jerusalem, Ring-Around-a-Rosy, and so on, followed by a dish of ice cream and hairpulling.

Not so with my offspring. Ten little ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by their maids, arrived in motors and, having been rearranged in the dressing room downstairs, were received by my daughters with due form in the drawing room. They were all flounced, ruffled and beribboned. Two little boys of seven had on Eton suits. Their behavior was impeccable.

Almost immediately a professor of legerdemain made his appearance and, with the customary facility of his brotherhood, proceeded to remove tons of débris from presumably empty hats, rabbits from handkerchiefs, and hard-boiled eggs from childish noses and ears. The assembled group watched him with polite tolerance. At intervals there was a squeal of surprise, but it soon developed that most of the children had already seen the same trickman half a dozen times before. However, they kindly consented to be amused, and the professor gave way to a Punch and Judy show of a sublimated variety, which the youthful audience viewed with mild approval.

The entertainment concluded with a stereopticon exhibition of supposedly humorous events, which obviously did not strike the children as funny at all. Supper was laid in the dining room, where the table had been arranged as if for a banquet of diplomats. There were flowers in abundance and a life-size swan of icing at either end. Each child was assisted by its own nurse, and our butler and two footmen served, in stolid dignity, a meal consisting of rice pudding, cocoa, bread and butter, and ice-cream.

It was by all odds the most decorous affair ever held in our house. At the end the gifts were distributed—Parisian dolls, toy baby-carriages and paint boxes for the girls; steam engines, magic lanterns and miniature circuses for the boys. My bill for these trifles came to one hundred and twelve dollars. At half past six the motors arrived and our guests were hurried away.

I instance this affair because it struck the note of elegant propriety that has always been the tone of our family and social life. The children invited to the party were the little boys and girls whose parents we thought most likely to advance the social interests of our own children later on.

Of these children two of the girls have married members of the foreign nobility—one a jaded English lord, the

other a worthless and dissipated French count; another married—fifteen years later—one of these same little boys and divorced him within eighteen months; while two of the girls—our own—have not married.

Of the boys one wedded an actress; another lives in Paris and studies art; one has been already accounted for; and two have given their lives to playing polo, the stock market and elevating the chorus.

Beginning at this early period my two daughters, and later on my son, met only the most select young people of their own age in New York and on Long Island. I remember being surprised at the amount of theatergoing they did by the time the eldest was nine years old. My wife made a practice of giving a children's theater party every Saturday and taking her small guests to the matinée.

As the theaters were more limited in number then than now these comparative infants sooner or later saw practically everything that was on the boards—good, bad and indifferent; and they displayed a precocity of criticism that quite astounded me. Their real social career began with children's dinners and dancing parties by the time they were twelve, and their later coming out changed little the mode of life to which they had been accustomed for several years before it.

The result of their mother's watchful care and self-sacrifice is that these two young ladies could not possibly be happy, or even comfortable, if they married men unable to furnish them with French maids, motors, constant amusement, gay society, travel and Paris clothes.

Poor Daughters of the Rich

WITHOUT these things they would wither away and die like flowers deprived of the sun. They are physically unfit to be anything but the wives of millionaires—and they will be the wives of millionaires or assuredly die unmarried. But, as the circle of rich young men of their acquaintance is more or less limited, their chances of matrimony are by no means bright, albeit they are the pivots of a furious whirl of gayety which never stops.

No young man with an income of less than twenty thousand a year would have the temerity to propose to either of them. Even on twenty thousand they would have a hard struggle to get along: it would mean the most rigid economy—and, if there were babies, almost poverty.

Besides, when girls are living in the luxury to which mine are accustomed they think twice before essaying matrimony at all. The prospect of changing Newport, Palm Beach, Paris, Rome, Nice and Biarritz for the privilege of bearing children in a New York apartment house does not allure, as in the case of less cosmopolitan young ladies. There must be love—plus all present advantages! Present advantages withdrawn, love becomes cautious.

Even though the rich girl herself is of finer clay than her parents and, in spite of her artificial environment and the false standards by which she is surrounded, would like to meet and perhaps eventually marry some young man who is more worth while than the "pet cats" of her acquaintance, she is practically powerless to do so. She is cut off by the impenetrable artificial barrier of her own exclusiveness. She may hear of such young men—young fellows of ambition, of adventurous spirit, of genius, who have already achieved something in the world, but they are outside the wall of money and she is inside it, and there is no way for them to get in or for her to get out. She is permitted to know only the *jeunesse dorée*—the fops, the sports, the club-window men, whose antecedents are vouched for by the Social Register.

She has no way of meeting others. She does not know what the others are like. She is only aware of an instinctive distaste for most of the young fellows among whom she is thrown. At best they are merely innocuous when they are not offensive. They do nothing; they intend never to do anything. If she is the American girl of our plays and novels she wants something better; and in the plays and novels she always gets him—the dashing young ranchman, the heroic naval lieutenant, the fearless Alaskan explorer, the tireless prospector or daring civil engineer. But in real life she does not get him—except by the merest fluke of fortune. She does not know the real thing when she meets it, and she is just as likely to marry a dissipated groom or chauffeur as the young Stanley of her dreams.

The saddest class in our social life is that of the thoroughbred American girl who is a thousand times too good for her de-luxe surroundings and the crew of vacuous la-de-da Willies from the Casino hanging about her, yet who, absolutely cut off from contact with any others, either gradually fades into a peripatetic old maid, wandering over Europe, or marries an eligible, turkey-trotting nondescript—"a nimmini-pimmini, Francesca da Rimini, *je-ne-sais-quoi* young man."

The Atlantic seaboard swarms in summertime with broad-shouldered, well-bred, highly educated and charming boys, who have had every advantage except that of being waited on by liveried footmen. They camp in the woods; tutor the feeble-minded sons of the rich; tramp and bicycle over Swiss mountain passes; sail their catboats through the island-studded reaches and thoroughfares of the Maine coast, and grow brown and hard under the burning sun. They are the hope of America. They can carry a canoe or a hundred-pound pack over a forest trail; and in the winter they set the pace in the scientific, law and medical schools. Their heads are clear, their eyes are bright, and there is a hollow instead of a bow window beneath the buttons of their waistcoats.

The feet of these young men carry them to strange places; they cope with many and strange monsters. They are our Knights of the Round Table. They find the Grail of Achievement in lives of hard work, simple pleasures and high ideals—in college and factory towns; in law courts and hospitals; in the mountains of Colorado and the plains of the Dakotas. They are the best we have; but the poor rich girl rarely, if ever, meets them. The barrier of wealth completely hems her in. She must take one of those inside or nothing.

When, in a desperate revolt against the artificiality of her existence, she breaks through the wall she is easy game for anybody—as likely to marry a jockey or a professional forger as one of the young men of her desire. One should not blame a rich girl too much for marrying a titled and perhaps attractive foreigner. The would-be critic has only to step into a Fifth Avenue ballroom and see what she is offered in his place to sympathize and perhaps applaud her selection. Better a year of Europe than a cycle of—shall we say, Newport? After all, why not take the real thing, such as it is, instead of an imitation?

I believe that one of the most cruel results of modern social life is the cutting off of young girls from acquaintanceship with youths of the sturdy, intelligent and hard-working type—and the unfitting of such girls for anything except the marriage mart of the millionaire.

I would give half of all I possess to see my daughters happily married; but I now realize that their education renders such a marriage highly difficult of satisfactory achievement. Their mother and I have honestly tried to bring them up in such a way that they can do their duty

Too Chary of Their Complexions to Brave the Sun

in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them. But unfortunately, unless some man happens to call them also, they will have to keep on going round and round as they are going now.

We did not anticipate the possibility of their becoming old maids, and they cannot become brides of the church. I should honestly be glad to have either of them marry almost anybody, provided he is a decent fellow. I should not even object to their marrying foreigners, but the difficulty is that it is almost impossible to find out whether a foreigner is really decent or not. It is true that the number of foreign noblemen who marry American girls for love is negligible. There is undoubtedly a small and distinguished minority who do so; but the transaction is usually a matter of bargain and sale, and the man regards himself as having lived up to his contract by merely conferring his title on the woman he thus deigns to honor.

I should prefer to have them marry Americans, of course; but I no longer wish them to marry Americans of their own class. Yet, unfortunately, they would be unwilling to marry out of it. A curious situation! I have given up my life to buying a place for my children that is supposed to give them certain privileges, and I now am loath to have them take advantage of those privileges.

When One's Children are Strangers

THE situation has its amusing as well as its pathetic side—for my son, now that I come to think of it, is one of the eligibles. He knows everybody and is on the road to money. He is one of the opportunities that society is offering to the daughters of other successful men. Should I wish my own girls to marry a youth like him? Far from it! Yet he is exactly the kind of fellow that my success has enabled them to meet and know, and whom Fate decrees that they shall eventually marry.

When I frankly face the question of how much happiness I get out of my children I am constrained to admit that it is very little. The sense of proprietorship in three such finished products is something, to be sure; and, after all, I suppose they have—concealed somewhere—a real affection for their old dad. At times they are facetious—almost playful—as on my birthday; but I fancy that arises from a feeling of embarrassment at not knowing how to be intimate with a parent who crosses one's path only twice a week, and then on the stairs.

My son has attended to his own career now for some fourteen years; in fact I lost him completely before he was out of knickerbockers. Up to the time when he was sent away to boarding school he spent a rather disconsolate childhood, playing with mechanical toys, roller skating in the Mall, going occasionally to the theater, and taking music lessons; but he showed so plainly the debilitating effect of life in the city for eight months in the year that at twelve he was bundled off to a country school. Since then he has grown to manhood without our assistance. He went away undersized,

(Continued on Page 37)

The Family That Does Not Invade Europe Every Other Summer is Looked on as Hopelessly Old-Fashioned

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"You Want to Be Just a Leetle Careful"

XII

I NEVER remembered seeing Mr. Bundercombe look more cheerful than when, at his urgent summons, I left Eve in the drawing room and made my way into the study. He was standing on the hearthrug, with the tails of his morning coat drooping over his arms and an expression on his face that I can only describe as cherubic. Seated on chairs, a yard or so away from him, were two visitors of whom at first glance I formed a most unfavorable opinion. One was a flashily dressed, middle-aged man, with fair mustache, puffy cheeks and a superfluity of jewelry. The other I might at first have taken for an undertaker's mute. He had an exceedingly red nose, watery eyes, and was dressed in deep mourning.

"Paul," Mr. Bundercombe said, "let me introduce you to Captain Duncan Bannister and Mr. Cheape, his solicitor."

The two men rose and bowed in turn. I found it difficult to maintain a tolerant attitude, but I did my best.

"These two gentlemen," Mr. Bundercombe continued cheerfully, "have come round to blackmail me."

"Sir!" Captain Bannister exclaimed, with a great show of anger.

"Mr. Bundercombe!" the person called Mr. Cheape echoed.

They made rather a poor show of it however. Mr. Bundercombe, wholly unperturbed by their righteous indignation, smiled still benignly upon them.

"Come, come!" he expostulated. "This is a business interview. Why mince words?"

Captain Bannister rose to his feet. He turned toward me.

"Mr. Bundercombe," he explained, "either willfully or otherwise, misinterprets the object of our coming. It is possible that his nationality may have something to do with it. I have always understood that the standard among Americans with regard to affairs of honor is scarcely so high as in this country."

"Mr. Bundercombe has a habit of taking a commonsense view of things," I remarked. "I cannot criticize his attitude, because I am ignorant of the particulars. Since he has sent for me, however, I presume that I am to be informed."

"Quite so—quite so!" Mr. Bundercombe murmured. "You go ahead, Captain Bannister. You tell your story."

"My story," Captain Bannister said, "is told in a very few words. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Bundercombe in the smoking room at the Milan some months ago. We met several times; and on one occasion I presented him to a friend of mine, the widow of a colonel in the Indian Army, Mrs. Delaporte."

At this stage, Mr. Bundercombe, who was quite irrepressible, winked at me slowly. I took no notice of him whatever.

"On the particular evening to which I refer," Captain Bannister continued, "it was suggested, by Mrs. Delaporte, I think, that we should go round to her rooms and play *chemin de fer*. There were five of us altogether—Mr. Bundercombe, Mrs. Delaporte, myself, a Mr. Dimsdale, and the Honorable Montague Pelham, a young gentleman of the best family. When we arrived at Mrs. Delaporte's rooms, however, it transpired that Mr. Bundercombe was wholly ignorant of *chemin de fer*, and the game was accordingly changed to poker.

"In the course of the game I was shocked to detect Mr. Bundercombe cheating. For Mrs. Delaporte's sake I conceived it best to try and hush up the matter entirely. I looked upon Mr. Bundercombe as a card sharper of the ordinary type, and I simply blamed myself for having introduced him to my friends. I accordingly made some excuse to terminate the party."

"Did anyone else besides yourself," I inquired, "observe this alleged irregularity?"

"Both Mrs. Delaporte and Mr. Dimsdale distinctly saw the very flagrant piece of cheating that first attracted my attention," Captain Bannister declared. "They understood at once the position when I suggested the termination of the game. Our party broke up hurriedly. Since that day I have not seen Mr. Bundercombe."

I turned toward my prospective father-in-law. Mr. Bundercombe for the first time was looking a little annoyed.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, addressing Captain Bannister, "that both that young jay Dimsdale and Mrs. Delaporte saw me pass up that ace?"

"Without a doubt," Captain Bannister assented, a little taken aback.

"Guess my fingers must be getting a bit clumsy," Mr. Bundercombe sighed. "Well, well! There the matter is."

"But, Mr. Bundercombe," I asked seriously, "what have you to say in reply to Captain Bannister's statement?"

"Don't seem to me there's much to be said," Mr. Bundercombe replied.

"But he accuses you of cheating!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I cheated all right!" Mr. Bundercombe admitted readily.

Captain Bannister turned toward me triumphantly.

"After that confession from Mr. Bundercombe before witnesses," he said, "I do not imagine that our case will require very much more proof."

I was completely nonplused—Mr. Bundercombe's confession was so ready, his demeanor so unalterably good tempered. I went on to ask, however, what certainly seemed to me the most important question under the circumstances.

"If you were content, Captain Bannister," I inquired, "to let the matter drop a few months ago, why are you here now?"

"Aha!" Mr. Bundercombe exclaimed. "Put his finger on the crux of the whole affair straight off! Smart young fellow, my son-in-law that is to be! Now, then, Captain Bannister and Mr. Cheape, speak up like men and let us know the truth. You let me walk out of that flat, Captain Bannister, and were jolly glad to see the back of me. Why this visit with a legal adviser, and both of you with faces as long as fiddles?"

Captain Bannister ignored Mr. Bundercombe and addressed me.

"Mr. Bundercombe," he said, "calling himself, by the by, Mr. Parker, as an American card sharper was of no interest to us. We were simply ashamed and disgusted to think that we should have permitted such a person the entrée to our society. When we discovered, however, that, instead of being a professional card sharper," Captain Bannister continued, with emphasis, "Mr. Bundercombe enjoys a recognized position in society, and that he is reputed to be a man of great wealth, the affair assumes an altogether different complexion."

"Worth going for, ain't I?" Mr. Bundercombe chuckled.

"I feel sure, Mr. Walmsley," Captain Bannister continued, "that some portion of your sympathy, at any rate, as an English gentleman of social distinction, will be with us in this matter. The affair we were content to let drop against Mr. Parker, the adventurer, we feel it our duty to pursue against Mr. Bundercombe, the millionaire."

"We should save time," I remarked coldly, "if you were to put your demands into plain words. What is it you want or expect from Mr. Bundercombe?"

"Not what you appear to think, sir," Captain Bannister replied stiffly. "We require from Mr. Bundercombe a written confession and his resignation from the Sidney Club."

"The what club?" I asked dubiously.

"The Sidney Club," Captain Bannister repeated, with dignity. "The club in question may not be very large, but it is quite well known, and I had the misfortune to act as Mr. Bundercombe's sponsor there."

I glanced toward my prospective father-in-law. He nodded.

"They put me up for some sort of a pothouse," he admitted, "and I handed over a tenner, I think it was, for my subscription. Rotten little hole somewhere near the Haymarket! I've never been in since. I'll resign, with pleasure!"

"And write a confession of your misdemeanor, sir?" Captain Bannister persisted.

Mr. Bundercombe scratched his chin.

"I'll write an account of the whole affair," he remarked dryly.

Captain Bannister took up his hat.

"I regret," he decided, "that Mr. Bundercombe's attitude does not encourage a continuation of this conversation. We will not detain you further, gentlemen."

Mr. Cheape also rose. They moved toward the door.

"Much obliged to you for calling," Mr. Bundercombe said hospitably. "Drop in and have a little game of cards with me any afternoon you like. I am a bit out of practice, but I fancy I am still in your class."

Captain Bannister turned round suddenly. He replaced his hat upon the table and stood with folded arms.

"Sir," he announced, "I have changed my mind. You have insulted me. Five minutes ago I was prepared to treat you like a gentleman. I would have accepted your resignation from the Sidney Club and your written apology. Now I have changed my mind. You have slandered me, both by imputation and directly."

"How much?" Mr. Bundercombe asked cheerfully.

"Five thousand pounds!" Captain Bannister answered firmly.

"How much more if I call you a lying, card-sharping swindler?" Mr. Bundercombe demanded, with unabated good humor.

Captain Bannister looked dangerous, but he ignored the question.

"You have your terms, sir," he said. "Unless you are prepared to hand over the sum of five thousand pounds, my solicitor, Mr. Cheape here, will at once commence proceedings against you with reference to the affair in Mrs. Delaporte's flat. Remember, we have four witnesses to bring into court as to your having cheated—not including your son-in-law here, who heard your confession. For any countercharge you might be disposed to make," Captain Bannister concluded, "you have not a single scrap of evidence."

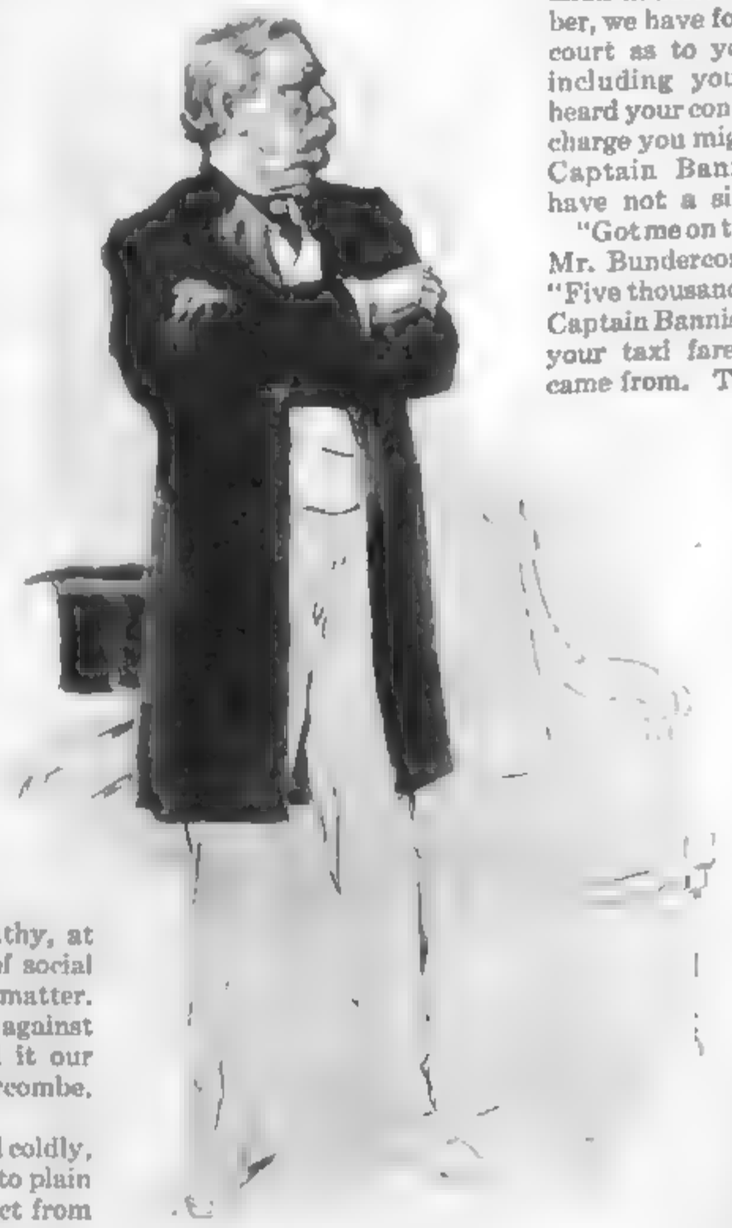
"Got me on toast, haven't they, Paul?" Mr. Bundercombe observed cheerfully. "Five thousand pounds is a lot of money, Captain Bannister," he added. "I'll pay your taxi fare back to wherever you came from. That's my best offer."

Captain Bannister turned toward the door.

"Come along, Mr. Cheape!" he said. "You know my address, sir. Talk this matter over with your—with Mr. Walmsley, if you please. If we hear nothing from you on Monday morning a writ will be issued."

"Before Monday," Mr. Bundercombe declared, in a hollow voice, "my body will be found in the Thames. Kick 'em out, Walmsley, and look after the coats in the hall!"

I infused a shade more civility into my leavetaking than Mr. Bundercombe's words invited. As soon as the door was closed behind the two men I returned to the study.



"Five Minutes Ago I Was Prepared to Treat You Like a Gentleman"

Mr. Bundercombe was still standing upon the hearthrug, but the smile had faded from his lips. He looked at me a little anxiously.

"Rotten lot of thieves!" he remarked. "I told you they were here for blackmail."

"It's a beastly affair," I pointed out gloomily. "You see they've nothing to lose, with a lawyer who's standing in with them, in taking the case into court; and you're just up for a couple of very good clubs. What did happen?"

"Simple as A B C!" Mr. Bundercombe explained. "You see these two fellows, Dimsdale and Pelham, really looked like mugs. I knew that Bannister was a wrong 'un from the first; and Mrs. Delaporte, of course, was in the thing. When they proposed a game of cards I chipped in, thinking to watch the fun. When we started playing Dimsdale and Pelham were the losers. Then they began to get at me. Bannister palmed a king into his hand and I palmed an ace. That seemed fair enough, eh?"

Mr. Bundercombe's expression as he looked at me was the expression of an appealing child. I bit my lip.

"A minute or two later I tumbled to the whole situation," he went on. "Dimsdale and Pelham weren't jays at all. It was a gang of four and they raked me in for the mug. After I'd tumbled to that I must confess I took some interest in the game. If they had given me another quarter of an hour I should have won every chip there was going. My boy," Mr. Bundercombe went on, a sudden grin transfiguring his expressive countenance, "it was worth a fortune to see their faces!

"I was a bit out of practice, but I guarantee I'd make a living with my fingers and a pack of cards anywhere yet and defy detection. I had 'em all guessing before long; and Paul, you should have seen their faces when they tumbled to it! I tell you they bundled me out in double-quick time and I laughed all the way home. Four sharks to pitch upon me as a victim!"

He began to laugh again, but the sight of my grave face checked him. He at once assumed the appearance of a penitent.

"Where did you come across them again?" I asked.

"I met Mrs. Delaporte the other day," he said, "down at Ranelagh. We chatted a little while. I couldn't feel any ill will against the woman—I'd enjoyed my evening so thoroughly. Then some people stopped and talked to me, and she found out who I was. Soon afterward she began to throw out hints of a willingness to marry again. Perhaps I wasn't very tactful. Anyway she seemed a little huffed when she left me—and here we are! Say, do you think those joshers can do anything?"

"It rather depends," I replied, "upon their own reputations. You'd better let me make a few inquiries. I'll have to get off now, Eve's waiting. I'll call round and see my solicitor later in the day."

"Shame to bother you," Mr. Bundercombe regretted. "So long!"

The affair Mr. Bundercombe had treated with his customary lightheartedness seemed likely to develop most unpleasantly. Within forty-eight hours he was the recipient of a writ from the firm of solicitors with which Mr. Cheape was connected; and, though inquiries went to prove that Captain Bannister, Mrs. Delaporte and their associates were certainly not people of the highest respectability, there was yet nothing definite against them. My solicitor, to whom I took Mr. Bundercombe, most regretfully advised him to settle out of court.

"The friends Mr. Bundercombe is now making and may make in later life," the lawyer remarked, "will certainly not appreciate the adventurous spirit that—er—induced him to make acquaintances among a certain class of people. Therefore, in the interests of my client, Mr. Walmsley, as well as your own, Mr. Bundercombe," he concluded, "I am afraid I must advise you, very much against my own inclinations, to settle this matter."

Mr. Bundercombe left the lawyer's office thoroughly depressed.

"It isn't the money!" he declared gloomily. "It's being bested by this little gang of thieves that irritates me!"

"I am sure," I told him, "that Mr. Wymans' advice is sound. If the case goes into court and comes up before the committee—even of a rotten club like the Sidney—I am afraid you would have to withdraw your membership from the other places; and you might find the affair continually cropping up and causing you annoyance."

Mr. Bundercombe heaved a mighty sigh.

"Well, we've got two days left," he said. "If nothing happens before then I'll pay up."

Mr. Bundercombe rang me up on the morning of the last day appointed for his decision.

"We've got a conference on, Paul," he announced dejectedly. "Will you come round here for me at a quarter to eleven?"

I assented, and arrived at the house in Prince's Gardens a few minutes before that time. Eve met me in the hall.

"Please tell me, dear," she begged, as she drew me into the morning room, "why daddy is so low spirited!"

"It isn't anything serious," I assured her. "It's just a little trouble arising from one of his adventures. We shall get out of it all right."

"No One Can Be More Glad Than Mrs. Delaporte and Myself That This Little Affair Has Been Concluded So Amicably"

"Poor daddy!" she exclaimed. "I am sure he has had no sleep for two nights. I heard him walking up and down his room."

"Well, it will all be over today," I promised. "After all, it only means a little money."

"Daddy does so hate to get the worst of anything," she sighed; "and I am afraid, from the looks of his face, that this time he's in a fix."

"I am afraid so too," I agreed. "Never mind; we have done the best we can, and we are going to settle it up once and for all today. Perhaps he'll tell you all about it afterward."

We heard a door slam and Mr. Bundercombe's voice.

"He is asking for you," Eve whispered. "Hurry along and come back as soon as you've got this business over."

I found Mr. Bundercombe exceedingly chastened, but in all other respects his usual self.

"We are calling for Mr. Wymans," he said, "in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterward we are going round to Mrs. Delaporte's flat. We are going to meet Bannister there and his lawyer."

"Why do we concern ourselves in the matter at all?" I asked as we drove off. "I don't see why we can't leave the lawyers to do this final settlement."

Mr. Bundercombe shook his head.

"You leave too much to lawyers in this country," he remarked. "We generally like to see the thing through ourselves over at home, even if we take a lawyer along. This is an unpleasant business, if you like; but there's no good in shirking it."

We called for Mr. Wymans and drove on to Mrs. Delaporte's flat. We were at once admitted into an overheated and overperfumed room and found Captain Bannister, Mrs. Delaporte and Mr. Cheape awaiting us. Their demeanor betokened anxiety. Mrs. Delaporte alone made a little conversation; and, the habits of a lifetime asserting themselves, she made eyes at Mr. Bundercombe.

Mr. Bundercombe, however, conducted himself very much like the deacon of a chapel in the presence of his minister. His natural good humor seemed to have departed. His manners matched the unusual solemnity of his attire.

"Madam," he said, bowing to Mrs. Delaporte, "Mr. Cheape and Captain Bannister, I have suggested this conference because I believe in settling these affairs myself and not leaving everything to lawyers no disrespect to present company. I have made an idiot of myself and I am ready to pay—a certain amount."

Mr. Cheape rose to his feet. He was sitting in front of a writing desk, with a clean sheet of paper in front of him, as though prepared to take notes of the proceedings.

"So that there may be no possible misunderstanding," he intervened, "my clients will take not a penny less than the five thousand pounds mentioned."

"And I," Mr. Bundercombe declared sadly but very firmly, "will not give a penny more than four thousand pounds."

Mr. Cheape shrugged his shoulders as though to intimate that the conference was at an end. Captain Bannister made a few remarks to the effect that if he had not been a moderate man, and willing to conduct the affair in a gentlemanly manner, he should have asked for ten thousand. Mrs. Delaporte alluded to five thousand pounds as though the amount represented the outcome of a day's shopping. It was astonishing how little they seemed to regard the value of money!

"Now," Mr. Bundercombe went on, "if I've brought you all together here on false pretenses, I am sorry. There's nothing to be done in that case but to say good morning and meet in the law court. But," he added, striking the back of a chair with his clenched fist and looking more like Napoleon than I had ever seen him, "I swear, by the word of Joseph H. Bundercombe, which has never yet been broken, that I will not hand over one cent more than four thousand pounds!"

The protests were this time a little weaker. Mr. Bundercombe sat with folded arms, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling and an air of being altogether disinterested in the proceedings, while the three who comprised the other party whispered together.

Presently Mr. Cheape rose to his feet.

"Mr. Wymans," he began, punctiliously addressing the lawyer first, "and Mr. Bundercombe, my clients are only too anxious to end this unhappy matter. They feel that their demands have been most moderate, but at my advice they have consented to accept a reduction of five hundred pounds."

Mr. Bundercombe rose heavily to his feet.

"Mr. Wymans," he said, "and Paul, come along! I do not bargain. I wish you all good morning."

He turned toward the door and we followed him. It was already opened when we were called back. Captain Bannister and Mr. Cheape were whispering eagerly together. Mr. Cheape rose once more to his feet.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year (Except in Toronto $1 50) Single Copies Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1914

Scrambled Egg Prices

FROM retailers in thirty-nine cities the Bureau of Labor Statistics has collected prices, on certain given days, of "strictly fresh eggs of the highest grade handled by the firms on the dates mentioned, but excluding fancy eggs, or eggs selected for size or color." Between points no farther apart than Newark and Philadelphia, Buffalo and Boston, Los Angeles and San Francisco, prices on the same date vary from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

Variations of from twenty to thirty per cent in the same city on the same date are quite common. For the country over, every one of the seven dates reported on by the bureau shows variations exceeding one hundred per cent. November fifteenth last strictly fresh eggs were selling in New York at seventy-five cents a dozen, while they were to be had in Detroit—a night's ride away—at thirty-eight cents.

No doubt there was some difference in quality, "strictly" being a rather elastic term in the egg trade; but that will hardly account for the great difference in price. Recently a large consignment of eggs from China was received in this country, and for a long while England has drawn an important part of her egg supply from Eastern Europe.

A staple commodity—produced everywhere and consumed everywhere—which can easily be transported over long distances, should under modern transportation conditions tend decidedly toward uniformity in price.

If there were a real Egg Trust in this country we should see greater uniformity in prices—uniformity, no doubt, at a high level. The trick is to get the trust's organization without its greed.

How to Coöperate

SOME time ago we expressed an opinion that coöperative credit for farmers need not wait on legislative action, and we are glad to find that it has not waited. In 1911 the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society—an offshoot of the Baron de Hirsch Fund—began forming Jewish farmers' coöperative credit unions.

Without any new legislation at all, seventeen of these unions have been formed in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. They operate substantially on the plan of the Raiffeisen associations in Germany, which have served as a model for nearly all coöperative credit organizations among farmers—except that, when a union has raised five hundred dollars or more by the sale of shares to its members, the aid society lends it a thousand dollars.

The capital of these seventeen societies is a little over nine thousand dollars and they have been in existence, on an average, thirteen months. During that time they have loaned over seventy-three thousand dollars, or eight times their capital; so, though they charge only a reasonable interest, their profits have been at the rate of thirteen per cent a year on the capital. They confine themselves, of course, to relatively short-time loans on personal credit, thus meeting the farmer's chronic need of money to carry him over from seedtime to harvest, and so on.

"What is needed to establish coöperative credit in the United States," writes Mr. Robinson, the general manager, "is not legislation, but leadership." Which is precisely our opinion. If you want coöperative credit do not wait for an elaborate legislative program, but go ahead and coöperate.

In many states, we venture to affirm, a way to coöperate can be found under existing laws—just as this aid society found a way in the three states named above.

Cold Without Colds

WHEN we made Louis' acquaintance he wore the heaviest flannel undershirts in midsummer. He suspected that his lungs were delicate and thought the only dependable protection for them was a thick sheathing of wool at all seasons. He maintained, moreover, as a matter of personal experience, that heavy flannel was quite as comfortable in the dogdays as the lightest gauze—when one got used to it.

Presently, however, Louis fell in with a different brand of health tips, and some four years later we saw him contentedly trotting along the shore of Lake Michigan in a snowstorm clad only in a light bathing suit, which was saturated with the icy water of the lake. The way to keep well, he explained, was to expose oneself to all weathers.

On the Avenue, any crisp early winter day, you may see women muffled in furs and riding in closed vehicles, while other women trip gracefully along the flagging with two handbreadths of pink flesh showing below the base of their bare necks, and with low shoes and thin silk stockings. The latter women are quite as comfortable and healthy as the former—if they have practiced sufficiently.

Cold is simply a habit. The subject is brought to mind by a photograph that shows tuberculous children at a Swiss sanatorium playing in the snow with nothing on but shoes, a breechclout and a coat of tan: At first the little patients are exposed to the air five minutes at a time, three times a day. At length they frolic in the snow as happily as though they wore bearskin. By degrees any fairly healthy person can become inured to much heat or cold.

It is a matter of habit; and that habit which gives a reasonable amount of fresh air is decidedly preferable to the one that makes you shiver at every draft.

The Small Stockholder

THE stock of one hundred and ninety large corporations is registered in the names of nearly one million holders; and it has been proposed in the New York Chamber of Commerce that a national association of stockholders be formed "for defense of their interests against politicians"—also to exercise a restraining influence on the management of the corporations.

Those persons, however, whose major interest arises from their ownership of stock are comparatively few in number and very well organized already. The typical stockholder has other interests which far outweigh his stockholding interest.

As a merchant he would not mind seeing freight rates reduced or the wages of his railroad customers raised. Or, as a doctor, he would like to see the cars disinfected daily. Or, as a commercial traveler, he wants steel coaches and better safety signals. Or, as a mere citizen, he wants adequate compensation for industrial accidents.

And, as a small stockholder, he wants the management of his corporation sufficiently hedged about by law and public supervision to prevent it from gambling with the assets and deceiving him as to the fact, or from suppressing important facts for the purpose of running a deal in the stock. The proposal rests more or less on an assumption that the interests of the management and of the small stockholder are necessarily identical. They ought to be; but in fact they are sometimes diametrically opposed.

An association of stockholders for the purpose of insisting, day in and day out, that directors who use their fiduciary positions for their personal profit are little better than thieves might be worth while.

The Tide of Socialism

A PROMINENT railroad president and many other conservative people see the tide coming; indeed, their upturned eyes behold its foamy crest just ready to break devastatingly over the country. Socialists themselves, however, cannot see it at all.

That is always a melancholy fact about politics—taking that word in its broad sense. Your conservative shrieks that the country is visibly rushing onward with the horrid velocity of an avalanche; but your radical at the same time moans that the thing is not moving at all—is stuck absolutely fast or, at most, progresses only with the imperceptible action of a glacier.

It is true that "responsible statesmen"—to borrow the European euphemism for a politician with a job—now seriously discuss government ownership of telegraph lines, and even of railroads. A dozen years ago government ownership of the bigger utilities was popularly regarded as synonymous with Socialism; but nowadays the radical wing of Socialism rejects those things with scorn. Mere government ownership, say the radicals, is not Socialism at all. Indeed they regard it as so repugnant to real Socialism that they have invented for it the peculiarly opprobrious term State Capitalism.

There can never in the world be a tide of real radicalism: for its special business is to keep at least two miles ahead of the tide. We beg to assure conservatives that if we should ever have a tide of government ownership in this country it would be no more acceptable to real radicals than it is to conservatives today. Your radical would still be off in front, shouting inquiries as to why we did not come on.

Much Ado About Little

DIRECTLY after Congress convened in the present regular session three banking and currency bills were before the Senate; but the really important differences among them were resolvable into two questions. The Owen Bill as amended by the caucus provided for not less than eight nor more than twelve Federal reserve banks; the Hitchcock Bill provided for four.

The Owen Bill vested the management of each of these banks in nine directors—six to be elected by the member banks and three to be appointed by the Federal Reserve Board. The Hitchcock Bill provided nine directors—four to be elected by the member banks and five to be appointed by the Federal Reserve Board. Both provided that all members of the Federal Reserve Board should be appointed by the president.

The important questions were: Whether there should be four or eight Federal reserve banks; and whether the member banks should elect a majority or a minority of the directors of those institutions. These two questions aside, the other differences among the three bills could have been threshed out and compromised by half a dozen well-informed men in a couple of days; and any compromise so made would probably have proved satisfactory.

Trade and the Flag

"TRADE follows the freight rate," says President Farrell, of the Steel Corporation, who was formerly in charge of that concern's great export business; but many people who know nothing about the subject will repeat the seventeenth-century axiom that trade follows the flag, quite as though it had the slightest relevancy to modern conditions, or as though every fact of modern commerce did not flatly contradict it.

When trade routes were opened with cannon, or when England could decree that her colonies should purchase nothing except in the mother country, trade did follow the flag. Nowadays there is practically no relationship between commerce and political dominion or naval power.

Little Belgium's total population exceeds the number of the czar's soldiers by only fifty per cent; but her foreign trade is decidedly greater than that of the Russian Empire. Italy's navy could easily blow the Netherlands off the political map; but the Netherlands' foreign trade is double that of Italy. Canada flies the British flag and buys nearly two-thirds of all her imports in the United States. Brazil and Chile buy less than twelve per cent of their imports in this country; but does any one imagine they would buy more if we sent a fleet down there to shoot up the coasts and seize the capitals?

Except as trade revived under stable conditions, we should not sell Mexico one jackknife the more by having conquered the country. Too often militarist arguments look backward, and derive whatever plausibility they have from conditions that are altogether past or visibly passing.

Jack and the Beanstalk

FOR some time discouraging reports have emanated from the iron and steel trade. Reaction and depression are the words in that line. The conclusion is unavoidable, as one reads the reports, that this basic industry is in an unsatisfactory way. Indeed in the latter part of 1912 the make of pig iron so fell off that the total output of our blast furnaces was at the rate of only twenty-seven million tons a year.

Now in 1900 we thought we were doing pretty well in the iron and steel line; but our make of pig was less than fourteen million tons. Nine years ago we rather astonished ourselves with an output of eighteen million tons; and up to 1910 this country had never made twenty-seven million tons of iron in one year. At present we are rather blue because we are not making thirty million tons a year.

So business reaction in most lines means that having climbed a rod we have slipped back a foot. Like Jack in his celebrated adventure on the beanstalk we propose to move in one direction only; and it is a rather mysterious thing that business will not function properly—except on a continuous upgrade. It climbs on an amazingly complex scaffolding, which is normally built higher and higher.

Even a comparatively small descent introduces confusion and dismay. That we are doing much more business than five years ago does not count at all. The only thing which counts is that we are doing somewhat less than we did six months ago.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Could Get Trusted for a Ride on a Pay-as-You-Enter Street Car

HONESTY has long been the well-known synonym for the best policy; but it is only of late years we have learned that honesty is also the best politics. It may be that the latter fact has not percolated everywhere, but it is percolating; and by neat little legislative devices, such as publicity for campaign expenses and contributions, and their limitations, a reasonable acceleration is being given the idea here and there.

"Good stuff!" said the Democrats in the House of Representatives when the matter was called to their attention. "We had not thought of it in that light before, but it sounds well. Let's play it to the limit."

So they took the House of Representatives in review; and, though there are undoubtedly four hundred and thirty-five honest men therein—that being the total membership—it must be admitted that the intrinsic integrity of some of those present, of whom two hundred and ninety-one are undeniably honest Democrats, is not publicly enhanced much by a close examination of their countenances. They are honest—no doubt of that; but a good many of them do not look it. Their hearts are right, but a number of their faces require considerable revision before you would know they have a halo beneath their hats.

However, when politicians go in for honesty they go in for it in all its branches; and these Democrats, seeking—as they were—for a man to run the aggregated campaigns of them next fall, when they must go before the people in their various capacities as individual testimonials to the success of the Wilson Administration—these Democrats decided they not only must be honest, seem honest, talk honestly, act honestly, and bear up under it as best they might, but they must have for their campaign leader a man who looks the part. That narrowed their search a lot—centered it, as it were; and naturally they went up to Frank E. Doremus, of Michigan, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Frank, old man," they said, "you are it! You have a face and an air that you could use for collateral at a strange bank in a strange town. You look so honest you could get trusted for a ride on a pay-as-you-enter street car. Our choice has fallen on you."

In order that there may be no misapprehension about this business, no widespreading of the idea that the two hundred and ninety-one Democrats who compose the majority of that laborious institution became angelic unanimously, let me say there were those who had settled on another honest man for this job—honest as the day is long, but not perhaps so effulgent facially about it.

This made it necessary to come to grips in the matter of the selection; and the Doremusites prevailed—especially after it was known that W. Wilson had looked into that Doremus countenance and had approved it, sending word to the majority members that he would ask them to select Mr. Doremus if he dared. Of course he did not dare ask. All he dared do was insist. And the result is that Frank E. Doremus is chairman of the Democratic National Congressional Campaign Committee.

The organization of which Mr. Doremus is chairman—see above for full title—is composed of gentlemen in the House who desire to see their party retained in power, and has for its object the helping of various candidates who may be beset in their districts—that is, it is a House organization that takes the whole congressional election as a national proposition and handles the units of it as a national committee handles a national campaign for the presidency. When one of the boys is in a hole at home he turns to this committee, and ways and means are devised for helping him out—such as speakers, literature and, so far as possible, a few dollars now and again—not so many as formerly, but even now a few.

The Man Who Ran on His Face

THEY chose Doremus for this responsible place because, as I have said, he looks so dad-blamed honest that he must be so; and because, further, he is a rather sizable politician and a person who knows his way about; and because, also, Mr. Wilson wanted him. This Democratic House is going before the people on its record; and if that record has for its sponsor this open-faced, frank, ingenuous person, likely as not the voters will say: "Oh, well, it must be all right—it must! That man Doremus wouldn't stand for it if it wasn't."

Doremus is rather new at the game to be placed in this responsible position. This is his second term; but he did a few things in Detroit before he came to Washington, and the knowledge of those achievements came along with him. He is an ex-editor. Years ago, when he was a boy up in Michigan, he worked in a country printing office. One day he decided to start a paper of his own; so he started it. He had a hard time. This is the proper place in this recital to put on the tremolo. I know whereof I speak, because I owned a paper in Michigan once myself. I repeat: He had a hard time. I am sorry for him. So would you be if you had ever owned a paper in Michigan. However, be that as it may ——

He had a hard time. He bought a few cases of type—and he had a hard time. He purchased some hundreds of pounds of junk that had once been a printing press—and he had a hard time. He stuck and put the paper on its feet—but he had a hard time. So, after he was hardened to his hard times, he gayly went to Detroit and began studying law; and his times were not any softer—not a bit! Presently he did chance on some luck. After he had been admitted to the bar he was made assistant corporation counsel and received his pay with reasonable regularity.

Municipal politics in Detroit is as various and mutable as elsewhere—and sometimes more so. There came a mayor who desired a controller. His attention having been called—as the statesman says when he wishes to deny an interview he got up at five A. M. to read in the paper—the mayor's attention having been called to an assistant corporation counsel named Doremus, who was paying attention to his duties and not playing politics all the time, the mayor made this same Doremus controller.

One of the first things Mr. Doremus did was to rouse the individual and collective ire of the aldermen of the city by interfering with a treasured and time-honored prerogative, which is the slang for graft. There was a public institution that made a profit by the work of its inmates. This profit had been used by the aldermen in paying for such junkets and other enjoyable functions as they saw fit to apply it to.

Young Doremus contended that the profit of the city's institution belonged to the city, and he shut down on the aldermen, thereby causing many eminent local statesmen to inquire hoarsely: "Where does this young squirt get off with such a game as this?" The answer was that he did not get off, but the aldermen did; and, judging from what the taxpayers said when they learned about it, they seemed to be in happy accord with Doremus.

As time wore on, Doremus devoted himself to living up to that honest front-window display of his, and then came a campaign for Congress. He was not particularly keen about going to Congress; but there were those who thought things might be propitious for him, and he went in. He made his campaign—this was in 1910—on the high cost of living. He rampaged up and down and across that town of Detroit and proclaimed against the cost of all articles of food and raiment, and told them that the only way to get the necessities down to a reasonable basis was to elect a Democratic House, with himself as a member thereof.

He made object-lessons out of various things. One of his greatest hits was with two stockings—not a pair—but two. He carried a long and shapely stocking in the right-hand pocket of his coat, and a long and shapelier stocking in the left-hand pocket of his coat. One was made in this country and one was made abroad. He would pull out one stocking and tell what it cost—and why; then take out the other stocking, compare it with the first one, and tell why it was cheaper—which, of course, was because of the extortions of the robber tariff, as he pointed out.

Waving the hose triumphantly above his head he was elected by a good-sized plurality; and when he ran again, in 1912, he won easily. He made many friends during his first term and developed considerably. Then, when it was all fixed to put another man in as chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee, the irresistible appeal of that open face of his with its honest eyes, coupled mayhap with a few directions—not to say orders—from the White House, placed him in direction of this important political work.

He is a likable chap—frank, manly, able, and a good fighter. They tell me that deceit, intrigue, craft and guile are totally absent from his character; and, as I have said, he certainly looks the pleasant part. Probably it is true too; for, so far as I can learn, they do not call him Honest Frank.

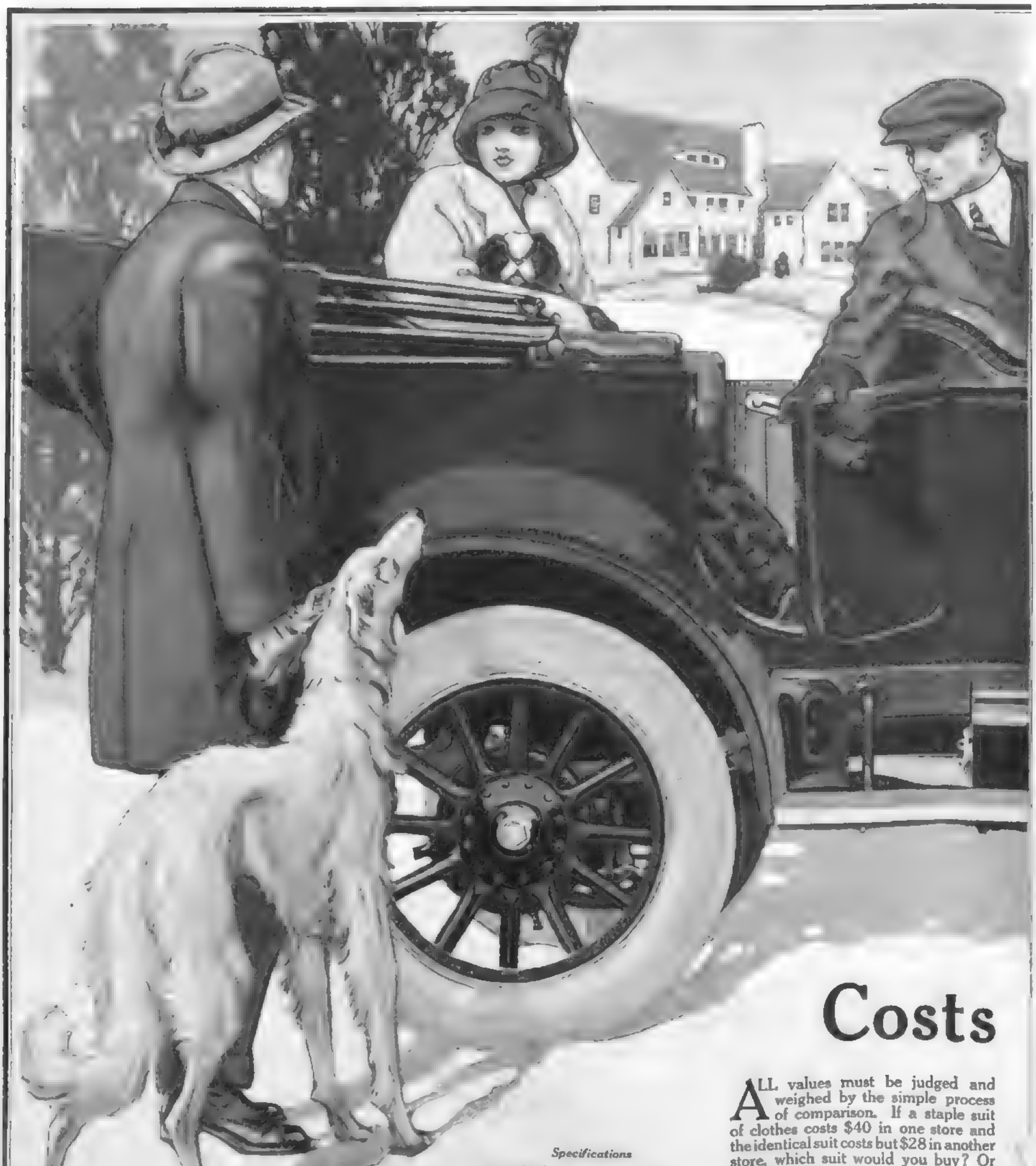
No Arks Needed

UP IN a certain part of the Puget Sound country the average rainfall in a year is one hundred and forty-two inches. It rains almost all the time. A missionary came among the Indians in that section and began preaching to them. He held the interest of the inhabitants until one day when he preached to them about the Flood. He told them it rained forty days and forty nights and that the world was engulfed, describing the adventures of Noah and the Ark.

He was much distressed when his congregation rose and left the place while he was yet telling about the Flood.

"What's the matter?" he asked one of them. "Why did they all go out before I had finished my sermon?"

"Huh!" said the Indian. "No believe! Rain here hundred days and hundred nights and no flood yet!"



Costs

ALL values must be judged and weighed by the simple process of comparison. If a staple suit of clothes costs $40 in one store and the identical suit costs but $28 in another store, which suit would you buy? Or would you shut out all sense of reason and buy the most expensive (but not superior) suit and waste $12 or 30%.

Now which?

Put your automobile purchase on the same basis—there is no difference.

The $950 Overland has a motor that is as large and as powerful as in most $1200 cars. *Compare and see.*

Specifications

Electric head, side, tail and dash lights	trimmings
Storage battery	Deep upholstery
35 Horsepower motor	Mohair top, curtains and boot
114-inch wheelbase	Cowl dash
Three-quarter floating rear axle	Clear-vision rain-vision windshield
Timken bearings	Stewart speedometer
33 x 4 Q. D. tires	Electric horn
Brewster green body nickel and aluminum	Flush U doors with concealed hinges

Completely equipped $950, f. o. b. Toledo.
With electric starter and generator—$1075.

Canadian Prices: f. o. b. Toledo { *$1250 Completely equipped. Duty paid.* / *$1425 with electric starter and generator. Duty paid.*

A. Gil-Spear

You 30% Less—

The $950 Overland has a wheel base as long as on most $1200 cars. *Compare and see.*

The $950 Overland is roomier, has greater leg stretch and more actual comfort than most $1200 cars. *Compare and see.*

The $950 Overland has tires as large as on most $1200 cars. *Compare and see.*

The $950 Overland has electric lights throughout the same as $3000 to $5000 cars. *Compare and see.*

The $950 Overland has just as complete and just as expensive equipment as most $1500 cars. *Compare and see.*

The $950 Overland is just as superbly and richly finished as any $1500 car. *Compare and see.*

The $950 Overland is manufactured just as carefully as any car. *Compare and see.* And we can offer this exceptional value because we are the largest makers of this type of car in the world.

Why hesitate? There are more Overlands being sold today than any other similar car made. And this is because we continue to give more standard car for less actual money.

See the 1914 Overland in your town.

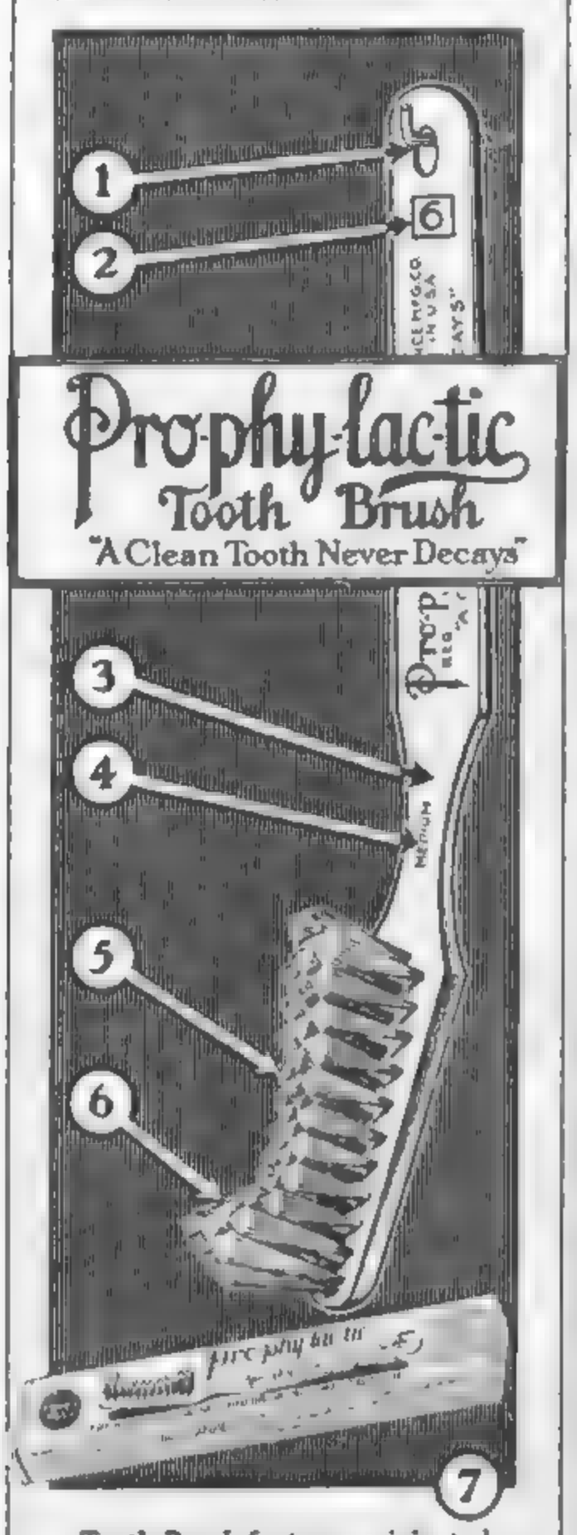
Literature on request. Please address Dept. 26.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.

Why It Pays to Ask for Your Tooth Brush by Name

Tooth cleanliness—tooth preservation—good looks—good health—happiness—are the results of asking for the Pro-phy-lac-tic by name. A little insistence will always get you the "world's standard tooth brush," with the seven original features described below.



Tooth Brush features originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush:

(1) The hole in the handle and the hook on which to hang the brush.

(2) The use of symbols to mark individual brushes so that each person may always recognize his own tooth brush.

(3) The curved handle with beveled and tapered head which enables the brush to get behind all the teeth.

(4) Dependable markings of bristles as hard, medium, soft—so you may absolutely rely on the kind you like.

(5) Serrated bristle tufts arranged to fit the shape of the jaw—known as the Pro-phy-lac-tic Shape—the big step in advance in tooth brush manufacture.

(6) The big end tuft—that goes where a tooth brush ought to go—even to the backs of the back teeth.

(7) The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush clean, untouched by any hand since it left our sanitary factory. Another big step in advance—originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Send for Your Portrait of Miss Florence

You will enjoy this beautiful portrait of Miss Florence, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush Girl, reproduced in full color from her original portrait in oil. Bears no advertising; size 12x16 inches. Your copy will be sent you for 10c in stamps, and will include an interesting book on the care of the teeth. Send for them.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.

Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

32 Pine Street, Florence (Northampton), Mass., U. S. A.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: You observed, no doubt, that the President did not get his currency bill through at the extraordinary session of Congress, which lapsed on the Senate side half a minute before the regular session began, and on the House side on the Saturday previous; and you probably will observe sooner or later that the President has passed his currency bill substantially as set forth by Woodrow Wilson and recommended by him.

One of the things I have been mildly interested in, during the course of a life that has offered considerable opportunity for investigation along various lines, has been why a man who has accumulated fifty million dollars—or not so many, but enough—continues on and on, working like a truck horse to accumulate more millions, when by no excess of liberality can he spend the income of what he already has—and until, further, an artery pops on him some day and the wrangle over the will begins.

I have asked millionaires, multimillionaires and multissimi-millionaires why this is so; and the invariable response has been that they go on accumulating money not because of the money itself but because of the power it gives them—and they throw a heavy accent on that word "power." It is my personal conclusion that they are wrong two ways in presenting this excuse for incessant sleuthing of other people's money.

The power part of it is an excuse—not a reason. As a matter of cold-blooded fact the power—speaking in a governmental sense—that the captains of high finance have can all be stowed neatly and unobtrusively in their aggregated eyes. They are simply powerful from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, in Manhattan; but beyond those boundaries, except in a business sense, they are as innocuous as a bunch of landscape gardeners.

Time was when a predaceous plutocrat could do things in and round Washington; but those days have passed. And the odd part of it is that the multis do not realize that. They think they are still sitting in the seats of the mighty down here; and, believe me, Jim, they are lucky to get under the porte-cochère when it is raining.

When Money Kills With Kindness

One lovely feature of the accumulation of vast wads of money is the unfailing arrogance that comes with it. There were days when a man who mixed largely in Wall Street and high finance in New York had a reasonable right to puff out his chest and talk about what he could do in Washington; but those days are gone. This never was illustrated better than in the opposition of the representatives of certain vested interests to the currency bill progressing White-Houseward as this is written.

They met in New York and decided they must kill this bill. How should they kill it? The answer was unanimous and instantaneous. They would let it be known that they, the captains of high finance, were opposed to the bill—and it would die in its tracks. The idea that this Congress would not heed a protest or a threat from them was so absurd it was never considered.

Now it had happened earlier in the year that some of the big bankers had looked over the Glass Bill and had decided it wasn't so bad after all. This word had been passed along. Suddenly there appeared violent opposition from big bankers. At the eleventh hour it had been determined to kill the bill—to slaughter it—because, on second thought, the bankers concluded they didn't want it. And the whole machinery was set to work. The country bankers were called in. The killing was to be confined to the bill, but the killers were to be scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the high priests at the immolation directing the job from their perches in New York.

What happened? Well, everybody knows what happened—or what will happen. A bill that will reasonably suit the President was considered in the Democratic caucus, and said bill will go to him for his signature—if it hasn't already gone by the time you read this.

You see, Jim, the proud and puffy captains of high finance don't understand their limitations. They invariably take a job of this kind from the wrong angle. They think, because of their money power, they can kill a measure they do not like by opposing it. How pitifully foolish it all is! They are grand little wise ones when it comes to getting money for themselves. Nobody can deny that. But that is as far as they go.

The fact is, Jim, these gentlemen haven't a proper perspective on themselves. They are blinded by their wealth. Some day some Cræsus among them will wake up to the real condition. After that it will be easy. The great underlying, basic truth as regards the position these rich persons occupy as molders of public opinion and public action is this: The only way and the sure way for them to kill a measure, destroy a man or stop a crusade is not to oppose, but to support.

If there had been among them an adequate understanding of the mind of the public they wouldn't have protested against this currency bill. Instead they would have given that bill vociferous and united support. That would have ended the bill. The minute they began yowling and yammering against the bill was the exact moment when it became certain a bill of the sort the President wants would be passed. Their opposition made it impossible for the great bulk of the majority to do anything but support the bill.

Hot Times for Tariff Makers

Take that little foray of the vested interests into national politics when the Democrats were trying to nominate a candidate for president. There was a perfect exemplification of the rule that obtains. They were teetotally opposed to the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. So they arrogantly opposed said nomination—with the result that is now historical. Their opposition had as much to do as anything else—probably more—with the nomination of Mr. Wilson. Whereas if they, not liking Mr. Wilson, had early gone out in active and enthusiastic support of his candidacy and had made as much fuss for him as they did against him, it is likely they would have defeated him.

But they won't learn! They are supreme in their skyscrapers and in their interlocking directorates and in their banking houses, and they think because they have dollars they also have domain; but it isn't so, Jim.

Meantime I assume you observed that when the time was ripe the Democrats slid the currency bill into a Democratic caucus and there provided ways and means for its passage. To be sure they didn't call it a caucus, but that is what it was, notwithstanding its gentler names of conference; and, that over, things were cleared for the real work. Some good strategy was used. The Democrats decided to stay in session, regardless of the Christmas holidays or anything else—unless the bill was passed before Christmas. This caught the Republicans between the devil and the deep sea, for all their opposition was immediately put into the category of filibustering and the general demand was to get a bill through and have it settled once for all.

True to his previous form, the Honorable Francis Griffith Newlands, of Nevada, arrived on the scene in time to propose a few trifling changes of his own. As an arriver on the scene at a quarter to twelve, the Honorable Francis G. Newlands challenges the world to produce an equal. He submitted a resolution embodying his ideas after the hearings were over and the bill was in the Senate. One change was to have forty-eight regional reserve banks, instead of eight or twelve; and others were equally sweeping in their nature.

I remember, just before the tariff bill passed, that Senator Newlands arrived from Nevada all out of breath and rushed to a caucus. He spoke for three hot and dreary hours, outlining his views on the tariff and the changes that should be made. Then he said he desired that action should be deferred until he had an opportunity of presenting his views to the President.

Whereupon up rose Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, majestic in his wrath; and he spoke, as we say, in no uncertain terms directly to the senator from Nevada. He called the attention of the senator to the fact that various of those present had been in Washington continuously during the hot days and nights, working to make the tariff bill into a law while the senator had been enjoying the cool breezes of his mountain home, to say nothing of the cooler breezes of the Pacific Coast.

He said—Senator James did—that in his opinion the time had come for action; and he demanded a vote notwithstanding these eleventh-hour views of the senator from Nevada, who had leisurely strolled in at the last and ultimate minute and sought to get a little into the limelight. So a vote was had, but not, mark you, until the senator from Nevada had taken a further hour and a half to explain why he would consent.

By the same token that man Ollie James is rapidly coming to be one of the most powerful of the majority senators. He is a large and impressive person, and he has a manner of saying what he thinks that is always refreshing and usually efficacious. His bulk is so great and his manner so forceful that he overwhelms many of his colleagues; and he is an expert and ready debater, as Senator Bristow discovered on the night the tariff bill passed.

James is the ablest of the defenders of the Administration in the Senate, and he certainly can lay down the law once he sets about it. When a man is five or six inches over six feet and built like a dreadnought, and dreads nought in the shape of antagonism—to say nothing of having what you might call a plain manner of speaking—and is in favor of action, it isn't surprising to find he rather awes various of his trimming and trembling party associates. A large person is James—with a punch!

On the night the tariff bill passed, when Senator James and Senator Bristow had their encounter, the galleries applauded and Senator Gallinger asked that the applauding persons be removed. The vice-president ruled that he had no power to clear the galleries under the rules of the Senate—that his power only extended to admonition.

Bull Moose That Won't Come Home

That did not suit the exact Senator Gallinger; so, a few days ago, he gave notice of a change in the Senate rules he intends to propose, which will make it easy to yank the applauding citizens out of the galleries and set them about their business in the corridors. The dignity of the Senate must be upheld, especially as the Democrats are now getting all the applause.

Signs multiply that the real Bull Moose Progressives look with distrust and disdain on the frantic efforts of the standpat Republicans to induce them to come back home, so that all may be forgiven. At a meeting of Indiana Progressives in Indianapolis recently, where former Senator Beveridge, Senator Clapp and others spoke, the question was put squarely up to the large gathering; and the vote was unanimous that the Indianans shall continue as a separate party and fight it out on those lines, no matter what any trimming politicians who want harmony for their own uses may advise.

Also, in California the Progressives decided to remain under the party designation of Progressives and ignore the remnants of the Republican party there. They do not intend to lose their identity.

Of course this stills the stories that, as they had the power, the Progressives of California would take over the Republican designation; and it also makes it plain that Francis J. Heney will run for United States Senator as a Progressive. The idea that Mr. Heney would run as a Republican was based on the report that the Progressives would absorb the Republican party out there and take its title, and not on any indicated or surmised return of Mr. Heney from Progressivism to the Republicans.

It is almost three years before the next presidential election will be held, Jim; but if things political keep on gathering momentum as at present we'll all be howling dervishes by the summer of 1916.

Yours expectantly, BILL.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

DEAR AUNTEY: I did not rite to you for a long time now witch is not credibul to me becaws Hennry Begg told me he yoostoo have an aunt very mutch like you and he did not rite to her for a long time and one day his muther came in very sad and said to Hennry your aunt dide yesterday and when he thought of how she dide without getten an ansur to her last letter it almost broak his hart and for a long time he could not eat the rest of his dinner.

The trubble is that when we are young and helthy we do not think of how our rellitives are old and aptoo die any time at all and so we do not rite as often as we otto and are sorry afterwurd when it is too late.

Hennry Begg was tellen me about his aunt yesterday and how she yoostoo send him presunts and sumtimes munney when there was a serkus commen which the neerest one now is two weeks from Wensday.

This makes it all the sadder for Hennry. The price of tickets to a serkus is a kworter for boys the sighs of us and Hennry's aunt yoostoo always send him fiffty sense for two tickets if he should wanto take anuther boy with him as they offen do.

The serkus witch is commen here two weeks from Wensday is Simmons & Sapp's world's gratest nickul-plated three rings ne plus ulter pearless aereal marvul equine sennsation and zoologicle agergation with the world-famus Roamin Hipperdroam and selebrated artusts in the sublimest specticles ever staged for the eddification of Man witch I coppied from the bills as neerly as possibul and it looks as if it was goen to be a pretty good show.

I gess all the boys are goen exept Hennry and me witch are not surten but hoapful. Two weeks from Wensday.

I gess the last letter I rote you was before Hennry bloo off part of his thum wile we were out camping for two weeks and on account of his thum we came home the furst day witch was a grate disappointment.

Hennry's thum is heeled over now and does not hurt mutch any more but it will never be the same agen. But he gets a grate deel of pleshur showing it to the boys and tellen them about the axsidunt.

His thum ware it was blone off is verry sennsituve to things like choppen wood and carryen it in or ennything ware there is a shock to his nervus sisstem. But he can pitch a littul ball by beein careful and has wun sevrel games lately witch is a good sine.

A thum seems to be a littul thing after all but wenn it is partly blone off it is a turrible shock to you and no wunder it takes a long time to be yourself agen. And when you think how it mite have been a hand blone off or an arm it onley shows how kind we otto be to all our deer ones wile they are well and whole espeshully if it is a boy becaws you never know when something is goen to happen.

Hennry is sutch a fine boy too even with his thum blone off. The day it happend he was very lite-harted and happy putten catridges in the campfire to melt the lead out for fishline sinkers. He was always tryen to be kind to some one ells and when some of the boys did not have any sinkers he said he would get some for them. It was a bewtiful day and the burds singen and a thousand things to make a boy purfeckly happey with school over for summer and nuthen to do. Then it was a turrible exploshun and when the smoke bloo away there was Hennry with his face all black and holden part of his thum to keep from bleeden to deth. The uther part was never found though the boys looked for it everywares. But it would probily be no good anyway.

The next day after it was bandidged up and Hennry was sitten out on the back porch all of us boys went over to see how he was getten along. He was still pale but verry brave. All he wurried about was not beein abul to chop any wood for over Sunday. So the boys all took off thare coats and chopped a big pile and when they would get tired Hennry's pale face and his soar thum would encurridge them and they would chop more and they did every Saturday until he had enuf to last him until nearly through the winter witch was the onley grate bennefit he had from his thum.

It was wile I was over to Hennry's after his thum was blone off that he tolled me about his aunt and how she yoostoo send him the fiffty sense for serkus tickets. He said when she dide before he ansured her last letter it was an offle shock to him but maybe it was all for the best becaws she would have wurried so about his thum.

She must have been a fine woman from what Hennry said I should think a grate deel like you tall and fare and verry bewtiful. Hennry said she always rote sutch a nice letter to him and the fiffty sense was always rapped up in a littul paper for a sort of a supprize.

After he would go to the serkus he would most alwnys rite to her and tell her what kind of a show it was and what he liked the most. But now she is gone and Hennry said when he saw them put up the serkus bills it was almost more than he could bare to think of her and how kind she yoostoo be.

The way we happend to be talken about it was becaws they were putten up the bills for the serkus rite acrost from Hennry's house two weeks from next Wensday wile we were sitten on the back porch after his thum was blone off. I could see that Hennry was neerly cryen and then he told me about his aunt and the fiffty sense. You would not think fiffty sense would make so mutch impreshun on a boy but it seams to with Hennry. It was not the fiffty sense so mutch but just to know that his aunt was always thinken of him and wanted him to be happey and lite-harted.

It takes so littul to maik a boy purfeckly happey it seams a shame they do not always get it. Don't you think so? Hennry's aunt probily never thought a littul thing like fiffty sense would keep her memmery grene so long.

Fiffty sense to a boy rite now is offen mutch better than a large sum when he is grone up and does not care for a serkus any more. To have a serkus in town and not have the munney to go must be turribul.

After Hennry told me about his aunt and the fiffty sense for serkus munney I told him about you and how splendud you are in so menny ways though nuthen speshul like munney for a serkus but I told Hennry onley becaws you never thought of it and not becaws you wouldent if you thought of it becaws you would without a seckond thought.

Hennry ast me if I rote you regler and when I said I had not for a long time he said I otto never let you wate so long agen becaws look at his aunt and how bad he feels now and you are the onley aunt we got betwene us and we otto both remembur you before any one ells exsept our parunts. Hennry said it would not do any harm to rite you about his thum but not lay too mutch importunce on it becaws it would onley wurry you and a boys thum is not so verry mutch to uther people anyway though it is a good deel to him.

Hennry said to give you his love witch he had been saven up for his aunt when it happend to her so quick and witch you would know how he meant it. Owing to his thum he does not expect to go to the serkus witch is so sore yet he does not bleave he will be abul to urn enuf to go with it bein in the way as a soar thum always is.

It is too bad he will probily not be abul to go but he has sufered so mutch with his thum he says he will be abul to stand a littul more though not goen to a serkus is mentle and not fizzickle pane but maybe wurse. Don't you think so? But if Hennry's aunt was alive and well probily me and him would both go and think afterwurd of all the pleshur we had that day and maybe we will anyway becaws you never can tell.

Remembur us both to Uncle William and you can show him this letter if you wanto and let him know about Hennry's thum though it is not critticle now.

With love from both of us,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Named for Uncle William.

P. S. 2.—His thum is cleen off about halfway down the nale.

P. S. 3.—It is Simmons & Sapp's serkus two weeks from Wensday that made Hennry think of his aunt.

P. S. 4.—Hennry's aunt's name that yoostoo send him the fiffty sense was Maria. She must have been a lovely lady.

W. G.

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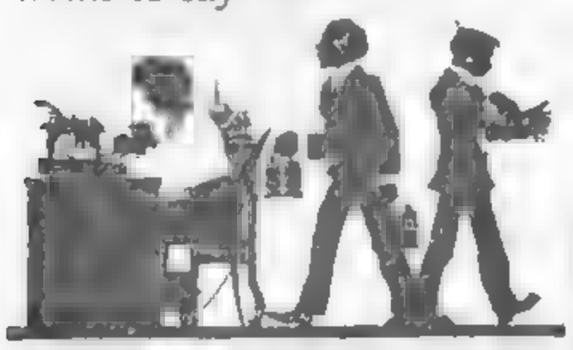

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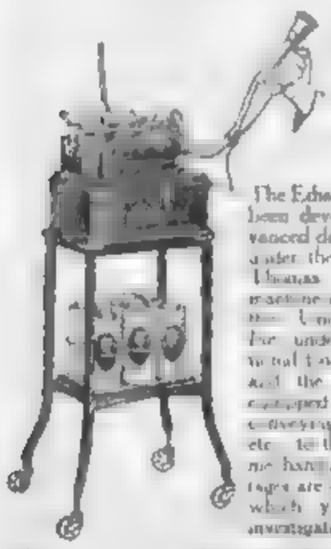

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SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES AND MINE

(Continued from Page 15)

that in most instances they were written by a gentleman rising fifty.

A gentleman rising fifty who falls in love should not be allowed to write. He should prosecute his courtship with both hands tied behind his back. If he were also gagged and hobbled so much the better; for the preponderance of the evidence shows he is not to be trusted with pen and paper. He may still be keen in business, still dominant in his profession, still competent to draw a contract or quarter a client; but when the honey-bee of love stings him in his tender middle-aged susceptibilities he begins using the swollen place to do his thinking with instead of his head.

He is not satisfied to say it over the telephone, which is still reasonably safe; or on the parlor sofa, which was tolerably safe, too, until the dictograph, the hidden stenographer and the phonograph came into such general domestic use. He just will commit his softest and most sentimental yearnings to black and white!

And so very many bright young women have a tidy habit of saving up the documents, which explains why there is frequently such interesting reading for jury, press and public when the case goes to trial.

After a certain age skittishness is not especially becoming to the male of the species. There are only about so many skits apiece anyhow, and the elderly imitation rarely fools anybody. Skittishness is all right in a colt. It is a natural trait and we expect him to show it; but when the family carriage horse develops it we trade him off.

Man, however, never seems to learn any lessons from the dumb creatures—else he would acquire fidelity from the dog, the gift of silence from the oyster, and dignity from the hoot-owl. If after fifty he is still shy on these virtues there is not much hope for him. Particularly there is not much hope for him if, all of a sudden, he discovers that he is suffering from the complaint which comes to all of us who live long enough to catch it—age—and tries to cure himself by self-treatment.

We see him wriggling in misery on the stand during the breach-of-promise proceedings. We see him wearing clothes that a minstrel show would hesitate to adopt for their street parade for fear of causing runaways. We see him taking gymnastic exercises. We see him riding horseback in the park. He is not doing this for fun. Using his own spinal column as a weapon to beat his own brains out is not pleasure to a man who has spent most of his earlier life in a revolving office chair. No; he is trying to reduce his waist-line. He wants to be youthful; he wants to be gay and gallus and carefree; he is a melancholy spectacle. And if we were not all so busy laughing we should be sorry for him.

About Once in So Often Comes a New Napoleon of Finance

After fifty appears to be a dangerous age for women too. This is the age when many of them take up the newest cults and the freshest fads. They crave to get back to Nature, forgetting that Nature is getting back at them. They wear fillets about their hair, and loose draperies; then discard corsets, and still wonder why they do not look more like the Grecian maidens one sees dancing on a frieze!

They become disciples of long-haired teachers of weird doctrines. Long hair appears to go with a new cult—I judge the first cultist had a feud with his barber. If they are widows some of them seem particularly prone to fall in love with underdone youths. Some don war-paint and feathers to give old age a battle. One of the sweetest sights in the world is a sweet woman growing old gracefully; and one of the saddest is an old woman turned prematurely young. Also in New York it is one of the commonest.

Speaking of these things, I once knew a man who was known as old Mr. Illwind—because he never blew anybody good; in fact, he never blew anybody at all. A dollar would go a long way with him; sometimes it would go with him for years and years and years—the same dollar. It was commonly believed that he used words of one syllable when talking over a payline, and that he would not go in bathing where he had to pay for the privilege—except at high tide.

When he fell sick the doctors had to give him ether before they could even take his temperature. His only chance to be in the fashion came when green clothes were stylish—his would be greenish anyhow. He used a celluloid collar and did his own laundry work with a wet rag. His necktie fastened on with a latch and he wore it until the latch wore out. He was practically out of teeth, so that his face folded up and saved time in shaving. He was no spendthrift.

Shortly after he passed his fifty-fifth birthday he became a widower. Within three months a new light seemed to burst

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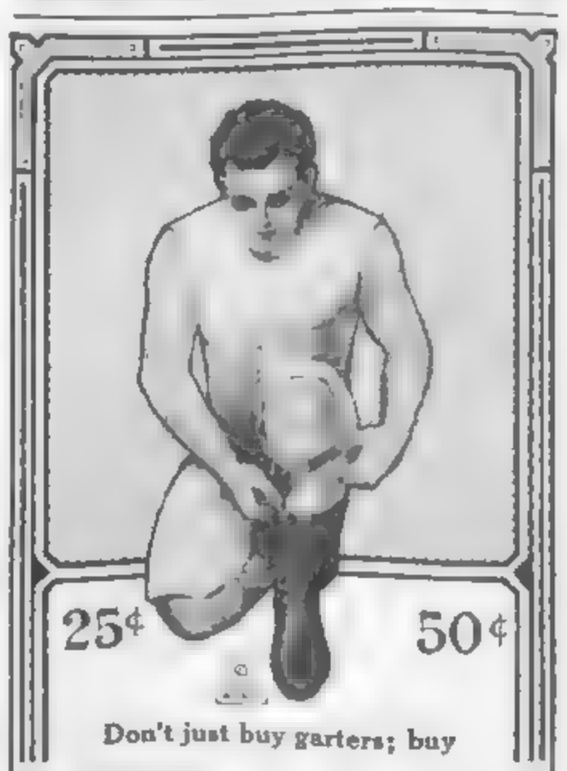

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into his life. She was a young person who came to town to demonstrate a new kind of face bleach at the Fin de Siècle Drug Store—subsequently christened the Twentieth Century Pharmacy. This young person had the conversational brilliance of a cuckoo clock. When she did any thinking it brought on a severe throbbing sensation in the temples similar to headache; so she only thought one thought about every two or three weeks.

She chewed gum in her waking moments; and such was her manner of speech that every little while when she was talking the man who wrote the English grammar sat up in the grave and gnawed at his tombstone. But she wore the original standing-room-only skirt seen up to that time in our peaceful community; she had golden hair and a peachblow complexion, and large, liquid, lambent orbs of blue. With these eyes she gave Uncle Henry one look—just one long, lingering, thawing look and the ice gorge broke and went out with an instantaneous rush.

From that moment he was a changed man. He began dressing as we should all dress if we followed the sartorial hints for men that are printed on the back page of the theater program. He imported the first pair of attached cuffs exhibited in that congressional district. He used perfumery to excess. He bought her flowers and candy and jewelry. He got himself a new set of teeth that made him look taller. He bought a short tan overcoat, and that made him look broader. But the fuzzy green hat with the bow behind only made him look foolish.

When on the second day after he met her—he took the young woman buggy riding the whole town turned out for the event. With the exception of the time he attended his wife's funeral, it was the only expensive riding he had done in his life.

The massacre continued until his cash reserve in bank showed signs of emaciation. Then one night the demonstrating lady ran away with a soda-water clerk, who could have traded off his brains for the contents of a two-grain pill without any loss by the transaction—except to the pill.

Did this blow cure old Mr. Illwind? Not so that you could notice it! He peaked and pined for a week. Then the Bloomer Girls' Baseball Club came to town to play the local team, and he caught one glimpse of a curly-haired shortstop, with roguish eyes, called Dolly De Vere on the scorecard—and was a lost soul!

He followed the troupe clear to Memphis—and they might have been married, only he detected his latest idol in the act of getting a close shave, which roused his suspicions to some extent. It seemed Dolly was a Bloomer Girl by special arrangement, the name being Horace Greeley Jackson. Horace, he later discovered, was playing baseball to raise money for a prep school course in the fall.

He returned home a chastened creature and reëntered commercial pursuits; but sordid trade had lost its charm for him. He closed out his interests at a loss and retired to a life of youthful abandon. The last time I went back home he was at the depot waiting for Jack T. Sam's Female Minstrels to arrive. He was featuring a friendship ring and a suit of the kind all the Harvard graduates are wearing this year—if you can believe the men's fashion columns—for boys will be boys! The unfortunate part is that some of them do not begin to be boys until after they have been grandfathers.

After fifty I guess a man's place in the scheme of life is pretty well fixed. He is either a headpin or a pinhead. If you are a pinhead nobody takes you seriously, and if you are a headpin you are stood up as a target and the world bowls at you.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series of six papers by Irvin S. Cobb. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

THE BUCKLED BAG

(Continued from Page 5)

"C. usually undemonstrative, but rather affected when she said goodby to her mother. Was she planning something, unknown to them?

"But if she was planning an elopement why did she make careful appointments with her dressmakers and milliners? Is she more crafty than they think or was her decision made unexpectedly?

"She forgot her jewel case, which she always carried with her. An inventory reveals only a part of her jewelry. She wore, when she left, only the sapphire ring Mr. Plummer gave her. She had less than a hundred dollars in money.

"Wilson Page is dark. The man who met her in the station was thin and fair.

"Her picture is on her mother's dressing table—an attractive face; dark-eyed, full of character, but rather wistful. A thoughtful face. Is she living or dead? Did she go voluntarily or was she lured away? If she went voluntarily—why?"

I looked round the handsome room where my patient slept calmly, her petulant features relaxed and peaceful. I glanced across the hall to Miss Clare's room, where a light burned every evening; where an ivory dressing set, with carved monogram, was spread on the toilet table; where every luxury a young woman could demand had been gathered together for her use. And I recalled the look in the face of the man downstairs as he gazed at her picture—the tragedy in the eyes of her father. How had she gone and why? How and why?

III

MY FIRST night at the March house was marked by a disagreeable and rather mystifying occurrence. I had got my patient quiet and asleep and had had a telephone talk with the doctor by eleven.

"There is very little to do," the doctor said. "I'll come in in the morning. Just keep her comfortable and cheerful. She needs someone to talk to. Let her talk all she wants."

I darkened the room where she lay and placed a screen in the hall outside the door, with a comfortable chair beside it and a shaded lamp. I had made up my mind to sit up for that one night at least. I had had nervous cases before; and I knew that sometime between then and morning she would waken, and that the sight of someone alert and watchful would be a comfort.

At midnight I took off my cap, eased my hair and removed my stiff collar. With the neck of my dress turned in I was fairly comfortable. Also I was hungry. I had eaten almost no dinner. It was too early to eat. I got a book from the library and read.

At two o'clock Mrs. March was still sleeping quietly and I decided to get my night supper. I slipped as noiselessly as possible down the stairs. An English hall lamp was turned on in the lower hall near the music-room door, and far back in the dining room a candlelight in a wall bracket showed me where to go.

My progress in my rubber-soled shoes was practically noiseless. I made my way along the hall back to the dining room. The room was very large, as I have said before, paneled in oak, with a heavy fireplace and a tapestry in an overmantel above. At one corner, beside the deep bay window, were French doors, hung with casement cloths, leading out evidently into the garden.

I was deliberate in all my movements, I remember. I went to the fireplace and stood looking up at the overmantel; I found the switch that would throw the light over my small table and thus give me a more cheerful place to eat. The bay, walled off by palms and flowering oleanders in tubs, was dark and rather uninviting at that hour. I made no particular attempt to be silent, but I dare say it is a result of my training that I make no unnecessary noise.

One of the older nurses said to me once: "When you go out on private duty you'll have to fuss about your night supper generally. An orange and a glass of milk is about what most cooks set out. Keep them up to the mark. Insist on cold meat or sandwiches; and if there's an alcohol coffee pot have them leave it ready. Coffee is your best friend at three in the morning, and your next best is a shawl to lay over your knees."

I was thinking of that and rather smiling when I entered the recess and sat down at the small table. I was absolutely calm and beginning to be mightily interested in my case. The tray was ready; and there was a small alcohol coffee pot ready, with a box of matches beside it.

I lit the lamp and inspected the tray. The cook seemed to have been trained by some predecessor. There was chicken, a

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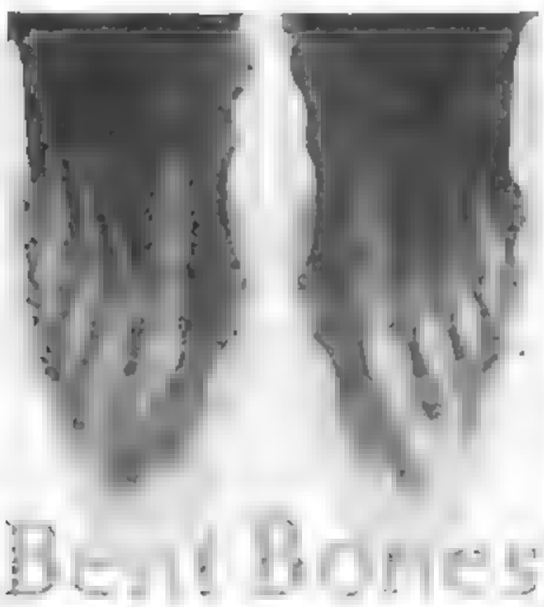

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bit of salad, brown bread and fruit. I ate slowly while my coffee cooked—ate with an ear toward the staircase for a sound from my patient above, and with an occasional eye toward the garden below. A late moon showed a brick terrace under the windows, and three steps lower was a formal design of flower-bed and path, with a small cement circle, evidently a pool in summer. Somehow the garden looked uncanny—bushes became figures, moving about, waving arms in the breeze. I was a distinct object from outside as I sat in my nook; and, having now eaten and waiting only for the coffee, I reached up and extinguished the light over my head.

It was then, still standing, that I saw the hand. It was coming down the staircase rail, moving slowly and grasping tight. It was near the music room when I saw it first and therefore going away from me, but descending. There was something terribly stealthy about it. It must have been that quality in it which made me shrink back behind an oleander. Surely there was nothing unusual in people being about in a house where there was both illness and trouble, and yet ——

At the foot of the stairs the hand, still on the rail, hesitated, disappeared. A moment later there rounded the newel post a little old woman dressed in black. She limped slightly, but for all that she came swiftly. Every detail is stamped on my mind. I can see her now, bent forward, something that was probably jet on her old-fashioned bonnet catching the faint light as she came. She had a quaint loose black wrap on—a dolman, I think they used to call them—and hanging to her arm a shabby leather handbag.

Stealthy as her movements were, they were extremely natural. Just inside the door she stopped, took off her spectacles and put them in a case, which she put in her bag, and then extracted from it another pair, which she put on. The bag was a quaint one, fastened with two straps and steel buckles. The buckles were troublesome and she was in a hurry. More than once she turned and looked back.

I waited for her to see me. It was an old servant, of course, come to tell me I was wanted upstairs. I was so sure of it that I bent down and put out my alcohol lamp. When I straightened up she had passed the bay and was at the French door leading to the garden. She opened the door, went out, closed it noiselessly behind her, and was gone. I tried to see her in the garden, but if she went that way she was lost in the shadows.

Even then I was rather amused than puzzled. I went over to the door and tried it. There was a lock on it. Unless she had a key she had locked herself out.

I drank my coffee and went upstairs. My patient was still asleep. From Mr. March's room came heavy, deep breathing, telling that he was forgetting his anxieties, for a time at least. But my book—the book I had left on my chair in the hall—was gone!

It seemed rather absurd. I thought I might have taken it with me; and I searched the dining room, without result. It was not to be found. I thought of the little old housekeeper, or whatever she was—but that was ridiculous. Besides, she had carried no book. She had a black leather handbag over her arm. She might, of course, have put the book—what idiocy was I thinking! The book was about. Every one has laid things down and seen them disappear. Sometimes they turn up and sometimes they do not—the fourth dimension perhaps.

I met Mr. Patton the next evening as he had arranged. He fell into step beside me.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"I'm learning to be a first-rate lady's maid," I said, rather peevishly I am afraid. "I massage, manicure and give scalp treatments, and I've got a smirk from trying to look cheerful. The experiment is a failure, Mr. Patton. I'm not nursing, for there's no real illness; and I'm not helping you any. And the dreadful decorum of the house gets me. If I were twenty I'd run away too. Nothing ever gets dusty or out of place. No door ever slams. When I raise a window for air I put in a gauze-filled frame to keep the dirt out!"

"Has the mother talked at all?"

"All the time—about herself. I've learned a little, of course. The girl has been moody—would not let Mr. Plummer, her fiance, visit her this summer. Seemed to be in trouble; but confided in no one. The family relationships seem to have been all right. They adore her."

"Have you seen many of the people who come and go about the house—intimate friends and relatives?"

"Nearly all, I think."

"Any one who could answer the description of the man she met at the station—the light-haired chap?"

I considered.

"None, I am sure."

"She and her mother got along well?"

"I think so. They were always together."

"Is there any trace of another love affair?"

"Yes, she was engaged once before. To a Mr. Wilson Page. She broke the engagement herself."

That interested him. He said he would look up Mr. Page.

"And don't be impatient," he advised me. We had made our circuit of the block and were in sight of the house again. "These are long cases sometimes—but the longer the time the more sure I am that the girl is alive. Murder will out; it's self-limiting, like a case of measles. But take a girl who wants to stay hidden, and if she's intelligent there's hardly any way to locate her. How many servants in the house?"

"Seven, I believe."

"Keep an eye on them. If one of them is garrulous let her talk. They know more of the family than any member of it."

This brought to my mind the curious episode of the old woman, and I told him about it. He listened without interruption.

"When you say old, how old?"

"Seventy, I should say. She was stooped—and rather lame, but very active."

"You are sure you saw her? You could not possibly have been dozing?"

"I was making coffee; I don't customarily do that in my sleep. I think it must have been the cook. She is the only servant I have not seen. And, as to dozing, does anybody dream a handbag with straps and buckles?"

He put a hand on my arm impressively.

"It may interest you to know," he said, "that the cook is a young woman; I interviewed her myself. There is no person such as you describe in the house!"

"But why—at three in the morning ——"

"Exactly," he said dryly. "Why? That's for us to find out."

He got a careful description of the old woman from me, and an account of her exit by the French door from the dining room into the garden. He was excited, for him, and rather triumphant.

"Now was it a mistake to put you there?" he demanded. "Of course not! And the next thing is to find the old lady. You can help there. Tell your story to the family. Set them to wondering and guessing. They may place her for us at once. In this business try direct methods whenever you can. They save time."

He left me at the corner and I went on alone. Just before I reached the house a man ran down the steps and went away rapidly. The parlor maid was just closing the door.

"Did that gentleman inquire for me, Mimi?" I asked. "I am expecting my brother." I was learning!

"No, miss. He asked for Miss March." Her eyes were wide and excited. "When I said she was not here he ran down the steps in a hurry."

"My brother," I persisted, "is short and dark. Perhaps you ——"

"He asked for Miss March," she repeated. "And, anyhow, he was thin and lightish." She turned to see whether any of the family might overhear. "He's been here before, miss," she confided, lowering her voice—"twice, in the last week. He—he isn't one of Miss March's friends—I know that. And tonight he left this."

She showed me her tray on the hall table. There was a note on it addressed: "Miss Clare March. Important."

"I'll take this up to Mrs. March, Mimi," I said. "And if he comes again ask him in and call me."

"Call you, miss?"

"Call me," I said quietly. "When he asks for Miss March merely ask him to come in. Then call me. Mrs. March has requested me to see him."

I took the letter and went upstairs, but I did not give it to Mrs. March at once. That night, while I made my coffee, I steamed open the envelope and read the contents. It was on pale lavender paper and was as follows:

"I implore you to see me as soon as posible. Come to the old place. I am up against it for sure. Don't let this go any longer! It's life or death with me!"

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I made a careful copy of the note, even to the misspelled word, and sealed it again. Mr. March was out that night—a girl had been found in a hospital. He was always following some such forlorn hope, returning each time a little sadder, a little grayer.

Mrs. March was unusually exacting that morning. She wakened at dawn with a cry and I went to her. I was sleeping on the couch at the foot of the bed. She was sitting up, terrified, in the gray dawn. She wailed that Clare needed her, was calling for her. She had heard her distinctly.

"Surely you do not believe in dreams!" I said sternly.

"Not in dreams perhaps," she replied. She was still pallid. "But don't you think, Miss Adams, that people hear things in sleep that waking ears do not catch? You know what I mean. It's subconscious, or something."

"It's subnormal," I commented, and brought her back to earth with a cup of hot tea.

That morning I gave Mr. March the note. We were at breakfast and Mr. Plummer had dropped in, as he usually did, on his way to his downtown office. Mr. March read it without comment and passed it to the other man. He was younger, less poised. I saw him change color.

"Who brought this?" he demanded.

"Mimi got it. It was left by a thin, fair-haired young man."

They called Mimi, but she knew no more than I had told them, except for one fact: She said the man had tried to push by her into the house and that he had insisted that Miss March was at home. They sent the girl out. They seemed to have no scruple about talking before me.

"It is mystifying enough," Mr. Plummer said. "Patton ought to see it. But it doesn't help much. Whoever wrote that did not know that Clare was—not at home."

"Thin and fair-haired!" repeated Mr. March. "That's what Patton said, Walter—about the man at the railroad station, isn't it?"

"Patton is a fool!"

I gathered that the idea of the fair-haired man was extremely distasteful to him. He was almost surly.

We were sitting at the small breakfast table in the bay. I thought it a good time to speak about the little old woman. Any lingering doubt I may have had as to her right to be where I had seen her was dispelled by their manner. They were abstracted at first, then interested, then astounded.

"But, my dear young woman," Mr. March exclaimed, "why did you not rouse the house? And why did you wait for thirty hours before telling us?"

"It would be necessary for you to have seen her in order to understand. It never occurred to me that she was not a member of the household—she was so respectable. Only now, when I have seen all the servants, I begin to realize—she went out through that door."

"Is anything missing?" Mr. Plummer asked. "Mrs. March's jewels?"

"Still in the safe-deposit vault. We have had no heart to think of them."

Nevertheless a search of the house was made that day. Nothing was missing. Under Mrs. March's flushed directions, as she sat up in bed, I went round with great bunches of keys, verifying lists, looking up laces, locating furs. Such jewelry as she had about was safe.

As for the old lady with the jet on her bonnet, with the dolman and the buckled handbag—none of the family had ever known such a person. She answered no description, fitted into no place. Family and servants alike disclaimed her.

Life has a curious way of picking up threads and dropping them. The romantic young man with the blond hair, the little old lady with the limp, came and went; and for two weeks there was nothing more. Clare March remained missing. Mrs. March spoke of her in the past tense. Mr. Plummer grew thinner and took to coming into Mrs. March's room and sitting for long stretches without speech, his hands hanging listlessly between his knees.

I had my first real talk with Mr. Plummer late one afternoon while the invalid dozed in her chair. He was a good-looking man, something over thirty and already growing gray. He had sat for some time apparently busy with his own thoughts—in reality watching me as I put away Mrs. March's various pretty trifles—she was always littered—ribbon bows, a nail file, a magazine, letters.

"Do you never make an unnecessary movement?" he asked at last.

"Frequently, I'm afraid."

"Must you put all those things away? Or will you sit down and talk for five minutes?"

I sat down near him. Mrs. March was sound asleep.

"Do you want me to sit down and talk, or to sit down and listen?"

"To listen, and to answer some questions. Just a minute." He went quietly to the dressing table, returning with the photograph of Clare that stood there.

"You nurses know a lot about people," he said. "That's your business. You're a psychologist even if you don't realize it. I've watched you with Mrs. March. Now what do you read in that picture?"

"It is a lovely face," I replied, doing my best, but feeling utterly inadequate. Womanlike, I dare say I was anxious to say the thing he wanted to hear. "A—a pleasant face, I should say, but with character and temperament."

"What about the eyes?"

"They are well apart—that's a good sign, though cows are that way, aren't they! They are very direct and honest too. Really, Mr. Plummer ——"

"Here is a later picture, taken this summer. Now, what do you see?"

I was puzzled and uncomfortable.

"She looks older, more serious."

"Look at the eyes."

Well, there was a difference. I could not say where it lay. The effect was curious. In the early picture she was looking at the camera, and the eyes were limpid and clear. In the picture he took from his pocketbook she gazed into the camera also; but there was a sort of elusiveness about the eyes. It gave me a strange feeling of indirectness, evasion—I hardly know what. They might have been the eyes of a woman who had lived hard and suffered. And yet this girl of twenty had hardly lived as yet. It was almost a tragic face. I have seen the same drooping lines in eye cases, where vision is faulty and seeing an effort. What was this, then—astigmatism or evasion?

"You see it, don't you? Miss Adams, she has had some real trouble to make a change of that sort. I—I thought she was happy in our engagement; but as I look back there are things ——"

Mrs. March stirred and opened her eyes.

"I hate to waken," she said querulously. "It is only when I am asleep that I can forget, and even then I dream. Go out now, please, Walter; Miss Adams is going to use the vibrator."

That afternoon at five o'clock Mr. Patton called me over the telephone for the first time.

"I think we have something," he said. "When you go out for your walk tonight dress for the street. There will be a taxicab at the corner and I shall be inside."

"At what time?"

"Seven-thirty."

"Will an hour be enough?"

"Ask for two hours."

Mrs. March was rather peevish about my going out.

"I dare say you need air," she said, "but you could get it by opening a window. And what about my hot milk?"

"I'll ask Hortense to sit with you and she will heat the milk. I do not need air, of course. But I do need some exercise."

She let me go grudgingly. Mr. Patton would not tell me where we were going, but insisted on talking of indifferent things. As it turned out we were headed for a police station; and at last he voiced his errand.

"We are going to show you a lot of handbags," he said. "A woman pickpocket was brought in here yesterday with four in a pocket under a skirt. I was looking over them today and it occurred to me that you might recognize one of them."

"Mine! I hope you send her up for a year!"

"Not yours. And do not jump to conclusions; it is fatal in this business."

I knew the bag at once when I saw it. Surely no other bag in the city of that size had two straps fastened with steel buckles. The handles of two of the other bags had been cut off, but the heavy leather handle of this one was entire.

"This is the one you mean, of course. Yes, it looks like the one the old lady carried; but there may be others. It is foreign, isn't it?"

"What was she doing that night when you noticed the bag?"

"She opened it and put in a pair of spectacles in a case."

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The Indian made the fastest time of the day in the Campbelltown Motorcycle Club's hill-climb.

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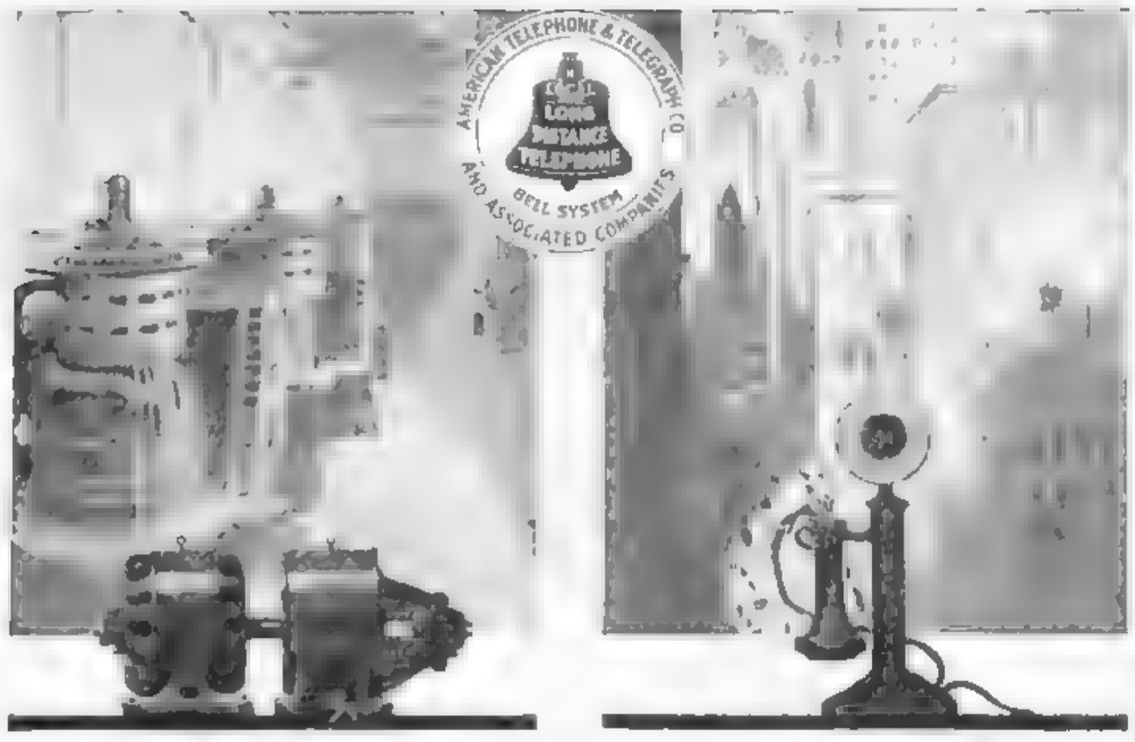

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He unfastened the bag and emptied on to a table a tin spectacle case, as quaint as the bag; two keys, one for a patent lock, the other an ordinary house key. Last of all he drew from a pocket inside the bag a soiled and creased lavender envelope, stamped and ready for mailing. It was addressed with pencil to Mrs. March and had been opened. Mr. Patton drew out the communication inside and watched me as I read it. It was hardly decipherable and was written on a piece of wrapping paper:

"Am all right. Clare."

I stared at it.

"Interesting, isn't it?" commented Mr. Patton. "Did she write it or didn't she? If she's all right why isn't she home? Why do all our little communications arrive in lavender envelopes? Who's the old lady? What was she doing in the house that night? What's the answer?"

"That's the key to the garden door," I said dully.

IV

THE doctor made a late call that night and dismissed Mrs. March as a patient.

"I'll drop in now and then to learn what the news is," he said as he prepared to leave. "You don't need me professionally. Just keep cheerful. It will all come out right."

I followed him into the hall. It seemed to me that, if any one knew the inside history I had failed to secure, it was he. And up to that time I had failed with him.

"I hope you will stay on, Miss Adams. I am leaving her in your hands—remember, no drugs so long as she is normal; at any symptoms of nervousness again, start them early."

"It's a trying case," I said slowly. "It takes it out of me, doctor. She asks me for theories, and—of course I didn't know the girl or her life—I cannot give her what she wants."

He hesitated. We were in the lower hall by that time.

"Just what does she want?"

"Encouragement."

"That Clare is living, of course. Well, tell her this the next time she is down. It is true enough. Tell her Clare was unhappy in her engagement and that I believe there is another man; that she has eloped with him; and that her message to the family has miscarried."

"Wilson Page?"

He eyed me. For the first time it occurred to me that he suspected my business in the house and that he was giving me information that ethically he would have refused.

"No; a blond fellow, rather thin. I have seen her meeting him in the park, and once I believe she met him in my reception room."

He seemed to regret this information the moment I had it and left immediately.

That night, after I had rubbed Mrs. March with cocoanut oil, used the vibrator, given her hot milk and read her finally to sleep, I slipped into my room and sat down by the window. The autumn garden lay beneath, with no moon to bring out its geometrical desolation. And there, elbows on the sill, the chill air blowing about me, I tried to piece together the scraps I held—the little old lady; the blond man and his frantic note; the letter in the buckled bag. And again I recalled the conversation Mr. Patton and I had in the taxicab on our way back that evening.

"She's alive," he had said; "and she is in the city—if that note is hers, and I think it is. I'll show it to the father and the other chap in the morning. Then she is in hiding. Why?"

I lay down on a couch at the foot of Mrs. March's bed, but did not get to sleep, for some reason. The slightest movement of my patient found me wide-eyed and alert. Small sounds were exaggerated. A regular footstep that seemed to ascend the stairs for hours turned out to be a drip from a bathroom tap. The slow chiming of the hall clock set me crazy.

At two o'clock I got up and went downstairs. In the waitress' pantry, off the dining room, there were beef cubes. It seemed to me that if I drank a cup of bouillon I might sleep. As usual the light was burning in the lower hall. The dining room was dark—I no longer required a night supper—and the little table in the bay window was bare. A street light beyond the garden showed the window and the longer rectangle of the garden door. I was not nervous.

I made my way through the unlighted dining room to the pantry, a small room, painted white, with a butler's slide to the basement kitchen, and a small white glass-and-silver refrigerator built in the wall, where the waitress kept the dining-room butter and cream. The electric light was out of order there; I pressed the switch, but there was no answering flood of light. I had matches with me for the alcohol lamp, however, and found my capsules easily. Thus I was still in darkness when I opened the swinging door into the dining room.

Some one was trying the lock of the garden door! I do not mind saying I was terrified. The door was glass. To cross the room to the lighted hall would throw my whole figure into relief. I shrank back, breathing with difficulty, into my corner. Beyond the thin casement cloth of the door I could see a moving shadow.

The lock did not give. It seemed to me, all at once, that I knew the silhouette—that here again was the little old lady, but now without her key. My heart ceased pounding; I was able to think, to calculate. I wondered whether she would break the glass. I planned to let her get in if she could and then to cut off her retreat by advancing on her from behind. I was very calm by that time—rather exalted, I dare say, at my own bravery. I put the packet of beef cubes into my pocket in order to have both hands free.

I do not know just when I realized that it was not the little old lady—I believe it was after one of the panes had been broken and had fallen with a soft crash on to the rug inside. The figure straightened; it was much taller than I had expected. I recall my heart almost stopping and then racing on at a mad pace; I saw what I knew was a hand put through the opening; I heard the lock turn and the cautious opening of the door. The intruder was in the room with me.

Panic possessed me then. I turned wildly and threw myself headlong against the swinging pantry door. It was madness, of course. There was no exit from the little room, no way to fasten the door. I was in a cul-de-sac and in the black dark. I believe I opened a drawer and got a cake knife; at least, eons after, I found myself clutching one. I do not remember how I got it.

The swinging door remained undisturbed. When I could hear—above the pounding in my ears—there was no sound anywhere except the hall clock's slow chiming.

Many things I have never recalled clearly about that hideous night. I do not know, for instance, how long I stood at bay in the pantry; or how my courage rose from my knees, which ceased trembling, to my spinal cord, to my pulse, which went down from about a hundred and eighty, thin and stringy, to what I judged was almost normal, still irregular, but stronger. When my courage reached my brain, which was in perhaps fifteen minutes, though I would have sworn it was daylight by that time and I had stood there most of the night, I put my ear against the door and listened. There was no sound.

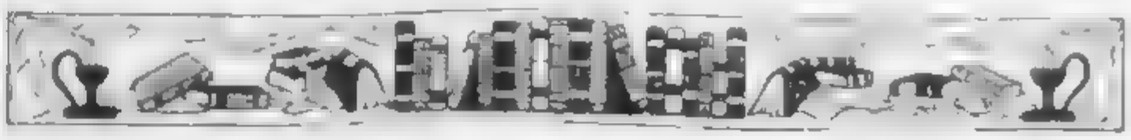
The instinct of my training asserted itself. Whatever was happening, my patient must not be alone. I must get up to the sick-room. In a few moments it was an obsession. I must get back. My sense of duty was stronger than my terror.

I made the break at last, opening the door an inch or so. The room was quiet. With infinite caution I pushed the door farther open. I could see the room, solidly handsome, rather heavy, empty! I made my first few steps of progress with deliberate slowness. I knew that if I ran panic would follow at my heels. I dared not look over my shoulder. Even the lighted hall brought small comfort, with the dark rooms opening off from it, sheltering I knew not what; but I reached the foot of the stairs in safety. There I stopped.

A woman, dressed in rags, lay huddled at the foot of the steps in a faint. She lay face down. Even when I had turned her over and had recognized the features of the photographs in the house, I was still incredulous. Nevertheless it was true. Bruised and torn, clad in rags, gaunt to the point of emaciation, Clare March had come home again.

It was the end of one mystery—the beginning of another.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE THRONE OF TANTRYBOGUS

(Continued from Page 11)

a fellow who was crossing a field in the night. Naturally I fell over backward for a few minutes. It was just another one of those devilish freak flukes that can happen in American politics when the real management isn't keeping a sharp lookout. It's like one of those weather flarebacks that the bureau can't anticipate. He won't make any more trouble, will he?"

"Oh, no. The county, you know, woke up and indorsed me for my old place on the committee without my even asking for it. I've got our county back into the traces again."

As the little throng of committeemen trudged down the corridor men lagged behind—men dropped out—men halted—they exchanged significant glances. They were men of distinctly urban type. They had found themselves glancing covertly at each other during the Honorable Harry's optimistic harangue on prospects. Their more plainly attired fellows marched off on the heels of the Honorable Harry, now absorbed in his diatribe. He led away the country sheep; the city lions, nudging each other, soft-footed back to the committee room. They closed the door and were silent for some time.

"Well," ventured one of them after a time, "so long as we're here, somebody may as well say something."

More silence. They tested each other out as best they could, swapping stares.

"I'll say this," ventured another: "I don't believe the Democrats can carry the state in the September election."

Then there was a long silence. During this one of the committeemen—the fattest and sleekest in the company—tiptoed to the door, opened it and looked without. He closed the door and came back.

"What's the good of sparring, gents? We've trained together before."

"I'm going to take a chance, for one," declared another fat gentleman. "Down go my cards face up. Let's allow him to run it the way he wants to." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction taken by Chairman Lang. "Pink teas and band concerts and speeches won't hurt anything."

"But Democratic congressmen from this state would."

"If Harry Lang is left with a free hand to manage this campaign you needn't worry about his electing congressmen or anybody else."

"We did a good job when we booted out Old Whiskers and his ideas of running a campaign," said another. All were mustering courage. "It would have been just like that old cuss to pitch in and carry this state."

"And give us a bunch of Democratic congressmen to handle our Federal patronage plums."

The fat man beckoned and they all came to the big table and stood leaning over it, their noses close together.

"What's the good of being foolish, now that we're on this committee and have got our first chance since Cleveland days? We don't know what a congressman would do for us; but we do know what we can do for ourselves."

"Then we'll ——"

"We'll let Harry hire brass bands."

"That's right—make a gentleman's campaign of it." The man who suggested it grinned. "Old Tantrybogus would have been old-fashioned enough to change the funds into two-dollar bills and carry the state."

After the gentleman on picket duty had reconnoitered through the crack of the door the patriots filtered out and away.

The state went solidly Republican. However, some of Chairman Lang's receptions were wonderful social successes. Even Rockham County backslid.

Chairman Lang did not publish the letter the chairman of the National Democratic Committee sent him. He tore it up and poked it deep down in the litter of his generous wastepaper basket—and his face was very red.

"I don't want to rub it in, Harry," said the Honorable Baldwin Dorr, defeated for the second time; "but you can't blame me for feeling mighty sore. They'll never nominate me again; I'm done—and this is a Democratic year too. You have queered yourself all up and down the line with your advance estimates—it's turned into a regular joke! And the boys are good and mad about the way the money was all fooled away on folderols."

"It was an awful uphill fight, Baldy," quavered the state chairman.

"But, great Josephus, they gave you all the steam you asked for and the wheels went round fast enough!"

"Maybe so; but she had a slippery rail under her—and I'd like to know what kind of old snails slimed it!" mourned the Honorable Harry Alvah Lang—a remark which indicated that Chairman Lang, occupying a pedestal, with the lightnings of politics playing round his head, did not possess an older and shrewder politician's knowledge as to what humble ground-wires can do in extracting the pep from political fulminations.

Ossian Frye, on the morning after the state election, read the newspapers, crumpled them in his hand, and used them for a swab to wipe the mud off his boots.

"Now that Lang, son of Thomas, has got chief credit for putting his party in a hole and is getting kicked for doing it, I'll go stand by the mouth of the hole," he mused; "I can make it worth while."

IV

THE state committee met after the campaign for the purpose of tucking up the tag-ends of the Democratic expense accounts.

When they were well settled about the long table in Suite Ten of the Phenix Hotel, the Honorable Ossian Frye walked in. He had not shown himself in the state capital until that moment. There were twenty-one chairs at the table. He sauntered to the empty one and sat down on it. Profound silence greeted him. They stared at him—some furtively, most of them apprehensively; there is much in picking the time and the method of an arrival.

Even Chairman Harry Alvah Lang was momentarily deprived of speech and action by the manner of that entrance. He shifted his gaze from old Ossian's impassive face to the big hand that lay sprawled on the table—and in spite of himself the Honorable Harry stared longest at the hand that had once made a forceps of index and middle fingers and had plucked him by his nose; but finally he managed to put a thin shell of bravado over the sorely raw spot on his courage.

"This is an executive session, sir," he said.

"Exactly," remarked Ossian Frye. He clutched the outside of his coat with one hand and dove the other into the breast pocket. He produced papers. He arranged them in his clutch as a player arranges his cards. "I have here a proxy from Dr. Simeon Estes to serve for him as state committeeman at this meeting. I have his resignation from the state committee, to be acted on as soon as the meeting can attend to it. I have an indorsement of myself from the county committee of Rockham as state committeeman to succeed Estes."

"This committee reserves the right to fill vacancies according to its own choice," stated Chairman Lang.

"I have a record of the meeting at which you accepted Estes in my place because he was backed by the indorsement of the Rockham County Committee. I have your own public declaration that, in the interests of party harmony and to register the will of the people, this state committee would pursue the same course in regard to other vacancies it pursued in the case of Estes. You will remember that you took Estes instead of Ben Cobb."

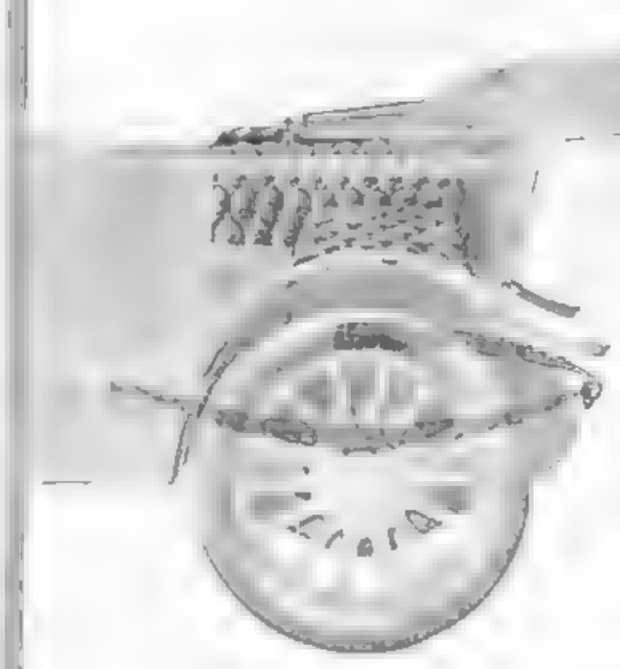
"You can't come in here and dictate our business to us."

"I don't need to—the business is cut out for you. Proceed—or I'll help you explain to the Democratic voters in this state why you break a precedent that you have established and declared for!" He tossed the papers on the table. "There are my cards—five of 'em. You can't beat a royal straight flush."

The chairman sought with his eyes the support of his confrères. They were staring at the papers on the table.

"To avoid delay, I will act during this meeting on the Estes proxy," stated Frye. "You can attend to my regular election before the meeting adjourns."

"I want to tell you that Doctor Estes didn't mean to resign—didn't want to resign. I'm in his confidence," stormed the chairman. "You don't dare to tell me the



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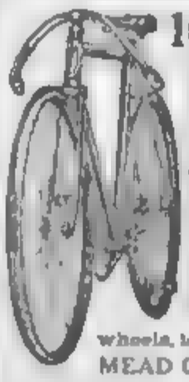

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truth about this resignation! There's a rotten condition of affairs down in your county."

"That's right," acknowledged old Ossian with serenity. "Estes showed the same general inefficiency that has been shown by the rest of this state committee. He let Rockham backslide after I had made it Democratic. The boys simply called round and told him to get out. He resigned. They didn't have to assault him or apply fire to the soles of his feet."

The Honorable Harry rose, livid and trembling.

"This may look all right on the outside, gentlemen; but I declare to you this affair isn't politics. This man has it in for me personally. He pursued my honorable father. He insulted my father in a state convention. This infernal old ogre is here now to make trouble for me. It's all a personal matter. Gentlemen, stand behind me and keep out of this committee a person with whom no man who respects himself can associate!"

Old Ossian drummed a rum-a-tum on the table with his gaunt fingers and seemed to be in no manner discomposed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Chairman," broke in one of the committeemen; "but if this is wholly a personal matter it'd better be settled outside our committee room. We're here to do business. I move we proceed to business."

"Business!" was the chorus from others.

"We can't go to work and break the precedent we have established," added Frye's advocate, "the first time we're called on to fill a vacancy."

"As a man fresh from the ranks, allow me to suggest that this committee is in bad enough with the boys as it is," remarked old Ossian. "After the way you let this state slip to the Republicans, nobody seems to have any confidence in you. Chairman Lang, you'd better take your sitting again. You'll find me mighty peaceable. Here, among good Democrats, I apologize for anything I may have done in the past that you didn't like. You can't ask for anything squarer'n that."

A mumble of voices indorsed that sentiment. The patriarch stretched his legs under the table, rammed his hands deep into his trousers pockets and took an easy attitude, as one who has decided to stay.

"The higher you heave a rotten pumpkin into the air, Lang, son of Thomas," he suggested, "the further the gurry will splash when it lights—and there's no telling who will get daubed."

The chairman sat down and the members of the committee exchanged glances that contained much unspoken eloquence. For half an hour old Ossian sat deep in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling, offering no word. The business related to the indorsement of various expense claims connected with the campaign just concluded.

Mr. Frye did not seem to be especially interested in affairs with which he had not been directly connected. He still kept his eyes on the ceiling when, after routine business had been concluded, the members of the state committee began enthusiastically to canvass the national prospects in the November election. There was a unanimous belief that the Democrats would elect their president.

At last some of the men began to finger their watches and exhibit signs of that unrest which provokes the suggestion of adjournment. Frye gazed upward over the roof of the porch he had erected in front of his face with his fingers.

"If there's no other business a motion to adjourn ——"

The voice of old Ossian broke in on Chairman Lang's parliamentary formula:

"I'm glad to hear so much optimism expressed in Democratic circles, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen. I believe that way, myself. All signs point that way. We're going to win a national election. I suppose the members of this committee realize what kind of a position they're going to be in if the country goes Democratic. A case of lucky defeat in September, eh?"

The members swapped glances some more.

"Seeing that the state's congressional delegation is still entirely Republican, it is a safe bet that the Federal patronage will be distributed through the state committee—divided according to the state committee's indorsement. Makes us quite some fellows, hey?"

"That seems to be about the only way for the Administration to get in touch with the state—through us," acknowledged a committeeman. "That was the way the Cleveland Administration did it."

"I remember how it was done, perfectly," drawled old Ossian. "It was done good and proper. The chairman of the state committee picked the United States marshalship for his; the secretary got the biggest customs collectorship; the treasurer raked in the district attorneyship; and the other eighteen took all the other ships—and then the Democratic party sailed up Salt River, and has been there ever since in this state! Being a good Democrat and a patriot, I don't want to see my party make another excursion of that kind. I don't reckon the boys want to see that trick tried over again."

"I think that a man who has set his shoulder to the wheel and has put in his time and effort for the party ought to be considered when the offices are passed," stated one of the committeemen.

The patriarch snapped his head round and shifted his gaze to the face of this speaker with a movement so swift that it was startling.

"What office are you after?" Frye fairly jabbed the sentence into the man.

"I'm going to be a candidate for postmaster in my city."

"You mean you are a candidate!"

"There isn't any hurry about announcing it—the other man has six months yet to serve."

"Better consider it announced," advised old Ossian sharply. "The boys don't like to see politics played with a buried card."

"Well, then I will announce it—now. There ain't any crime in being a candidate for office."

"Certainly not—shows energy and ambition. I see you've got a pencil behind your ear. Write out your resignation from the state committee!"

The committeeman sat back and glared at old Ossian. He did not reach up for the pencil.

"This hasn't anything to do with what we're here for," protested another member. "A motion to adjourn is ——"

The patriarch rested his elbow on the table, leaned far over and aimed a long finger at the objector.

"What office do you want?"

"That's my own business."

"It is also the business of the rank and file of the Democratic party in this state. Understand me—you can be a candidate for any office that looks good to you, but you can't stay on this committee while you're candidating."

"Why not?"

"Because that game of 'You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' is not going to be worked again in this state. You can't stay on this committee and pull the wires from the inside."

"Gentlemen, I told you what would happen the moment this infernal rutabaga ——" Lang had broken out again.

Frye stood up and drove down on the table a crack of his big fist that nearly split a board.

"Hold on! The name-calling business is further down on the docket of the day's business. No buried cards, I say! I lay my hand on the table right now—face up. I'm on this committee fairly and squarely. I'm here according to the precedent you yourselves have set. Turn me down and I'll expose you to the boys! That's my big club! I'm not a candidate, myself, for any office that pays a salary. I shall not be. Any man who is a candidate for such an office—or who proposes to be—must resign. The Federal patronage is going through this committee, and we want no interested judges on our bench here. If a man tries to stick I'll expose him to the boys! You know just what will happen to any candidate who is exposed—in the way I can put the thing—as being up at the trough, with both feet in. Bodwell, you have announced yourself. Write your resignation—now! It can be acted on at the next meeting. We'll fill the vacancy then—according to precedent. After having this first case to practice on we'll be able to handle all the others very nicely."

"I won't stand for all this—I won't allow you to run this committee!" shouted the furious chairman. "This committee has earned offices."

"I'm not trying to run it. I'm only here on behalf of the boys. They ask for a clear field and no favors. If this committee doesn't run itself—and run itself with Democratic decency—by Judas, I'll open up the inside to the boys—and then the boys will run it! That's all! Now adjourn—that is, after Bodwell writes his resignation."

Old Ossian sat down and stretched his legs under the table.

"It ain't bad advice, just the same," acknowledged one of the committee placatingly.

"There's no need of advising the devil how to build a bonfire—it's only necessary to call his attention to the fact that one is needed," said old Ossian. He was watching a sullen man write something with a stubby leadpencil.

Then the meeting adjourned. Frye walked away as he had come—alone.

"The rest of it is more or less self-acting—with a little push now and then," he informed himself.

V

FOR two days State Chairman Harry Alvah Lang had been running his legs off round the city of Washington. Triumphant Democracy had ascended its throne in the National Capital and seemed really too busy in those brisk March days to lend an ear to Chairman Lang's story. He did manage to get at a few men on the outer fringes of officialdom, for he was the son of General Thomas Lang, even though considerably discredited the autumn before as a state leader; and he had a hair-raising story to tell.

And at last, sponsored by a person with a semipull, he was able to buttonhole a real member of the new Cabinet. The member was well down in the list of those potent gentlemen and could assist only as an avenue for further progress and the buttonholing was in the lobby of a big hotel but Chairman Lang was desperately trying to get his toe in a crack of the official door.

In order to insure an appointment for the morrow in more advantageous surroundings, Chairman Lang blurted some of his hair-raising tale.

"It isn't altogether that he has disrupted our well-organized state committee forcing off more than half of the good men who have put their shoulders to the wheel for years but he is absolutely impossible from a personal standpoint. He looks worse than a caveman; has the manners of a Texas steer; wears clothes that would disgrace a poorfarm—the most obnoxious, insulting, raw old reprobate that ever stabbed his mouth with a caseknife! He's going to kill our party—unless he can be eliminated when Federal patronage for our state is considered."

Now Chairman Lang was arriving at the real meat of his errand and he started to elucidate impetuously.

"I'll look into this matter with you tomorrow," consented the Cabinet member, interrupting. "Really, I should say such a person does not belong in modern Democracy. Suppose we let the matter rest for now. I see Senator Durkett headed this way, with a gentleman."

Chairman Lang stepped on one side, sopping perspiration from his flushed face. Senator Durkett was a venerable relic.

"Mr. Secretary," said he, "I want to present a man you'll be glad to know—ex-Congressman Ossian Frye." He named Frye's state. "He was in the House with me in the good old days—he has just been elected national committeeman from his state—and I don't need to say that he's a fine old type of Jacksonian Democracy."

The Honorable Harry Alvah Lang staggered and gasped. He stared first at the shining silk hat that came off in salute as the honorable secretary extended a cordial hand. He saw the silver hair that topped a towering form at which bystanders glanced, scenting a real personality, striving to recognize a celebrity—there are men who masterfully draw the eyes of a throng.

He saw a close-cropped beard and mustache, trimmed with the statesman cut. Down over an immaculate frock coat to the tips of polished shoes went the amazed eyes of Harry Alvah Lang.

"Especially well met," said the secretary. "Here is the chairman of your state committee, General Frye." Somehow the secretary seemed unable to address without a title this distinguished figure who loomed above all their heads.

The state chairman had been too impetuous in his speech to give to the secretary the name of the ogre he had been describing—and the secretary certainly saw no ogre here.

"Yes; one of our promising young men," stated ex-Congressman Frye, with a bland smile and a patronizing nod for Lang. "We are trying to combine the enthusiasm of youth with the brains of age in our state."

"A combination that spells ascendency for Democracy!" cried the secretary heartily. "If you have it working smoothly can't you come round and tell me some details? I'll send a message of instruction to other states."

"I've arranged an appointment for my old friend Frye with the President for tomorrow forenoon," explained the senator. "We'll be down to see you in the afternoon, Mr. Secretary. Now that you're safe in your hotel, Ossian, I'll toddle along home. Tomorrow!"

After the adieus the Honorable Ossian Frye slipped his hand into the hook of the Honorable Harry Alvah Lang's limp arm and drew him aside. As they walked the patriarch talked.

"You see, son of Thomas, now that I'm the national committeeman for our state, I thought I'd dress the part. It's simply a matter of mere make-up—like any actor; has nothing whatever to do with brains. A few pennies to the barber; some loose change to the tailor; and a boy can be polishing shoes while the barber is working. Only a petty matter of dressing the part."

"But you said national committee!" gasped Chairman Lang, not yet recovered from awe of the lordly gentleman who was teaming him to a chair.

"I said national committee. Sit down. I used my brains, son of Thomas. Used 'em before I bothered to think of this mere make-up. I'm not doing this to please you, understand! This get-up is merely for local consumption in Washington—to make you out a liar. You see, I knew what you'd say when you got up here. You don't forget, do you, that I was in Congress once and know how to dress a part?"

"National committee!"

"Oh, as fast as I made those city chaps who were candidates for office resign from the state committee, there were vacancies, weren't there? You ought to know—you presided at all the meetings that elected new men. You see, son of Thomas. Have a cigar?"

Lang shook his head, and the patriarch lighted up and stretched out his legs, beaming benignantly up into the radiance of a mammoth chandelier.

"You see, I simply dropped word round the country districts to county committeemen that the city fellows were proposing to hog the main offices, and that the boys better send up country chaps for new committeemen. Having established a precedent—which I helped you establish when you didn't know it—you had to take county committee nominations. I got in some friends on the state committee—enough to swing things. After you started for Washington those friends elected me to the national committee. Old Todd is dropped. Todd is behind the times anyway. The boys want a live one."

Chairman Lang made a further survey of that amazing apparition from the chrysalis of Ossian Frye.

"In this matter of Federal patronage I shall take a pretty active part. Of course Todd could be handled. You'll find me different; but not domineering—not domineering! I'll be in closer touch with the Administration, Harry, than you will, and will know what's best. Of course," he flipped the ashes from his cigar, "I shall give first pick to the old war horses—men I used to train with and who have been sidetracked by some of you tumbleturvey youngsters. You can wait—but the old fellows must have theirs now."

He jerked his head round and caught the look in the Honorable Harry's eyes. He put his big hand on the other's shoulder.

"I wouldn't say it—not even if you are getting your breath back, Harry. I'll be glad to take you under my wing—make you my handy man—let you hand a few plums to your own boys; but we may as well have an understanding right now—all kindly, but effectual. Every time you hand me a slur or a nasty word I'll dock you a plum—and I'll tell your boys what has happened. You can rig it so that you'll be pretty devilish unpopular in our state."

Lang twisted his fingers inside his damp collar and licked his dry lips, and was silent; but his piteous expression told old Ossian just what he wanted to know—the son of Thomas was good and thoroughly licked.

The patriarch rolled his cigar to a comfortable angle in his mouth, looked up into the glory of the chandelier, roofed his chin with his rafters of fingers, and, beginning with "Now, my boy," proceeded to expound the law of office seeking, and to apportion the claims of office seekers, as the accredited boss of a state should expound such things to his chief lieutenant.

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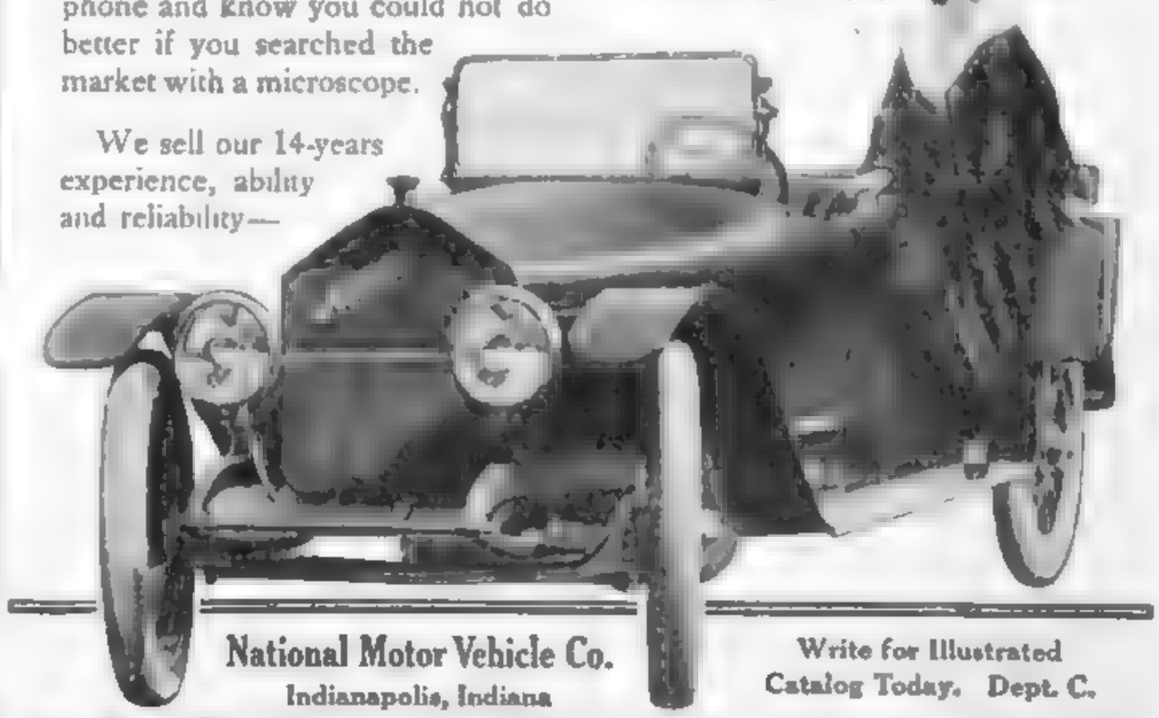

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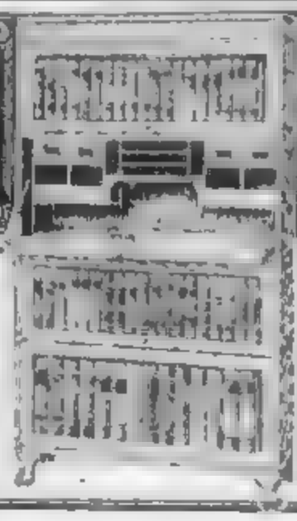

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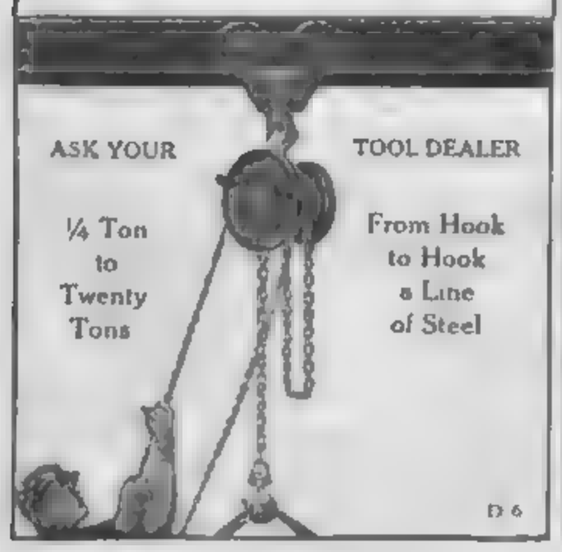


WHY IS AN AMBASSADOR?

(Concluded from Page 8)

with six horses, containing the ambassador and the master of ceremonies, who sits facing him; a mounted guard of one officer and four men; and a third carriage, with four horses, containing the attachés of the embassy.

They reach the palace, entering by the gates of honor. Here a guard of honor presents arms and two heralds of the palace step in ahead and lead the procession. At this point the harbinger of the chamber is notified. They go up the *escalier d'honneur*, or grand staircase, and are received by the director of ceremonies and a gentleman of the chamber of his majesty. The grand master of ceremonies goes on the right of the ambassador, the marshal of the court on his left, and the others follow.

They get to a big room, where they are received by other and higher dignitaries. Sentinels present arms, a fanfare of trumpets sounds, and the doors are thrown open, disclosing the czar and his suite. The grand marshal presents the ambassador and retires. The czar says a few words. The regulations, which are very strict, cover this point by the following rule: "By the emperor's express desire nothing resembling an address or prepared discourse is indulged in and conversation on both sides is informal and apparently spontaneous." That is a Russian joke. Imagine a spontaneous conversation under such circumstances!

The emperor asks the ambassador how he is; how he left the folks at home; how he likes Russia; tells him he is glad to see him, and, as the book of regulations has it, "puts the ambassador at his ease." In a few minutes the emperor gives a sign and the ambassador asks permission to present the embassy staff, who have been standing a few paces to the rear.

They withdraw and are escorted to the empress, and then are taken back to the embassy in the same state they were brought to the palace. The ambassador must call on the grand dukes and the grand duchesses and on many other high personages.

Presently the subject of his official reception has been taken up and in about six months he is fully installed. Then the Administration over here changes—or something happens—and he leaves. Happy prospect for Mr. Pindell, of Illinois!

In Germany, after the preliminary arrangements have been made and the date of the audience with the kaiser fixed, the kaiser sends three two-horse gala carriages for the ambassador and his staff. If these carriages are not sufficient for those who are going the ambassador can hire—at his own expense—as many more as he desires.

The Ambassador to Germany

As they proceed to the palace all the soldiers they pass salute, and when they reach the palace they find many officials of many ranks at the foot of the grand stairway, along its sides and on the landing at the top. The doors open immediately and the *Oberceremonienmeister* presents the ambassador and his staff to the minister of foreign affairs. He takes the visitor and escorts him to the kaiser, who stands uncovered. The ambassador reads his prepared speech, which must be short, and the kaiser replies. Later he has an audience with the empress and with the crown prince and calls on all the other ambassadors.

The ambassador to Germany is expected to give a diplomatic reception, to which the diplomatic corps is invited. Also he must give a court reception. This is in sole charge of the *Oberceremonienmeister*. It is held on two successive evenings. The invitations number about twelve hundred and a buffet supper is served.

The ambassador pays the bill. That is his only part in it—except to act as the greatly pleased host. He has been informed that he must send four hundred marks—about a hundred dollars—to the office of the master of the horse after his audience with the emperor, and two hundred marks to the court messenger after the court reception. They cannot bother to receive him for nothing.

He must scrupulously offer congratulations on birthday and christening occasions, is invited to the reception given on the emperor's birthday, and must call on the crown prince on his birthday. Former ambassadors to Germany have worn uniforms. Ambassador Gerard thinks he will not wear one; but he probably will.

You will observe that the intercourse of the ambassadors with the king, kaiser, czar, or what-not, is not so free and unrestricted as many have imagined. Ambassadors do not go into the palace and say, "Howdy, king?"—and talk things over. Their relations are with the foreign offices and they rarely see the monarch except on formal and official occasions.

For example, it is not likely that Ambassador Penfield, at Vienna, will see the emperor often; but the first time he saw him—if he has seen him yet—or in case he has not, the first time he sees him he will know he has been in the presence of royalty. In Austria an ambassador ranks every one except the members of the reigning sovereign's house.

When the date has been fixed for the Austrian audience the *Oberkammerherr*, who is the lord chamberlain, drives to the embassy and is met by the secretary and taken to the ambassador, who has his instructions and is waiting. The lord chamberlain invites the ambassador to visit the emperor and naturally the ambassador accepts with alacrity. He knows well enough when he is going, but he asks when this great honor is to be conferred on him. The lord chamberlain tells him a carriage is without and they drive to the palace, with our ambassador on the rear seat and the lord chamberlain stiffly sitting on the other seat facing him. The soldiers salute as they pass them.

The Ceremonial in Rome

They proceed to the hall of ceremonies, where two court commissioners receive the ambassador and escort him to the royal quarters, passing, in turn, through the knights' room and two anterooms. Lifeguards, imposing in that beautiful and brilliant white-and-gold uniform of theirs, are lined up along the way. The grand master of ceremonies is waiting with an adjutant. The ambassador stands in the secret council chamber, and the lord chamberlain hurries in and apprises the emperor of the fact that another American ambassador is in attendance. The lord chamberlain returns and tells the ambassador he may enter; then he enters the room where the emperor is waiting. He bows deeply three times. That is the etiquette—three deep bows. The ambassador presents his credentials and they talk a minute or two. Then the ambassador asks permission to present his suite and the emperor consents.

All this time the ambassador has been facing the emperor, with his back to the big door, which was closed as soon as he entered. The ambassador reaches behind himself and knocks on the door. The door is opened, the suite comes in and is presented. When this is over the suite backs out and the ambassador backs out also, bowing twice only, but deeply. Then the ambassador and staff write their names in a book.

There are two diplomatic corps in Italy—one accredited to the king and the other to the pope. The first thing a new American ambassador learns is that when he entertains members of both corps at one and the same time he is compelled to issue his invitations in his own name and without a title. Thus Thomas Nelson Page, citizen, does it—and not Ambassador Page, representing the United States.

It is the law in Italy that Knights of the Annunziata, presidents of the Senate and members of Parliament have precedence over the ministers plenipotentiary, though ambassadors themselves yield precedence only to members of the royal family. Thus if an ambassador wants to give a dinner he is put to it not to mix the Italians and the ministers plenipotentiary—or, if he has both Italians and ministers, he is forced to do some apologizing to his ministerial guests.

The presentation in Italy is sufficiently formal to suit the most fastidious American. It is arranged and carried through by the prefect of the palace and the grand master of ceremonies. The ambassador is taken to the palace in a gala carriage and received in due form. The civil and military officials of the household are gathered in a large room just outside the king's room. The king, who is within, is notified of the ambassador's presence. The doors open and the ambassador is introduced. He bows once at the door and is followed by the prefect to the middle of the room, where he bows again. Then the prefect leaves him and he goes on alone to the king, before whom he bows the third and last time. He presents his letter of credence and talks as long as the king wishes to talk. When the king has finished the ambassador withdraws. His audience with the queen is conducted in practically the same manner, except that the ambassador hires his own carriages on that occasion.

The ambassador to Italy holds an official reception. The court list includes about one hundred and fifty names, and heads those invited. The list of those in Roman society is prepared by the embassy and submitted to the prefect, who cancels the names of those not received at court. These are those who make up the black section of Roman society and who still claim temporal power for the pope and refuse to go to the court of the Quirinal.

It is a much simpler proposition in France. That country has an official called the introducer of ambassadors, who makes all arrangements. France is a republic, and the only requirement is that the ambassador who is being presented to the president of France must wear full evening dress, no matter what time of day it is. He is escorted to the palace by a troop of cavalry, and a regiment of infantry at the palace salutes him while the band plays the ambassador's national air. According to information in our State Department, France has decided that Hail Columbia is our national air, for that is what the band plays.

The ambassador is met by the secretary-general to the president and by the military commander of the palace and escorted to the president, who is waiting in a convenient room. He reads an address and listens to a reply. Then he goes home and calls on the other ambassadors—but not on the ministers—and on a selected list of public officials. After that he can do as he pleases.

Diplomats in most countries are not subject to an income tax, are immune from arrest, and are allowed to bring in whatever they please free of custom duty. Those, and such salary as is allowed them, are their only perquisites.

After these formal preliminaries are concluded the ambassadors are left largely to their social duties. These can be most elaborate if they desire to have them so, and in any event are costly enough to make it imperative for the official to have money of his own. The proposition of buying homes for the embassies at the various capitals has been agitated in Congress for years, but no appropriations have been made. The stock argument is that if they can escape house rent it will be possible to send men abroad who have other qualifications than that of wealth. However, it really does not make much difference.

I asked a man of long experience in diplomacy the question: "Why is an ambassador?" And his reply was: "Why, indeed?" It is a dignified position; but that is about all there is to it, for an ambassador does only what he is told to do. He is a messenger boy with social standing.

Safety Records

THE dictaphone is now being used to prevent railroad wrecks, an interurban electric railroad in Missouri being the first to apply it. Like most railroads of this kind the progress of the cars on the various routes is controlled by telephone orders from one central point, the motormen and conductors of cars receiving telephone orders at certain stations to proceed to the next station or to wait for the passage of some other car, as the dispatcher may require.

A misunderstanding of orders may cause a wreck, so the dictaphone has been called in to help prevent misunderstandings. Each time an order is given over the telephone a record of the entire conversation is made on a dictaphone. The knowledge that the entire conversation is being recorded has the effect of making all concerned especially careful; but, besides that, it gives a record that the dispatcher may consult a few minutes later if there is any doubt as to just what orders were given and how they had been understood. All the records are kept for one day; and then if at the end of the day there has been no trouble arising from the orders there is no occasion for keeping the records longer and they are all scraped—to be used again the next day.

THE GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 19)

pale, with a meager little neck and a sort of wistful Nicholas Nickleby expression. When he returned at the Christmas vacation he had gained ten pounds, was brown and freckled, and looked like a small giraffe in pantalets.

Moreover he had entirely lost the power of speech, owing to a fear of making a fool of himself. During the vacation in question he was re-outfitted and sent three times a week to the theater. On one or two occasions I endeavored to ascertain how he liked school, but all I could get out of him was the vague admission that it was "all right" and that he liked it "well enough." This process of outgrowing his clothes and being put through a course of theaters at each vacation—there was nothing else to do with him—continued for seven years, during which time he grew to be six feet two inches in height and gradually filled out to man's size. He managed to hold a place in the lower third of his class, with the aid of constant and expensive tutoring in the summer vacations, and he finally was graduated with the rest and went to Harvard.

By this time he preferred to enjoy himself in his own way during his leisure and we saw less of him than ever. But, whatever his intellectual achievements may be, there is no doubt as to his being a man of the world, entirely at ease anywhere, with perfect manners and all the social graces. I do not think he was particularly dissipated at Harvard; on the other hand, I am assured by the dean that he was no student. He "made" a select club early in his course and from that time was occupied, I suspect, in playing poker and bridge, discussing deep philosophical questions and acquiring the art of living. He never went in for athletics; but by doing nothing in a highly artistic manner, and by dancing with the most startling agility, he became a prominent social figure and a headliner in college theatricals.

From his Sophomore year he has been in constant demand for cotillions, house parties and yachting trips. His intimate pals seem to be middle-aged millionaires who are known to me in only the most casual way; and he is a sort of gentleman-in-waiting—I believe the accepted term is "pet cat"—to several society women, for whom he devises new cotillion figures, arranges original after-dinner entertainments and makes himself generally useful.

Like my two daughters he has arrived—absolutely; but, though we are members of the same learned profession, he is almost a stranger to me. I had no difficulty in getting him a clerkship in a gilt-edged law firm immediately after he was admitted to the bar and he is apparently doing marvelously well, though what he can possibly know of law will always remain a mystery to me. Yet he is already, at the age of twenty-eight, a director in three important concerns whose securities are listed on the stock exchange, and he spends a great deal of money, which he must gather somehow. I know that his allowance cannot do much more than meet his accounts at the smart clubs to which he belongs.

A Stranger to My Son

He is a pleasant fellow and I enjoy the rare occasions when I catch a glimpse of him. I do not think he has any conspicuous vices—or virtues. He has simply had sense enough to take advantage of his social opportunities and bids fair to be equally successful with myself. He has really never done a stroke of work in his life, but has managed to make himself agreeable to those who could help him along. I have no doubt those rich friends of his throw enough business in his way to net him ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year, but I should hesitate to retain him to defend me if I were arrested for speeding.

Nevertheless at dinner I have seen him bullyrag and browbeat a judge of our Supreme Court in a way that made me shudder, though I admit that the judge in question owed his appointment entirely to the friend of my son who happened to be giving the dinner; and he will contradict in a loud tone men and women older than myself, no matter what happens to be the subject under discussion. They seem to like it—why, I do not pretend to understand. They admire his assurance and good nature, and are rather afraid of him!

I cannot imagine what he would find to do in my own law office; he would doubtless regard it as a dull place and too narrow a sphere for his splendid capabilities. He is a clever chap, this son of mine; and though neither he nor his sisters seem to have any particular fondness for one another, he is astute at playing into their hands and they into his. He also keeps a watchful eye on our dinner invitations, so they will not fall below the properly exclusive standard.

"What are you asking old Washburn for?" he will ask. "He's been a dead one these five years!" Or: "I'd cut out the Becketts—at least if you're asking the Thompsons. They don't go with the same crowd." Or: "Why don't you ask the Peyton-Smiths? They're nothing to be afraid of if they do cut a dash at Newport. The old girl is rather a chum of mine."

So we drop old Washburn, cut out the Becketts, and take courage and invite the hyphenated Smiths. A hint from him pays handsome dividends; and he is distinctly proud of the family and anxious to push it along to still greater success.

However, he has never asked my help or assistance—except in a financial way. He has never come to me for advice; never confided any of his perplexities or troubles to me. Perhaps he has none. He seems quite sufficient unto himself. And he certainly is not my friend. It seems strange that these three children of mine, whose upbringing has been the source of so much thought and planning on the part of my wife and myself, and for whose ultimate benefit we have shaped our own lives, should be the merest, almost impersonal, acquaintances.

Giving Your Children to Others

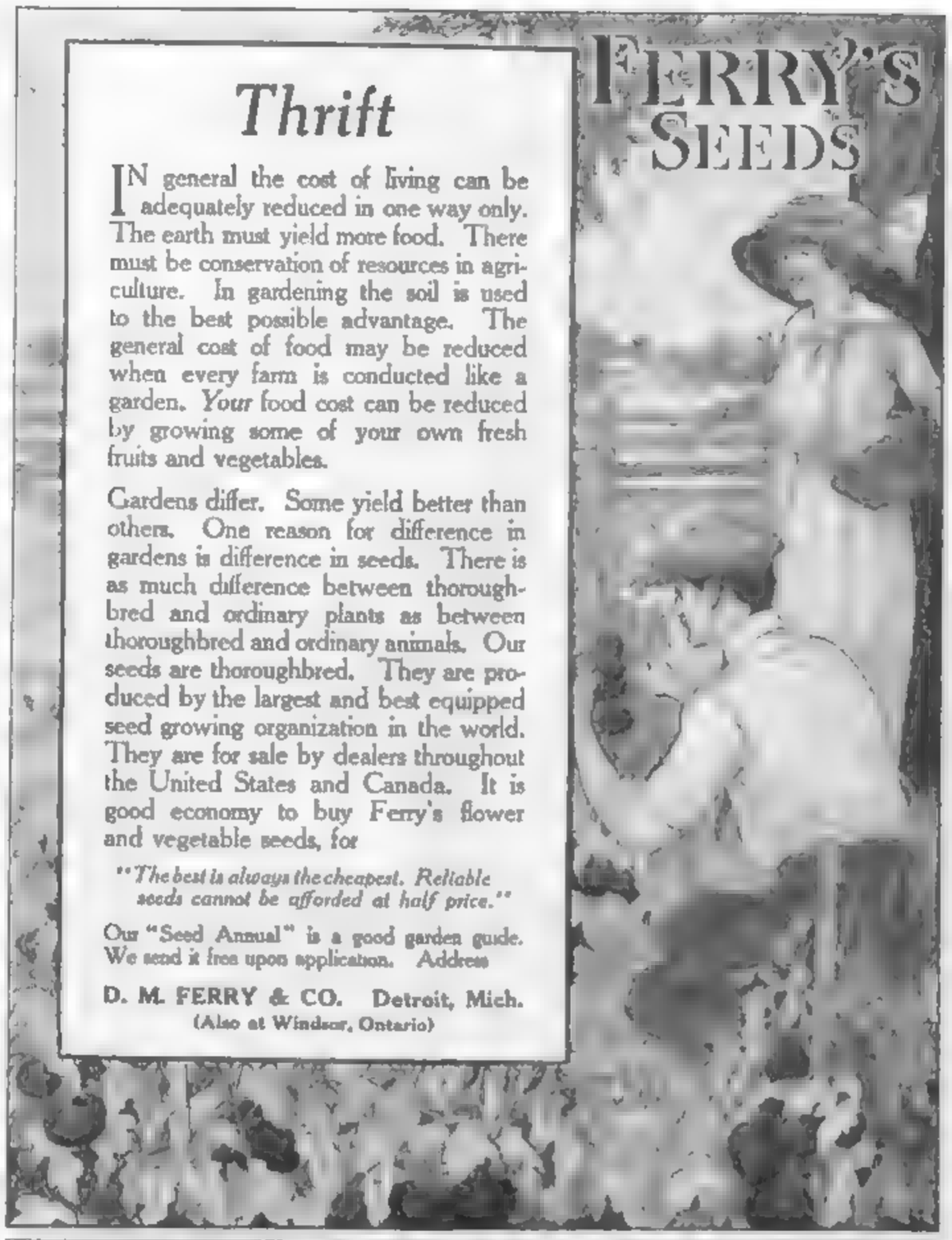
The Italian fruit-vender on the corner, whose dirty offspring crawl among the empty barrels behind the stand, knows far more of his children than do we of ours, will have far more influence on the shaping of their future lives. They do not need us now and they never have needed us. A trust company could have performed all the offices of parenthood with which we have been burdened. We have paid others to be father and mother in our stead—or rather, as I now see, have had hired servants to go through the motions for us; and they have done it well, so far as the mere physical side of the matter is concerned. We have been almost entirely relieved of care.

We have never been annoyed by our children's presence at any time. We have never been bothered with them at meals. We have never had to sit up with them when they could not go to sleep, or watch at their bedsides during the night when they were sick. Competent nurses—far more competent than we—washed their little dirty hands, mended the torn dresses and kissed their wounds to make them well. And when five o'clock came three dainty little Dresden figures in pink and blue ribbons were brought down to the drawing room to be admired by our guests. Then, after being paraded, they were carried back to the nursery to resume the even tenor of their independent existences.

No one of us has ever needed the other members of the family. My wife has never called on either of our daughters to perform any of those trifling intimate services that bring a mother and her children together. There has always been a maid standing ready to hook up her dress, fetch her book or her hat, or a footman to spring upstairs after the forgotten gloves. And the girls have never needed their mother—the governess could read aloud ever so much better, and they always had their own maids to look after their clothes. When they needed new ones they simply went downtown and bought them—and the bill was sent to my office.

No one of us was ever obliged to give up anything that another in the family might enjoy it, or forced to stay at home that her sister might have the pleasure instead. No; our wealth has made it possible for each of my children to enjoy every luxury without any sacrifice on another's part. They owe nothing to each other, and they really owe nothing to their mother or myself—except perhaps a monetary obligation.

But there is one person, technically not one of my family, for whom my girls have the deepest and most sincere affection—that is old Jane, their Irish nurse, who came to them just after they were weaned and stayed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with us until the period of maids and governesses arrived. I paid her twenty-five dollars a month, and for nearly ten years she never let them out of her sight—crooning over them at night; trudging after them during the daytime; mending their clothes; brushing their teeth; cutting their nails; and teaching them strange Irish legends of the banshee. When I called her into the library and told her the children were now too old for her and that they must have a governess, the look that came into her face haunted me for days.

"Ye'll be after taking my darlin's away from me?" she muttered in a dead tone. "'Twill be hard for me!" She stood as if the heart had died within her, and the hundred-dollar bill I shoved into her hand fell to the floor. Then she turned quickly and hurried out of the room without a sob. I heard afterward that she cried for a week.

Now I always know when one of their birthdays has arrived by the queer package, addressed in old Jane's quaint half-printed writing, that comes for them. She has cared for many dozens of children since then, but loves none like my girls, for she came to them in her young womanhood and they were her first charges.

And they are just as fond of her. Indeed it is their loyalty to this old Irish nurse that gives me faith that they are not the cold propositions they sometimes seem to be. For once when, after much careless delay, a fragmentary message came to us that she was ill and in a hospital my two daughters, who were just starting for a ball, flew to her bedside, sat with her all through the night and never left her until she was out of danger.

"They brought me back—my darlin's!" she whispered to us when later we called to see how she was getting on; and my wife looked at me across the rumpled cot and her lips trembled. I knew what was in her mind. Would her daughters have rushed to her with the same forgetfulness of self as to this prematurely gray and wrinkled woman whose shrunken form lay between us?

Poor old Jane! Alone in an alien land, giving your life and your love to the children of others, only to have them torn from your arms just as the tiny fingers had entwined themselves like tendrils round your heart! We have tossed you the choicest blessings of our lives and shouldered you with the heavy responsibilities that should rightfully have been our load. Your cup has run over with both joy and sorrow; but you have drunk of the cup, while we are still thirsty! Our hearts are dry, while yours is green—nourished with the love that should belong to us. Poor old Jane? Lucky old Jane! Anyhow God bless you!

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles giving the confessions of a successful man. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Germ Detectives

ELECTRICITY has been put to new uses in identifying germs, discovering adulterations in food or learning other facts about a substance that ordinarily must be found out by the microscope or by chemical analysis. It is possible to determine very accurately on a dial or gauge the electrical resistance of an article, or, roughly speaking, to send a known amount of electricity into a substance and record how much gets through. One scientist has found that different kinds of bacteria have each their own degree of resistance to a current. Accordingly he takes a batch of bacteria, puts it in a solution of albumen and sugar, and then sends a current through the solution. Prior tests have given him the amount of resistance to be expected from each kind of bacterium, so he can tell from the resistance which germ is in the solution. As many kinds of bacteria can be recognized with difficulty under ordinary methods, this new method of testing promises to afford a short cut.

A Canadian scientist is using much the same method to detect the adulteration of maple sugar by granulated sugar. Granulated sugar is similar to maple sugar, the only difference being in the flavoring and coloring matter in maple sugar, and as this is only a small fraction of the quantity, the identification of granulated sugar in maple sugar is not easy. He has found that pure maple sugar and adulterated maple sugar each has a different electrical resistance, and so tries out samples with a current of electricity. If the sample does not show the proper resistance figure, this is proof that it is adulterated.

Steady heating temperatures

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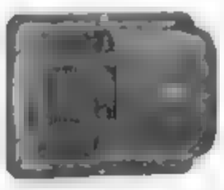

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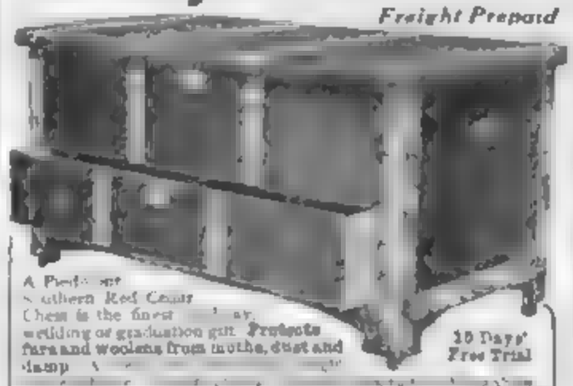

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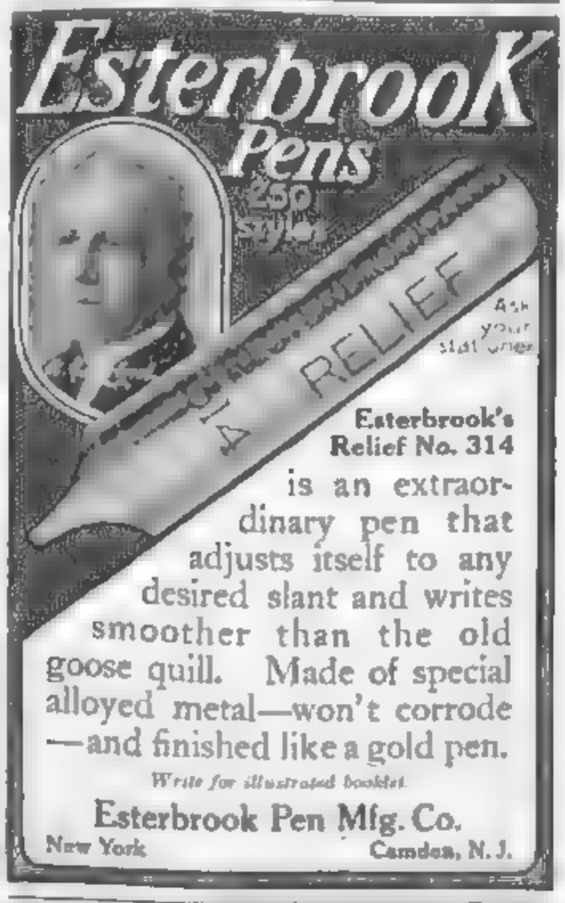

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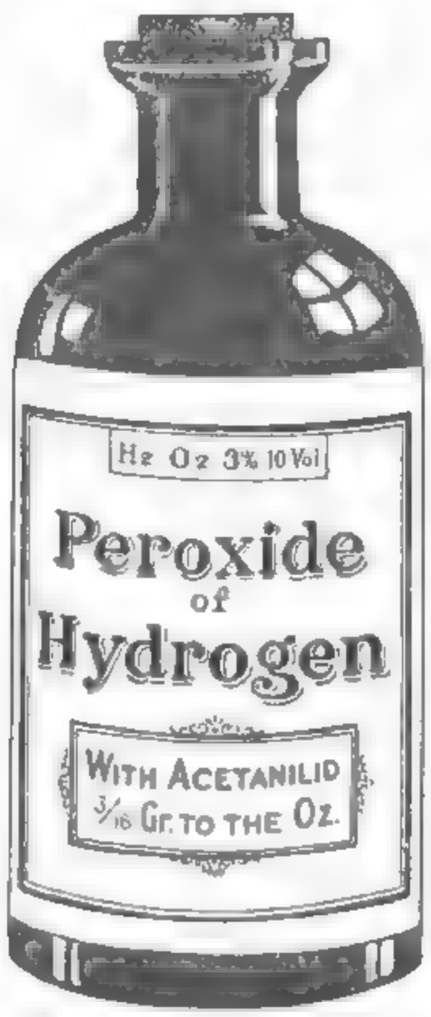

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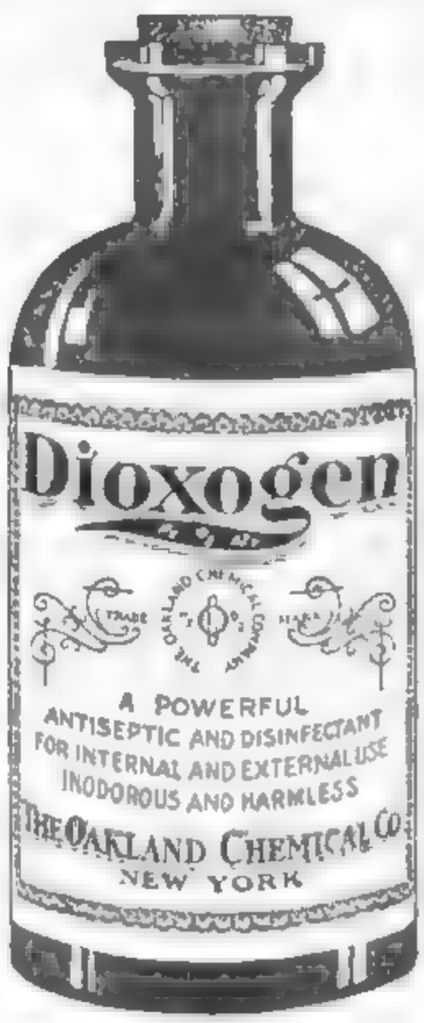

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After Reading these Undeniable Facts

It's mighty serious work to fight infection. A pin prick may lead to blood poison. The scratch of a rusty nail may bring into your system the germs of deadly lock-jaw. A distinguished physician once said: "What medical men most desire in the remedies they use is effectiveness and reliability; in a word, confidence." The name DIOXOGEN spells confidence in Peroxide of Hydrogen; the uncertainty (a marked characteristic of ordinary Peroxide) has been eliminated.

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The name *Dioxogen* is your guarantee. It means something; reputation and character are back of it—assets too valuable for any manufacturer to jeopardize. When you buy Dioxogen BY NAME you know you are always getting Dioxogen purity, strength and stability.

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30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	37 x 5	41.95	44.45
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30

Your dealer will supply you

Ask for Diamond Tires

BEST FOR AUTOMOBILES, BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

THE CAPTURE

(Concluded from Page 13)

thrust of the revolver against his collarbone. Occasionally he trembled violently. Dowell, knowing that the game was up, went deliberately, almost calmly, as directed by the cold steel inside his collar.

Once or twice Vinal was seized by the impulse he had felt upstairs to shriek, to cry out, to end the thing with a storm of blows and shots. He had been tortured past human endurance ever since entering the house. But whenever he felt the impulse to give way the thought of Finkman and his men, of the Bloomer operators and of the commissioner himself nerved him on for the few remaining minutes.

At the door he flashed his hand from Pole's shoulder and left the revolver hanging in the little man's collar. It was only for the two seconds required to snap back the latch and fling open the door. He grasped the revolver again and thrust the two men before him into the brilliantly lighted street.

"Here!" he called out imperiously. "Come here, you men! Here they are! Grab 'em!"

Pole and Dowell stood blinking in the light and the two policemen sprang forward, willing but dazed. One of them, the fellow with a red mustache, paused before he leaped, and blew his whistle.

In the twinkling of an eye they had the two captives. As if by magic the street was filled with flying feet and excited cries. Men and women ran from all directions, and on the crest of the wave came other policemen, forming quickly a circle round the two white-faced, silent men.

Vinal, with blackened face, shouted excitedly to the red-mustached policeman:

"Got 'em upstairs! Did it all myself! Why, you poor fools—you and your detectives—they've been up there all day!"

Two of the officers rushed into the house to search it again. Another put in a call for a patrol wagon.

From the crowd that was closing more tightly all the time about the captives and the police rang yells and jeers:

"Chickens come home to roost!"

"Oh, you chloroform!"

"Where's de guy dat nipped 'em?"

"Ain't dat little gink a nice lookin' slice of pie!"

When the wagon, carrying its new load of captive wretchedness, rumbled over the cobblestones to the stationhouse five blocks away the spectators followed, only to be stopped at the doorway.

Inside, the desk sergeant was inclined to get out of the situation all the pleasure possible. He grinned affably at Dowell and Pole, who stood near the railing while their clothing was being searched by rough and ready hands.

"I guess the Bloomers got you," he commented. "Well, it'll be quick work with you! As soon as we get the Colonel the three of you will hang—hang nice and high."

This was too much for the nerves of the little, ratlike Pole. He burst into wild hysterical laughter, and fell forward against the desk, beating his skinny hands on the hardwood. He began to shriek, and one of the policemen put a hand over his mouth.

He wrenched his head away.

"Aw!" he squeaked, the tears streaming down his face. "You poor fools! The Colonel's got a big start on you! The man who brought us down the steps was the Colonel. That was Vinal himself. He's made another getaway!"

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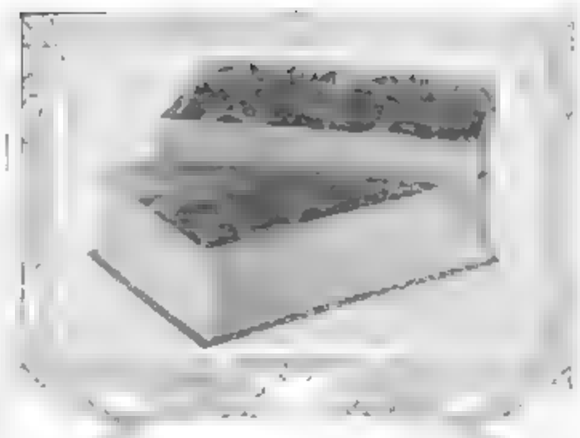

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AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"In order to prove," he announced, "how entirely devoid my clients are of mercenary considerations, they agree, Mr. Bundercombe, to accept the sum of four thousand pounds."

Mr. Bundercombe put down his hat again. Then he drew a sheet of paper from his pocket.

"Condition number one, then," he observed, "is now agreed upon. We proceed to condition number two. Mrs. Delaporte, Captain Bannister and Mr. Cheape," he went on earnestly, "I have been guilty of an indiscretion the proof of which is in your hands. Having decided to make London my home for a time, I desire once and for all to extinguish all possibility of this affair ever cropping up again in any shape or form."

Mr. Cheape rose to his feet.

"Sir," he said to Mr. Bundercombe, "my clients will give you their written undertaking that the affair shall be consigned to oblivion."

Mr. Bundercombe waved him down.

"My reasons for feeling so strongly on the matter," he continued, "will be appreciated by you, Captain Bannister, as a man of position and in society"—Captain Bannister bowed—"when I tell you that my future son-in-law, Mr. Walmsley, M. P., has proposed me for membership in two of the most exclusive clubs in London. This affair, therefore, must be killed beyond any manner of doubt. I am handing over to you four thousand pounds, which is a very considerable sum; but in return for it I desire that my future immunity be purchased by your signatures to this document."

Mr. Cheape rose at once to his feet.

"A document!" he observed. "Let me read it."

Mr. Bundercombe handed it over. Mr. Cheape read it out aloud:

"We, the undersigned, desire to apologize most sincerely to Mr. Joseph H. Bundercombe for any allegations we have made against him with regard to a certain episode that took place on March eighteenth, or thereabout, in the flat of Mrs. Delaporte. We admit that we were mistaken in the supposition which we certainly entertained at the time—that Mr. Bundercombe had been guilty of cheating—and we withdraw such allegations unreservedly, and tender our apologies."

"Ridiculous!" Captain Bannister exclaimed.

"Absurd!" Mrs. Delaporte echoed.

"I may add," Mr. Cheape joined in, "that I could not possibly recommend my clients to sign such a document."

Mr. Bundercombe took up his hat.

"When I started out this morning," he declared, "I felt convinced that this conference would come to nothing. I told Mr. Wymans here that I was prepared to settle, but on my own terms—and my own terms only. I don't want any undertaking not to molest me in the future. That isn't good enough. I want to be able to show a document such as you have there, which completely exculpates me from any charge that might at any time be brought. And without it," he added, once more bringing his fist down upon the back of the chair, "I do not part with one penny of my four thousand pounds!"

Mr. Cheape read out a document he himself had prepared, but Mr. Bundercombe waved it away.

"Come, Paul!" he said to me with a sigh. "Come, Mr. Wymans! I disclaim all responsibility for the failure of this conference. I have done my best. It cannot matter a snap of the fingers to our friends here in what form the document is couched that they give me in exchange for my four thousand pounds. Since they are so particular about a trifle, I have finished with them!"

He led the way toward the door and there was an appearance of finality about his tone and shoulders exceedingly convincing. We had reached the threshold and were, indeed, indulging in a little skirmish as to who should pass through the door first, when Mr. Cheape's resigned voice checked us.

"My clients," he announced slowly, "will sign your document, Mr. Bundercombe. They protest—they protest vigorously against its wording; but they are anxious to show you in how large-spirited and gentlemanly a manner they wish this affair to be concluded. Once more they yield."

Mr. Bundercombe, without any signs of exultation, returned to his former place, put down his hat upon the chair and drew a checkbook from his breast coat pocket.

"If you will give me a seat and a pen," he said, "I will write you a check for the amount."

Captain Bannister stared at the checkbook. He glanced at Mr. Cheape and Mr. Cheape very vigorously shook his head.

"I am sorry," he objected; "but my clients cannot think of accepting a check in settlement of this matter."

Mr. Bundercombe began to show symptoms of annoyance.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Isn't the check of Joseph H. Bundercombe good enough for you?"

Mr. Cheape laid his hand soothingly upon Mr. Bundercombe's shoulder.

"It isn't that we doubt your check, sir," he pointed out; "but in a transaction of this sort it is best that no evidences of a lasting nature should exist. A check is not, as you know, legal tender, and a check my clients certainly could not accept."

Mr. Bundercombe folded up his checkbook and replaced it in his pocket.

"Then what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Where is your bank?" Mr. Cheape inquired.

"In Pall Mall," Mr. Bundercombe answered.

"Then I am afraid," Mr. Cheape decided, "there is nothing for it but to ask you to repair there and cash your own check."

Mr. Bundercombe rose to his feet.

"All right!" he agreed. "I suppose we had better finish the affair while we are about it. One of you had better come with me."

Captain Bannister promptly volunteered. He and I and Mr. Bundercombe descended the stairs and entered the car. We pulled up in a few minutes at the door of Mr. Bundercombe's bank.

"Will you come in with me!" Mr. Bundercombe invited, turning to Captain Bannister.

Captain Bannister excused himself.

"I will wait here with Mr. Walmsley," he said, "if you will allow me."

Mr. Bundercombe departed inside the bank and reappeared in the course of a few moments. His breast coat pocket was bulging. On our way back he drew out five packets of banknotes, which he counted carefully. Captain Bannister watched him out of the corner of his eye with a hungry expression. We were only absent from the flat altogether about a quarter of an hour, and the rest of the affair was promptly settled. The notes were counted by Mr. Cheape, the document signed by Captain Bannister and Mrs. Delaporte.

"I am sure," Captain Bannister declared, holding the notes in his left hand, "that no one can be more glad than Mrs. Delaporte and myself that this little affair has been concluded so amicably. If you will allow me, Mr. Bundercombe, to offer you a little refreshment ——"

Mr. Bundercombe sighed.

"Well," he said, "I suppose it's all in the day's work for you people. I don't mind admitting, though, money wasn't so easily earned in my days that I can watch four thousand pounds go without feeling it. Thank you; that'll do nicely," he added, accepting the brandy-and-soda Captain Bannister handed him.

Mr. Wymans looked on with stern disapproval and I must say I sympathized with him. Mr. Bundercombe, however, not only drained the glass with relish but accepted the outstretched hand of Captain Bannister, and afterward shook hands also with Mrs. Delaporte.

"If you are passing at any time ——" she whispered in his ear.

I had had enough of it and I dragged Mr. Bundercombe away. We drove back to Prince's Gardens in somewhat ominous silence. Mr. Wymans would have taken his leave, but Mr. Bundercombe begged him to come into the library.

"One moment!" he insisted. "James," he said, addressing the butler, "Mr. Wymans will stay to lunch. One moment!"

Mr. Bundercombe went to the telephone. Mechanically he handed me the additional

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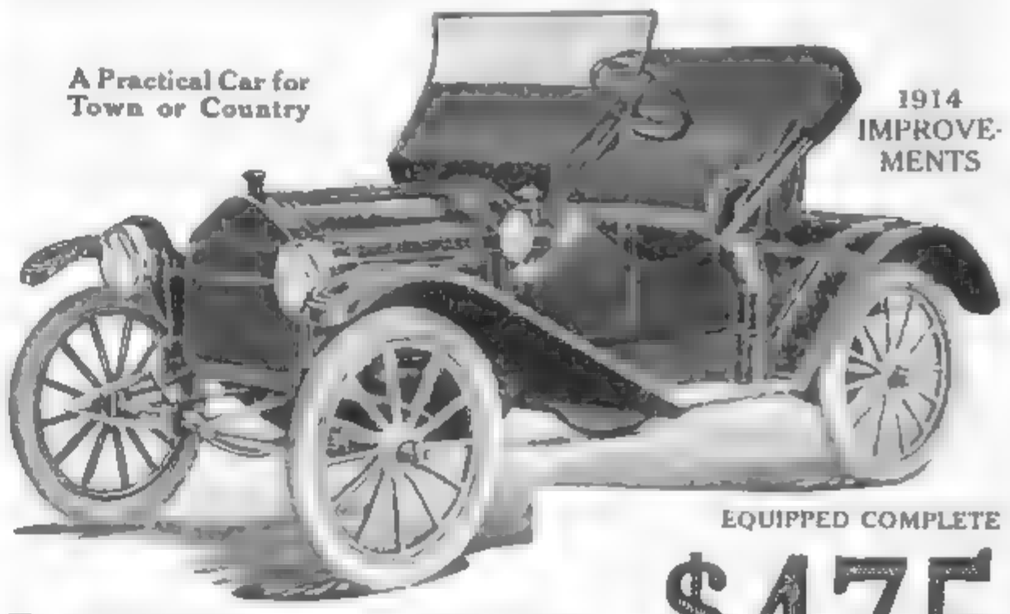

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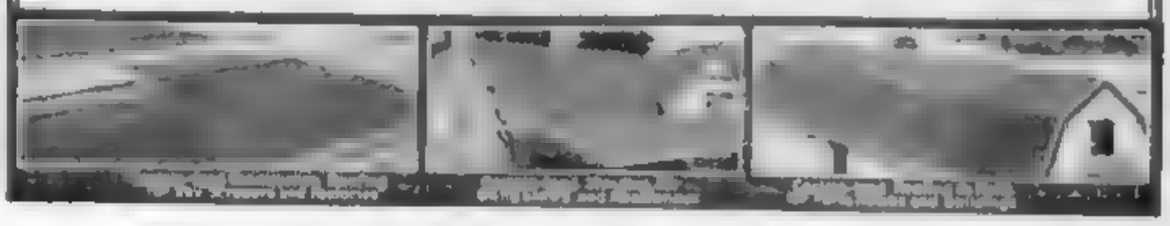

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receiver. He asked for a number and presently received a reply.

"Say, is that Captain Bannister I am speaking to?" he said. "I thought I recognized the voice. This is Mr. Bundercombe. Yes, yes!—No, there's nothing we'd forgotten. I just rang you up, though, to give you a word of advice. You want to be just a *leetle* careful where you try to change those notes!"

"What do you mean, sir?" I heard Captain Bannister demand in startled accents. "What do you mean, Mr. Bundercombe?"

"Well," Mr. Bundercombe continued, "those notes are just about the cleverest things I ever came across; but, after all, they aren't exactly the genuine article. I got four thousand pounds' worth of them from a young fellow I was interested in, and I had them put in a safe at my bank so that no one should get into any trouble. It just occurred to me, since we began our little negotiations, that I saw a good way of making use of them. I had only four thousand pounds' worth; so I had to beat you down a bit. However, that'll be all right, captain, only, as I say, use them a bit carefully. . . . Jove! Ain't he making the telephone sing!" Mr. Bundercombe added, turning to me. "I guess I'll ring off!"

He put down the receiver. Once more the accustomed smile was creeping over his face. Mr. Wymans was looking dazed. The butler had entered the room with the cocktails.

"Say, Paul," Mr. Bundercombe expostulated, "you didn't really think I was parting with four thousand pounds to a sloppy gang like that, did you? I knew a young chap who was very clever at making those notes," he explained to Mr. Wymans. "I liked him and converted him; and I sent him over to the States, where he's got a good situation and is working honestly for his living. This was the remainder of his stock. I had 'em lying in the safe deposit of the bank, meaning some day to destroy 'em. You've got that apology all right?"

Mr. Wymans slowly smiled. He raised his glass to his lips.

"You are a very clever man, Mr. Bundercombe!" he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Lighter Gas

AN ASTRONOMER'S discovery from observations of a recent total eclipse of the sun may make airship traveling a little easier and safer. Studies of the eclipse prove beyond doubt the existence on the earth of a light gas that had long been supposed to exist. It is named coronium, because it appears in the corona of the sun, and its particular claim is that it is much lighter than hydrogen, which has long been used for inflating balloons and airships.

Not only has it been proved that there is such a gas, but it is pretty well established that there are vast quantities of it about the earth. Getting possession of it, of course, is another matter. Yet the fact that such a gas does exist is the first step, and no scientist would deny the hope that eventually it may be obtained in quantities if desired.

It is easy to see how a gas much lighter than hydrogen would make airship flight easier and safer than it is now. In order to carry the weight of engines, passengers and envelopes, the Zeppelin airships are of enormous size and carry vast quantities of gas. Their very size has been the greatest element of danger, for their extended surface gives a grip for gales. Bigger engines to fight the gales would require bigger gas capacity, and so on.

Though some other considerations affect this point, still the fact is largely true that increasing the size of the whole outfit does not satisfactorily solve the problem of safety in gales. On the other hand, if it should be possible to have the same lifting power—the same powerful engines—with even a slightly reduced gas envelope, it is all a gain for safety.

It has been estimated by one scientist that at an altitude of three hundred miles above the surface of the earth the atmosphere is composed entirely of coronium; and that farther up still the coronium exists, getting thinner as it extends into space.

At a height of one hundred and thirty miles he estimates that the atmosphere consists of about equal parts of coronium and hydrogen; and at forty-five miles the coronium is an appreciable part. Nearer the earth there is less and less of this light gas, until at the surface of the earth—if it exists at all—it is only in a very minute quantity.

Burpee's Seeds Grow!

Burpee's Annual for 1914

which is now being mailed at the rate of more than ten thousand copies every day, is a Bright New Book of 182 pages and is known as the "Silent Salesman" of the world's largest Mail-order Seed trade. It tells the plain truth about

Burpee-Quality Seeds that Grow

With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, it is a *safe guide* to Success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds either for pleasure or profit. We are pleased to mail it free to every one who has a garden and asks for it. Shall we mail you a copy? If so, kindly mention *The Saturday Evening Post* and write to-day.

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Burpee Buildings
PHILADELPHIA

$8.50 BUYS 150 Egg Incubator and 150 CHICK BROODER

Incubator $6
Brooder $3

The most startling offer ever made. Quality guaranteed—money back if not satisfied. $8.50 buys two—Think! Why pay more? Write quick for details.

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AGENTS WANTED

Cash paid weekly to home and traveling salesmen. Permanent position. Experience [illegible] Stark Trees. Big free outfit. Wonderful new Color Display Book—shows every variety fruit actual color, full size. Irresistible—closes sales at sight. Free trees pay expenses. Established 1816. Write quick for contract and location.

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If you are thinking of buying an incubator or brooder you should send for our big 1914 catalog at once. Describes many new, exclusive improvements in this year's

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

Also contains about 80 pages of valuable poultry information—how to feed, rear and breed, treat diseases, poultry buildings, home grown winter feed, etc. Just out—a special brings it FREE. Write [illegible] now. [1]

Prairie State Incubator Co., 115 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

All About POULTRY KEEPING; Its Profits. Fanciers, Farmers and Beginners should get the FREE POULTRY BOOK and Catalogue written by ROBERT ESSEX, well known throughout America after a QUARTER CENTURY'S experience in all branches of poultry-keeping. It tells **How to Make Money with Hens, Show Birds, Eggs and Market Fowl**, how to **Start Right**, contains **Pictures of 30 Poultry Houses**, describes **America's Largest Line of Incubators and Brooders**. Write today for this Free Book.

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130-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid [illegible] Both for $10

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Poultry Flats Don't keep hens, make them keep you. Read by all means book Poultry Flats. 124 pages. 10c in stamps or coin brings it.

INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Indianapolis, Indiana

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PATENTS That Protect and Pay. Send Sketch or Model for Search. BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE.

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Money Making Poultry Our specialty. Leading varieties pure bred chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Prize winners. Best stock and eggs. Lowest prices, oldest farm; 25th year. Fine catalog FREE. H. M. JONES CO., Box 98, Des Moines, Ia.

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is the title of **our 1914 catalogue**—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the day—really a book of **204 pages, 14 colored plates and over 800 photo engravings**, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information [illegible] Gardening, either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the results of over sixty-seven years of practical experience. To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To everyone who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents we will mail the catalog a

And Also Send Free of Charge

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PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

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Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc. [illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed. 60 [illegible] Fruit and Ornamental Trees. [illegible] 60 in hardy roses none better grown. 40 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Begonias, Geraniums, etc. Immense stock of Superb Cannas, the queen of bedding plants. Large assortment of hardy Perennial Plants, which last for years.

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GET MORE EGGS

Twice as many by feeding green cut bone.

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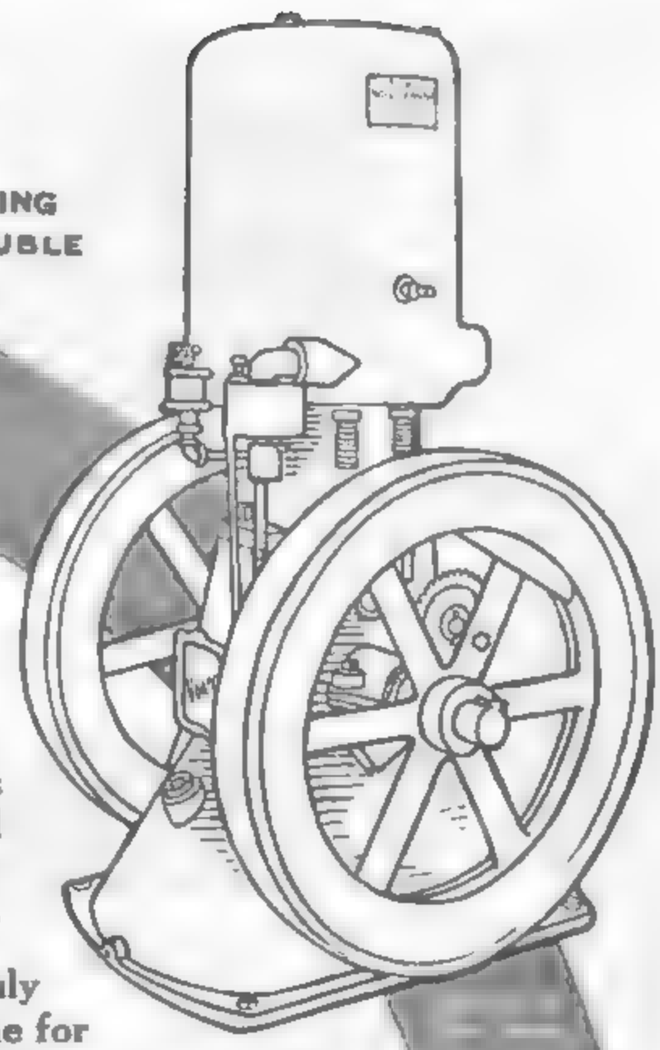
An eye-opener for all who use Power



— for the contractor who must figure costs closely — for the man who realizes the important elements in power economy.

In fuel consumption, cost of operation, maintenance and capital invested, the Novo Engine is the one best answer to the problems of these men.

The remarkable but steady increase in sales of the Novo Engine is proof positive that its economy and reliability have been tested and proven, its adaptability practically unlimited, its superiority over steam and electric power for contract and other work established beyond a doubt.

Novo Construction and Design the Reasons for Its Success

Vertical Engine—to give lightness; to take less floor space; to make it easily portable.

Four-cycle—for fuel economy; for long life; to be adaptable to the variations in speed and load; to be fitted for rough service, in which it always makes good.

Simple Design—for economy of operation—no skilled engineer needed.

Hopper-cooled—to be free from circulating pumps; to cool quicker (ten times greater cooling possibilities) with no possible over-heating; to be absolutely frost-proof. A Novo can be started with the hopper frozen solid.

Governed so positively not a drop of fuel nor a bit of current is used unless needed—a factor in Novo economy.

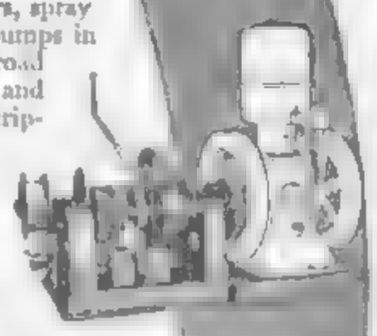
Perfect Lubrication by splash to all parts, including bearings. Moving parts are housed in a dust-proof case, making for durability, compactness and perfect working.

Compact—no outside tanks, circulating pipes, etc.—everything self-contained.

NOVO ENGINES AND OUTFITS

The Novo is Truly the "Engine for Every Purpose"

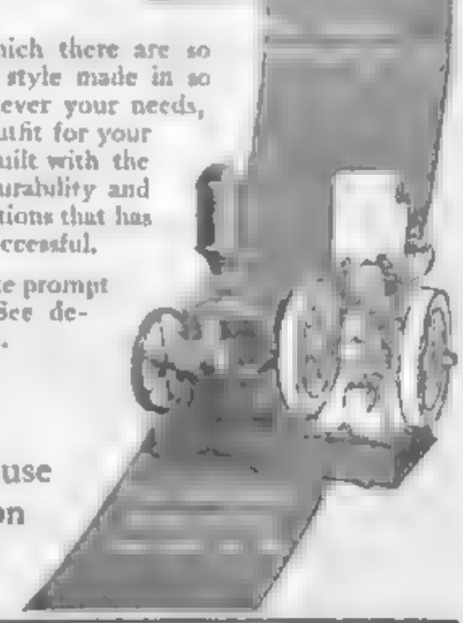
For running hoists, concrete mixers, spray outfits, saw rigs, hay presses, pumps in excavations, irrigation, railroad work, municipal water-works, and operating every kind and description of machinery within the range of its horse-power.



Novo Engines are made in ten sizes, from one to fifteen horse-power. They form the motive power for the famous line of

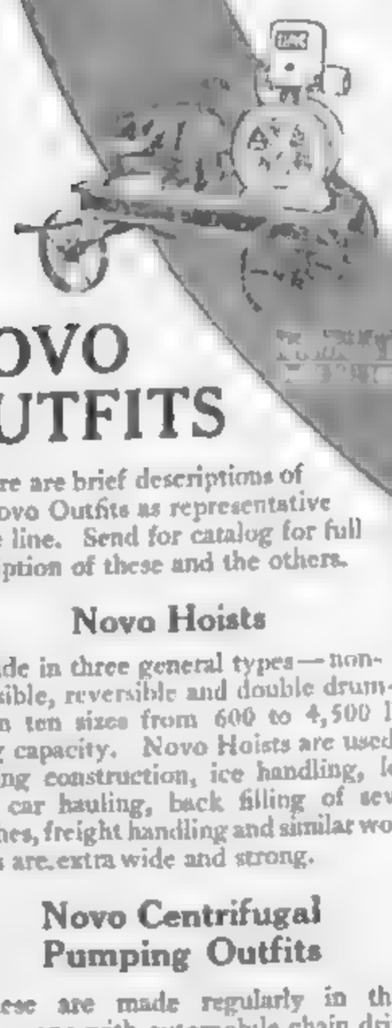
Novo Outfits of which there are so many styles and each style made in so many sizes that, whatever your needs, you will find just the outfit for your conditions. They are built with the same idea of strength, durability and service under unusual conditions that has made the Novo Engine so successful.

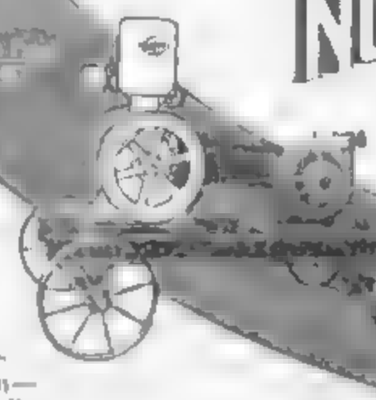
We are always in position to make prompt shipment on any Novo Outfit. See description of Outfits at bottom of page.

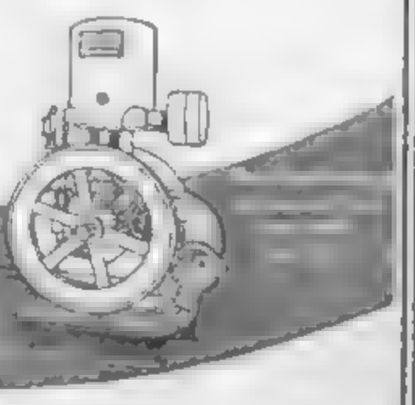


Let us send you "Reliable Power," the Novo Book

just off the press. This is one of the most valuable engine books ever published for the use of the man who wants to know how to get cheaper and better power. The section on pumps and their uses will prove a guide in selecting the right pumping outfit for the work you want to do. Sent free if requested on your business letterhead.







NOVO ENGINE CO. CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Secretary and Manager

470 Willow Street
Lansing, Mich.

NOVO OUTFITS

Here are brief descriptions of six Novo Outfits as representative of the line. Send for catalog for full description of these and the others.

Novo Hoists

Made in three general types—non-reversible, reversible and double drum—and in ten sizes from 600 to 4,500 lbs. lifting capacity. Novo Hoists are used in building construction, ice handling, logging, car hauling, back filling of sewer trenches, freight handling and similar work. Gears are extra wide and strong.

Novo Centrifugal Pumping Outfits

These are made regularly in three types—one with automobile chain drive, one direct-connected, the third belt-driven. They are much used by contractors for draining excavations and for irrigation where constant steady pumping is required. Have no diaphragm nor plunger to wear out. Furnished mounted on all-steel trucks, channel steel or solid iron bases.

Novo Suction and Force Pumping Outfits

are made in numerous styles and sizes, to fit all requirements, with capacities of from 300 to 10,000 gallons per hour. They are used for farm and home water-supply systems, for factories, filling railway tanks and city water service. With special air attachment they will maintain air pressure in pneumatic tank systems. Mounted on channel-steel or cast-iron bases according to character of pump. These bases keep gears in perfect alignment. The engine is direct-connected or geared to pump and can be disconnected and used for other purposes.

Novo Trench Pump Outfits

Made in two types—single or double diaphragm—and in seven regular sizes with capacities of from 3,000 to 10,000 gallons per hour. They can be used for handling very dirty, gritty water.

In the double type, one pump can be disconnected if not needed. This type is mounted on steel trucks only; the single type on skids or trucks.

The suction inlet is cut for iron pipe thread, which may be used for hose couplings. This pump has had a steadily increasing use among contractors for excavation work, etc.

Are You a Manufacturer of Machinery

that is or may be run by gasoline power?

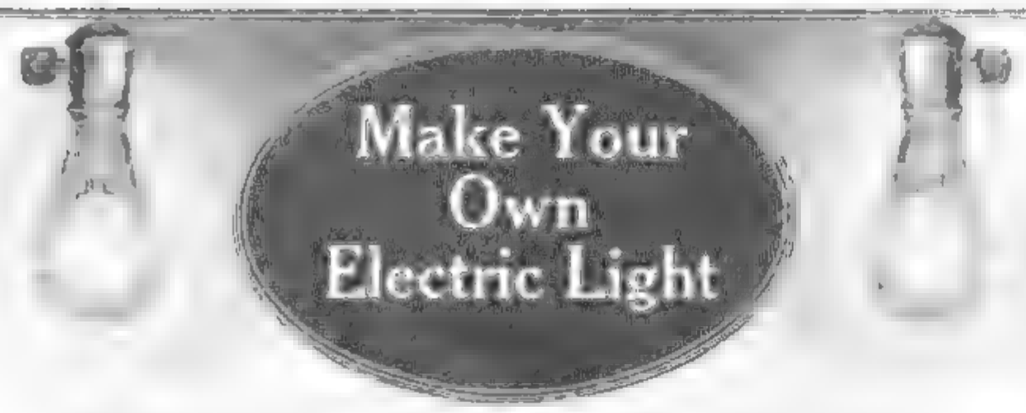
Do you sell a completely equipped cement mixer, saw rig, pumping outfit, etc.?

Then consider the immense sales advantage your product will have if run by a Novo Engine; if equipped with an engine that is, today, operating over 60% of the best cement mixers in the world.

First—The advantage of an engine that has proved its absolute reliability; that removes "engine trouble" as a factor in selling your outfit.

Second—Figure out the added prestige that a combination of two good machines must produce.

Third—Realize the profit to be gained from the advertising that has made the Novo Engine so well known. It gives you a sales argument that parallels that of the automobile manufacturer in featuring a standardized axle, carburetor or self-starter. Let us get together for our mutual benefit.



For Country Home Owners Everywhere

A Robbins & Myers Generator gives you the same clean, brilliant electric light that city dwellers enjoy—and at very reasonable cost. Running the generator once or twice a week will charge the storage batteries with sufficient electricity to light house, cellar, barn or outbuildings. The current is always on tap.

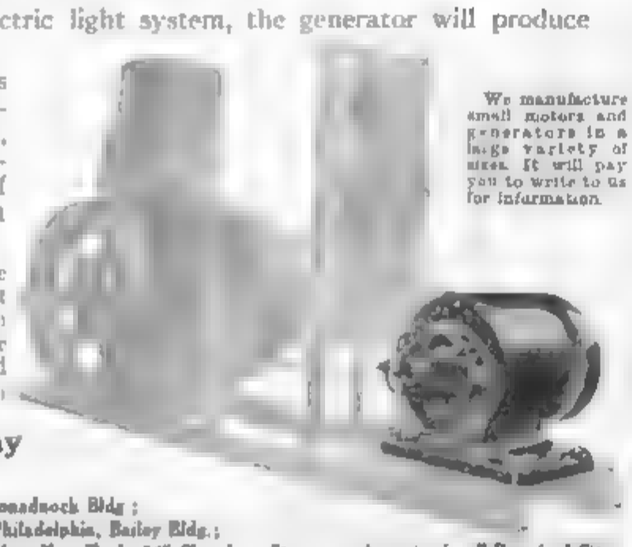
Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Generators

Any convenient source of power will run the generator.

In addition to operating the electric light system, the generator will produce current for numerous other uses.

Used with a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" motor, it will operate pumps, washing machine, churn, corn-sheller and other light machinery. This makes a flexible form of power available for use at different points.

Write us for further information. We supply "STANDARD" generators and put you in touch with concerns who furnish complete plant, including engine, storage battery, switch board and wiring and lighting supplies. (88)



We manufacture small motors and generators in a large variety of sizes. It will pay you to write to us for information.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: Boston, 100 Purchase St.; Chicago, 320 Monadnock Bldg.; Cincinnati, Swift Bldg.; Cleveland, 406 Marshall Bldg.; Philadelphia, Bailey Bldg.; Rochester, 161 St. Paul St.; St. Louis, 1515 Chemical Bldg.; New York, 165 Chambers St.

Agencies in all Principal Cities

THE WATERBURY

SANITARY CLOSET

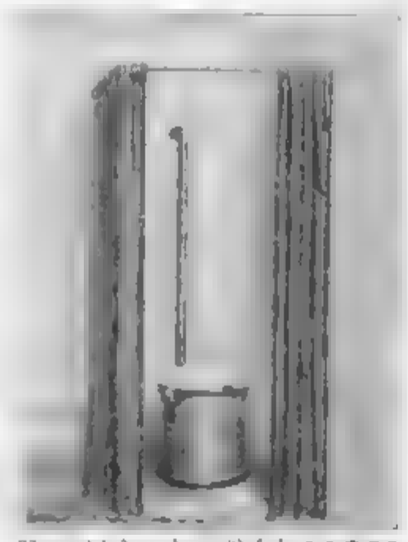
ALL METAL-CHEMICAL

Offers You An Unusual Money-Making Opportunity

HERE is an article that fills a long-felt need in millions of American homes—a sanitary indoor closet combined with a safe and sane system of sewage disposal. The price is within the reach of nearly every family. Practically no installation cost; no plumbing, no connection with cesspool or other sewerage system required; guaranteed odorless and sanitary.

There is a widespread demand for the Waterbury Sanitary Closet. This is proven by the response to our advertising and the large number already sold. Every home that is not modern is a prospect. Some of our representatives are making over $100 a week. (Names furnished on request.)

Territories given to first desirable applicants. Sales experience is not really necessary. We want ambitious, red blooded people of good character,—energetic, industrious, determined. We furnish you with complete instructions, co-operate in every possible way and turn over to you the prospective business in your community secured direct from our extensive advertising, in leading magazines and farm papers. Tell us something about yourself when you write.



The model shown here with full equipment of everything needed $19.50

F. O. B. Minneapolis or nearest branch office

Write for Free Book

if you are interested in securing a sanitary indoor closet for your own use.

The Waterman-Waterbury Co.
1123-37 Jackson St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 16)

simple sort can be made for from three hundred dollars to one thousand dollars for the negative alone.

Moving-picture scenarios bring from twenty-five dollars to two hundred dollars each according to quality. One of the large independent concerns pays its scenario chief, who prepares the scenarios for actual presentation and passes judgment on them, three hundred dollars a week, which would be a large but not a record-breaking salary for a moving-picture director.

Actors' salaries range from about five dollars a day to fifteen thousand dollars a year. The latter sum is paid to John Bunny, who has become world-famous for his success in comedy rôles. Mr. Bunny also gets a Christmas present from the concern that employs him and special bonuses from time to time when he makes a particularly fine film. Now and then he is permitted to go into vaudeville for a week at a huge salary.

As a concern grows in magnitude it must employ not one company of actors but several.

The cost of "raw" film is now two and three-quarters cents a foot. Film formerly cost as high as three and one-half cents a foot.

Roughly speaking, some fifteen thousand dollars is necessary for the equipment of even a minor motion-picture studio, in addition to the cost of realty, buildings, and so on. The average camera costs only about four hundred dollars, but much money must be spent on lighting apparatus, scenery, properties, and all the mechanical and photographic equipment for developing, drying and printing.

A well-built studio, properly equipped, should have a market value of about fifty thousand dollars. The ideal studio is always within easy reach of varied outdoor scenery. All the companies use automobiles to transport their players when these outdoor scenes are required, and one of the unique features of the film business is that most of them supply a midday meal for their people.

One company has invested in hundreds of acres of land just outside Philadelphia, with buildings and scenery of all sorts, and even large herds of cattle. Almost any kind of picture may be posed in this vast plant. Another concern, with headquarters in New York, does all its actual manufacturing in California, where it has several companies.

The Profits Per Foot

The favorite place for making pictures on this continent is Southern California—Los Angeles in particular—on account of the bright sun and the favorable atmospheric conditions. Pictures made there have a minimum of electrical markings—which show when the negative is developed and ruin hundreds of thousands of feet a year. To perfect the developing and printing of the film after it is made, the most extraordinary precautions are now taken. In some factories the air is literally filtered to eliminate dust.

The profit from manufacturing motion pictures, like the profit from manufacturing ordinary photographs, depends on the number of prints. No man will sell his negative outright if he has any facilities for marketing either directly or through some intermediary. The manufacturers in the Motion Picture Patents Company, having a most complete organization, can afford extreme expenditures, because they can dispose of between forty and eighty prints from each negative in the American market, and in addition collect royalties on European and other foreign sales.

The little independent, with no special affiliation, who considers himself lucky to sell fifteen prints, must gauge his expenditures accordingly. The larger independent, marketing through one of the two great rivals to the trust, may be able to sell from thirty-five to fifty prints, or even more if of an especially successful subject.

Once the manufacturer has made his prints, he sells them not on time, but for cash down. The exchange, the middleman between manufacturer and theater—pays so much money for each foot of film it buys. The ordinary standard price of film in this country is ten cents a foot as against eight cents in England; while in South America, where theaters exist only in the large cities and most of the material used is old film, it brings but six cents. The feature films released through exchanges sell at from nine to twelve cents a foot, and even much more. The number of these sold is very uncertain—changing with the popularity of the subject, the price, and the manner in which they are put on the market. Films that are especially interesting or are very expensive to produce are sometimes sold at a flat price plus a royalty.

Roughly computed, the profit in America on the ten-cent price is about four cents a foot net to the manufacturer—or say, forty dollars on each thousand-foot print, provided that enough prints are sold to cut down initial expenses. In Europe, under the eight-cent standard, the manufacturing being cheaper the profit is about the same.

When an American manufacturer sends his negative to Europe for sale he generally gets about two cents a foot royalty for each foot of print sold, which is velvet, as all expenses have been charged off. The price of a negative sold outright in London would be perhaps from six hundred dollars to eight hundred dollars for the entire thing; but good negatives are not sold that way.

Traveling Features

The maker who has film to sell in England exhibits the same to the exchange men and exhibitors, and it is then placed on its merits alone. Any manager is free to buy his film wherever he chooses and has a right to see the subject before purchasing. Over there the market for maker and exhibitor is an open one. No concern or combination can hold up the showman with the threat: Buy of me exclusively or I won't sell to you at all!

In this country it appears that the Patents Company now controls about one-half of the business and the independents the other half, though the latter declare they control sixty per cent.

The Motion Picture Patents Company was based on two patents. When Thomas A. Edison first turned his attention to this business he claimed a camera patent on the idea of intermittent motion and the manner in which he obtained it—through a sprocket arrangement. The Biograph Company, however, produced a camera that got the same results through another device based on contact.

Edison sued the Biograph Company and it was decided that they both had certain rights. So they got together in 1909. Then they issued to eight other companies licenses permitting the use of their patents for a stipulated royalty per foot of negative.

The same ideas for which camera patents were claimed were also used for projecting machines, especially for the so-called Latham Loop. The Patents Company not only sold licenses to half a dozen manufacturers to make these machines, but presently conceived the idea of exacting a weekly royalty of two dollars from exhibitors for the right to use them, which in itself brought in a very large amount of money. This royalty was recently reduced to ninety cents.

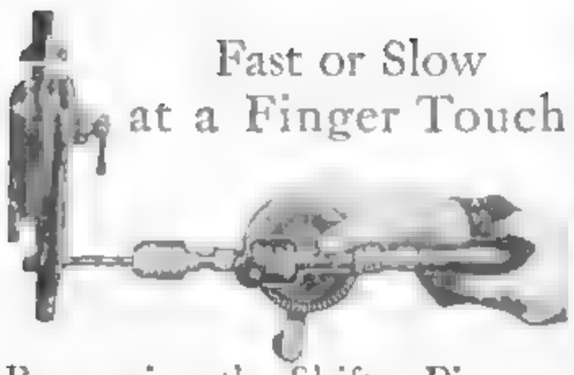
The manufacturers licensed by the Patents Company presently turned their attention to the marketing as well as to the making of films. In their ranks then grew up the General Film Company, which absorbed all the important exchanges except one. This company bought out some fifty exchanges with cash, notes and stock, paying good prices, in many cases employing the original owners as managers at liberal salaries. For a time the Patents Company controlled the situation.

The independent manufacturers at last determined on strong opposition. They established the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company and built up a certain trade, with new exchanges. After a time they split into two companies—the Mutual Film Corporation and the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

The feature film being an innovation and likely to have a very marked bearing on the future of the movie business, Briggs gave it special attention. Up to date there are two kinds of feature films on the market—those of adventure, taken by explorers and hunters, and those that afford a full evening of photo-play entertainment.

The adventure film—in several reels and accompanied by a lecture—jumped into importance about a year ago with the advent of the Paul Rainey African Hunt Pictures.

The play films, a natural development of the short, thousand-foot photo plays, are



Fast or Slow
at a Finger Touch

By moving the Shifter Pin you instantly change the speed; and—without removing drill from the work, scarcely stopping. No complicated adjustments. Three positions of the Shiftergive you fast or slow speed, or rigid for changing drill points. Tools like this "YANKEE" Plain Hand Drill, made for quick, labor-saving work, mean a lot to the able man.

15in. long
3½ lbs.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

"YANKEE" Plain Hand Drill

No. 1445—2-jaw Chuck
No. 445—2-jaw Chuck —Price, $3.00

[illegible] "Yankee" No. 1430, the smallest practical Drill made, [illegible] and the biggest [illegible] $12.00.

Your dealer can supply you.

Write for "'Yankee' Tool Book"—for mechanic or householder and "'Yankee' Tools in the Garage" for motorists.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., PHILADELPHIA

Let Us Send You This EUREKA Electric Cleaner For Ten Days FREE TRIAL Prepaid

The Eureka cleans carpets, rugs, [illegible] of cost. Rightly guaranteed and practically indestructible. It's an economy, not an expense. Remember, no other [illegible] all the dirt and make your home *really clean*.

Trial Offer! Write today.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., 1230 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Branch, Onward Manfg. Co., Berlin, Ont.
We Want Dealers [illegible]

Are You Deaf?

Electricity and invention continue to accomplish new wonders for the hard of hearing.

ACOUSTICON with *Sound Regulator* (six instruments in one), *best* for the hard of hearing.

ACOUSTICON with *Battery Regulator* (four instruments in one), *great strength*, for the *very deaf*.

AURIS with Acousticon Battery Regulator, a lighter instrument of great strength, and the lowest priced electrical aid for the deaf.

Sent on request—by parcel post—for 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL—no deposit required—you do not commit yourself to purchase.

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To our old Customers: Try the new battery regulator on your Acousticon or Auris.

GERMAN [illegible]
No. 1, 15c., Nos. 2 [illegible] Part [illegible]
Self-Educator Publishing Co. 433 Miner Building, Scranton, Pa.

also of recent development, since it was not until recently that manufacturers realized the public would watch one continuous picture narrative for two hours or more.

Adolph Zukor developed the idea of presenting long photo plays—or, in other words, filming novels or dramas. He did not originate this scheme, but it was his idea to get well-known actors to pose for plays with which they had long been associated. Zukor brought about the formation of the Famous Players' Film Company, of which Mr. Daniel Frohman is president.

Feature films are sold in two ways: A great many of them are now being made by the regular manufacturers who use the spare time of their companies to make occasional features in addition to the regular releases. These features go direct to the ordinary moving-picture theaters. There the manager may decide to make a bid for popular interest by presenting a feature one day in the week instead of his regular program, or he may alternate regular programs and features.

The Craze of the Moment

The features that are specially posed and which are manufactured by the Famous Players' Film Company and others, however, do not go to the picture exhibitors at first. A film, with its operator and advance agent, is sent on tour precisely like a traveling theatrical company, is booked from New York, and is offered in opposition to the regular picture theaters in the legitimate houses at twenty-five-cent and fifty-cent prices.

Traveling features are sometimes disposed of in yet another manner—the owner sells the rights for the film to various people for a specified territory, which is known as the states-rights business.

The hold of the old exchanges on the film field has naturally been weakened by the feature business, which has produced a kind of film that can be booked absolutely without their help. The feature film is the craze of the moment. Regular theatrical managers are getting manufacturing affiliations, in order to avail themselves of what looks like a lucrative, permanent form of entertainment that was originally regarded as only good enough to fill vacant time.

Recently Klaw & Erlanger and the Biograph Company have combined in the formation of a new corporation that, it is said, will release three big photo-play features every month.

This shows how anxious was one of the strongest of the Patents Company concerns to join hands with theater people in order to enter the outside picture field against all comers.

Events of moment are occurring in the picture world every day. Just a few weeks ago the General Film Company made public the fact that its licensed exhibitors might put kinemacolor reels on their programs. This concession caused a sensation, leaving experts in doubt as to whether it was merely a move to try to emphasize non-restraint in connection with the trust investigation, or whether it foreshadowed an acknowledgment of the inevitable altered conditions of the business.

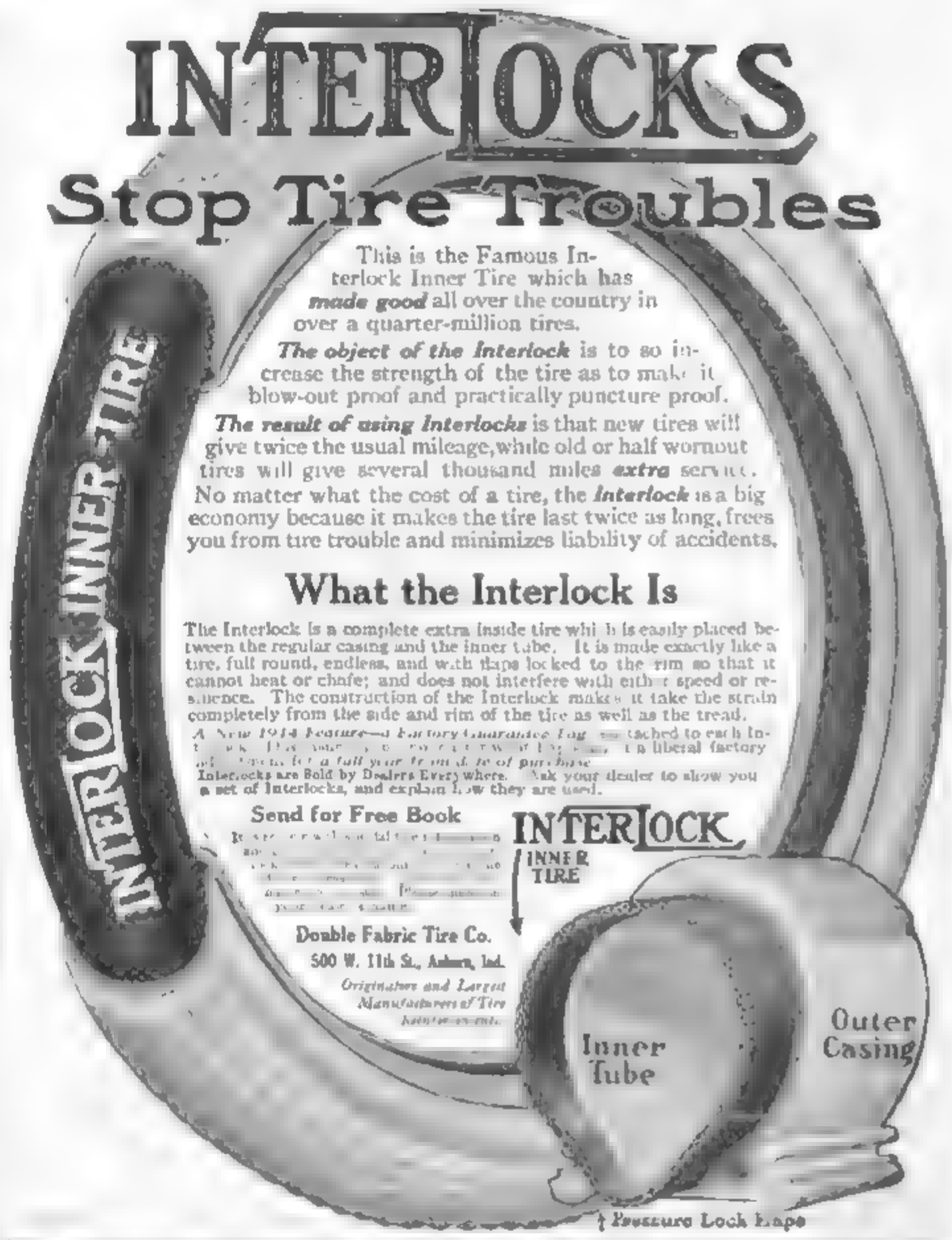
What Briggs Says Now

Briggs pondered the things he had discovered and then tried to look into the future. He tried to make up his mind whether color photography along the lines of kinemacolor or Gaumont would revolutionize the business, making it dependent on a new series of patents, and whether the talking picture was to become of vast importance. He tried to figure out how great would be the future of educational, scientific and advertising pictures. He sought to determine whether those pictures would go far to replace drama and comedy and opera, or whether the public demand for the more personal element would always leave the "canned" entertainment more or less a "mass proposition."

He found that the difficulty with the color pictures is that the superimposing of images to give the effect of colors combined makes it necessary to use special projecting machines.

Remember, the kinemacolor is in two colors, the combinations of which produce the rest; and the Gaumont is in three colors—that is to say, the kinemacolor film must be run just so fast to get two images superimposed for visual effect, and to get three for the Gaumont. It is not at present possible to make color pictures of very fast

INTERLOCKS Stop Tire Troubles



This is the Famous Interlock Inner Tire which has *made good* all over the country in over a quarter-million tires.

The object of the Interlock is to so increase the strength of the tire as to make it blow-out proof and practically puncture proof.

The result of using Interlocks is that new tires will give twice the usual mileage, while old or half worn out tires will give several thousand miles *extra* service. No matter what the cost of a tire, the ***Interlock*** is a big economy because it makes the tire last twice as long, frees you from tire trouble and minimizes liability of accidents.

What the Interlock Is

The Interlock is a complete extra inside tire which is easily placed between the regular casing and the inner tube. It is made exactly like a tire, full round, endless, and with flaps locked to the rim so that it cannot heat or chafe; and does not interfere with either speed or resilience. The construction of the Interlock makes it take the strain completely from the side and rim of the tire as well as the tread.

A New 1914 Feature—a Factory Guarantee Tag [illegible] attached to each Interlock. This [illegible] a liberal factory [illegible] *for a full year from date of purchase.*

Interlocks are Sold by Dealers Everywhere. Ask your dealer to show you a set of Interlocks, and explain how they are used.

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† Pressure Lock Flaps

"The Rubbers of a Gentleman"

Appreciated by those who are careful of their appearance.

Note this:—You can depend on the dealer who sells "EVERSTICK" to carry the best of everything.

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TRADE MARK
INVISIBLE RUBBER

Insist upon the genuine "Everstick" For sale by [illegible] Dealers

Four O'clock Hot "Steero"

Hot, cheering bouillon in mid-afternoon, something too troublesome and too costly to be thought of a few years ago, is a delightful every-day possibility with "Steero."

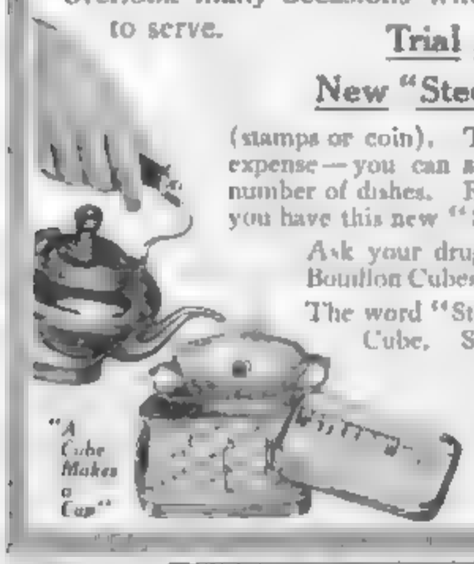
Made as easily as ice water—just pour boiling water on a "Steero" Cube.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Made by **American Kitchen Products Co.**, New York

To think of "Steero" merely as something to be served at meals is to overlook many occasions when this savory bouillon is the natural thing to serve.



Trial Box of "Steero" Cubes and New "Steero" Cook Book Mailed for 10c

(stamps or coin). This book tells you how—quickly and with little expense—you can add a new savor, a new delicacy of flavor to any number of dishes. Every member of your family will be pleased when you have this new "Steero" Cook Book.

Ask your druggist, grocer or delicatessen dealer for "Steero" Bouillon Cubes. Sold in boxes of 12 Cubes, 50 Cubes and 100 Cubes.

The word "Steero" is on the wrapper of every genuine "Steero" Cube. Send 10 cents today to

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A practical course of twenty lessons in the technique of the photoplay, taught by Arthur Leeds, Editor, ...

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Add 2 drams (cost 25c) our new Water Soluble Essence to 1 qt. rain water. Try Rose, Violet, or Lilac and if result does not please, we refund money. Agents wanted

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is the title of the first chapter in the mighty interesting booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" If you are the parent of a boy you will be greatly interested in reading this little volume. You may have a copy of it by writing. A good many thousands of parents have been helped in solving the "boy problem" by studying it. Address your request to

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA

action, and only a very few indoor color pictures have ever been taken.

The simplification of this is a question for the photographic chemists. The talking color-picture, combining all the novelties, is the ultimate ideal that will unquestionably be reached; but the fact remains that the audience is often more interested in the story of a picture than in any exact reproduction of color or of sound.

Briggs decided that the educational possibilities were the greatest of all, perhaps, particularly if one includes the education of employees as well as of students. The factory manager who has a picture made of his best workman running a machine to show the other workmen how it should be done is in the vanguard of progress, and pictures showing the circulation of the blood—purchased by medical schools—show the enterprise of our teachers.

What did Briggs do?

He kept his fifty thousand dollars in the bank and went to work for a good motion picture company—in the educational branch. He began a minute study of some system by which he could supply schools and colleges all through the country with films on all sorts of educational subjects, past and present.

And what does Briggs say now?

He says that the educational and not the theater field is the eventual triumph of motion photography; and when he has education at his fingertips he will branch out for himself!

Hearing Type

A BLIND man may some time be able to read the daily newspapers, books or any printed matter with no aid except that of a machine. Such a machine has now been devised, but it is still far from perfect. Posters furnish about the only reading that can be done with it now.

What the apparatus does is to sound musical notes or chords in the blind man's ear for each printed letter. With experience the blind man will be able to tell the letter each combination of notes is intended to represent.

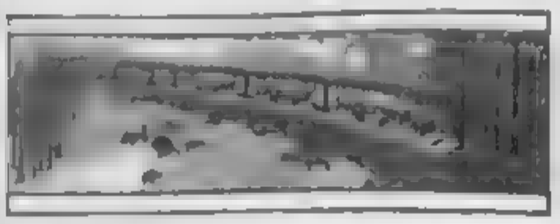
The inventor of this machine is a London scientist. Over a year ago he perfected an instrument that would enable a blind man to detect the source of any light near him—to find the window of a room, for instance. A box that looked something like a camera was held in the hands of the blind man and wires connected the box with a telephone receiver at the blind man's ear.

A selenium unit in the box detected any light and sent a current to the telephone receiver, thus making a sound in his ear. The blind man could point his box or camera in any direction. When it was pointed at light the telephone receiver vibrated, the loudness of the noise being dependent on the strength of the light.

The new device is a development of this box—or optophone, as it is called. Words in large type—on a poster, for instance—are passed in front of the new instrument. A strong light is thrown on the type, part of this light being reflected back from the white paper and part of it not being reflected—where the rays strike the black ink. The returning rays are detected by a checkerboard group of selenium cells. Each of these checkerboard cells will cause a musical note to sound in the telephone receiver at the blind man's ear, and each cell has its own individual musical note.

When the letter M is passed in front of the instrument, for instance, there is first a crash of a whole scale of tones, as the upright line at the left comes along; then, as the slanting middle lines pass before the instrument, the notes first run down the scale and then up the scale; and then the right-hand upright line causes another crash of many notes. The blind man quickly learns that this combination of sounds means M.

The inventor hopes it will be possible to perfect his apparatus eventually so that it can be used on ordinary type. On the face of it, the apparatus needs only refinement to enable blind men to read newspapers; but it is extremely difficult to obtain that refinement.



Missed!

One poor shot, and the game is lost! Such close exciting situations are one reason for the intense fascination of Billiards and Pool—these fine, lively home games which inspire the keenest sort of friendly rivalry.

You can play Billiards and Pool ... with at frequenting a public pool room. You can have in your home a

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

and play when you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set in your ... room or library table or mantel on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or take it down and put it out of the way. Sizes run up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table.

Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table of whatever size is scientifically accurate in proportion to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices are from $15 up ... in terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment ... we will ship you one Table ... on it one week. If unsatisfactory ... deposit. This ... Write today for illustrated ... etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 813 Center St., PORTLAND, ME.

THE ONLY SHUR-ON IS MADE BY KIRSTEIN
You need Shur-on if you need glasses
A properly adjusted Shur-on stays in place comfortably. Stylish in appearance. Simple in construction.
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Read ... Thirteen inches. If the eyes examined by the boy ...
Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently"
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LOOK FOR Shur-on THE NAME IN THE BRIDGE
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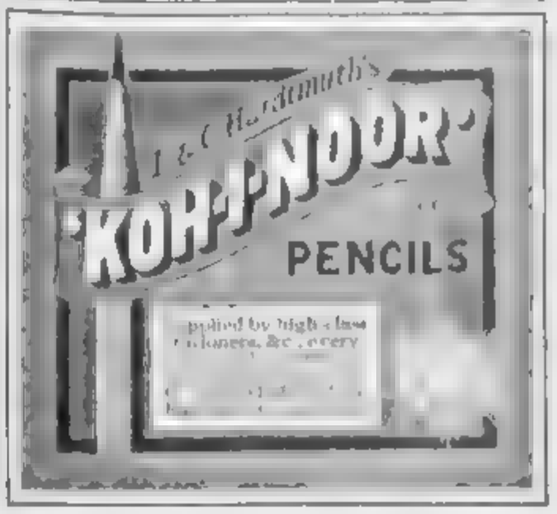


Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 5

A Hot Water Bottle This Size

would weigh approximately 290,000 pounds—142 tons—of live rubber, and hold many millions of gallons of water.

Such a bottle represents the output of hot water bottles alone through The Rexall Stores in a single year. Add to this all other household rubber goods in a complete line and you have some idea of the tremendous sales of rubber goods through The Rexall Stores.

What does this mean to you? It means you can buy better rubber goods than ever before at lower cost because the more than 7,000 Rexall druggists have combined their purchasing power to control factories and cut down the cost of making and distributing.

"MAXIMUM" TRADE MARK

Household Rubber Goods

Are Guaranteed for Two Years

A universal two-years' guarantee is printed and enclosed in every box. No matter at what Rexall Store you bought the article, if it gives out within two years, you can redeem it at any Rexall Store anywhere. No guarantee like this, good everywhere, has ever before been offered on Rubber Goods.

Maximum Rubber Goods include Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes, Ice Caps, Bath Sprays, Invalid Rings, Face Bottles, Gloves, Atomizers.

They are all of Maximum quality—the very purest and best Para rubber possible to obtain.

Maximum workmanship—the highest degree of technical and mechanical skill in every process of manufacture.

Maximum utility—reinforcements where needed—extra thickness where needed—extra size where needed.

See the window display of Maximum Rubber Goods at The Rexall Store this week.

"Maximum Rubber Goods Week" begins to-day at all

The* Rexall *Stores

You can buy Maximum Rubber Goods only at *The* Rexall *Store* in your town

In The Saturday Evening Post on February 14th will be printed "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 6," on Harmony Hair Beautifier and Harmony Shampoo, two most delightful preparations for making the hair lustrous, glossy and beautiful

Specifications of Jeffery Four $1550

Electric starting and lighting, without chains, gears, bearings or belts. Left hand drive and center control.

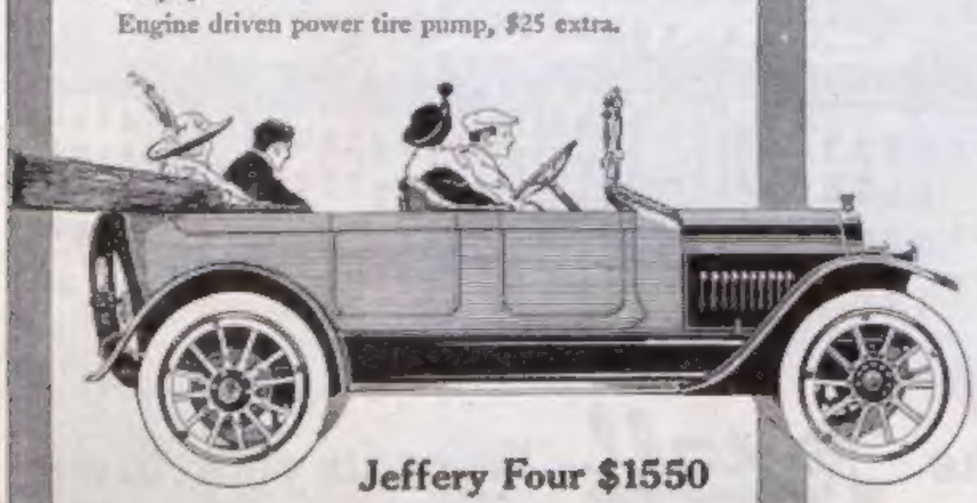
Imported annular ball bearings throughout; Spicer universal joints; combination force feed and splash oiling system. (Speed up to forty miles an hour, shut off your engine and coast half a mile.) Leather ring coupling between clutch and transmission; four forward speed transmission—the lightest and easiest to operate.

High grade full floating type rear axle, on imported annular ball bearings—a delight to the motor wise. Vanadium steel rear axle drive shafts, front axle, springs and steering knuckles.

Bosch duplex ignition; Rayfield carburetor; pressure feed gasoline tank with gauges on tank and dash; demountable rims; advanced type of body designed by Rothschild.

Jeffery Four equipment includes Neverleek top; top cover; rain vision windshield; electric lighted dash with Stewart-Warner speedometer, ammeter, air and oil pressure gauges, four position light switch and small storage compartments; Klaxet horn; foot rest; extra demountable rim with carrier, and complete tool and tire equipment.

Engine driven power tire pump, $25 extra.



Jeffery Four $1550

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Jeffery
Kenosha, Wis. U.S.A.

The Jeffery Four has brought economy with comfort. Now the heavy, wasteful car must go.

Hundreds of people have told us they bought Jeffery cars for the sake of economy. They knew they could do so without sacrificing quality and comfort. Many could have paid more, but they found they could not buy better.

The heavy motors of some American makers have demonstrated through their costly maintenance their unfitness for cars of moderate price. Now the public is finding out that motor power does not depend upon motor bulk, but upon motor speed. The heavy, wasteful car must go and the Jeffery Four, with its high speed monobloc motor of the latest European type, will take its place. This type of car dominated the London and Paris shows.

Jeffery, for one, is in a position to produce a car of quality, light weight, high speed and economy at $1550. He can do it because he has the factory, the capital and the experience. The result is a car which mechanics know has never been sold in America or Europe for $1550.

Which One of these People Are You?

Every person who has purchased a Jeffery Four quite likely did so for one of the reasons given below. Taken as individuals they may be classed as follows:

The man who couldn't afford a bulky, wasteful car and who did not care for a cheap car. The bulky car owner is coming down for economy. The low-priced car owner wants more comfort. The Jeffery motor is a high speed, high efficiency motor, burning little gas; burning it quickly, completely, economically. Besides it's good for 150,000 miles without deterioration.

The man who could afford any car, but demands light weight, power and flexibility. The Jeffery Four weighs 2900 pounds, develops forty-two horsepower and will attain a speed of 40 miles per hour in 20 seconds from a standing start. Tires should last six to eight thousand miles per set. A Jeffery horsepower has to pull but 60 pounds of car. Other motors have to pull from 80 to 100. It's an athlete among motor cars.

The man who has owned many cars knows that such quality as there is in the Jeffery Four has never before been put into a car selling at this price. If you are motor wise—you need only read the specifications. If you don't know about imported annular ball bearings, vanadium steel, Spicer universals, and other features—just ask any mechanic.

The man who has sense enough to buy from a responsible maker. The Jeffery Company has $5,500,000 in assets, a factory equipped with $3,000,000 worth of machinery, all paid for, and has never in its history allowed a bill to pass discount. Your banker can tell you what the name of Jeffery on this car stands for.

It's Economy Year and Jeffery Has Made It So

The result is mighty gratifying to us. Many of the best dealers everywhere in the country are organizing new companies and dropping other lines to sell this car, and the motor car buying public who have been paying much more for big, heavy, uneconomical cars and much less for cheap, uncomfortable cars are driving Jeffery cars this season. Look for the Jeffery exhibit at the New York and Chicago shows. Remember the Jeffery is a light, high speed car of quality and comfort selling at $1550 and the leader of the "economy with comfort" class which will be joined by many imitators—not this year—it's too late now to try to catch Jeffery—but one year from now. This type of car dominated the Paris and London shows this year. The Jeffery will dominate the big American shows. Good ideas find imitators quickly. Think it over and choose accordingly.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Works: Kenosha, Wisconsin

As time rolls on, the happiest toasts are pledged in Welch's

Each year more people come to know Welch's. Its popularity rests upon its quality.

Its quality begins with the grapes—the finest Concords of the great Chautauqua belt—and is secured for you by the clean, sanitary, exact Welch process of pressing the grapes and hermetically sealing the juice. Nothing is added. You get Nature's best in Welch's. You should know

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Men drink Welch's in their clubs, in cafés and while traveling. It is a fountain favorite for all. Women serve it at formal and informal affairs. Children love it at parties and on all occasions.

Try this "New Welch Rarebit"

Here is the winning recipe in the "New Welch Rarebit" contest announced some months ago:

1 pint Welch's Grape Juice
3 tablespoonfuls rice
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 quart freshly roasted peanuts
4 tablespoonfuls grated cream cheese, American or imported
½ pint whipped cream
Crisp lettuce leaves

Wash the rice in several waters, then boil it in boiling salted water for seven minutes; drain and cover with Welch's Grape Juice and cook slowly until tender. Shake the pan occasionally to prevent burning. Cool the rice, grind the peanuts, and whip up the cream. Arrange some crisp lettuce leaves on a dainty platter, then add the rice and the peanuts mixed with the cheese. Use cream cheese that comes in foil packages. Cover with the whipped cream.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say WELCH'S and GET IT!

Welch Punch—a holiday favorite

For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange. One pint of Welch's Grape Juice, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold. This punch has become a standard of excellence.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - Westfield, N. Y.

Williams' Shaving Soaps

Use Williams' Shaving Soap and you will be

Saving Time

because they give a quick and copious lather that speedily softens the beard and remains cool and moist as long as you need it.

Saving Energy

because they prepare the beard perfectly for the razor and make shaving a relaxation.

Saving Worry

because you will anticipate your shave with a smile of satisfaction and not with a frown of annoyance.

Saving Temper

because they will make your razor and yourself the best of friends and leave a happy face soft and velvety as a boy's.

Saving Money

because so little soap is required to make a big, thick, creamlike, lasting lather.

SPECIAL OFFER

Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with some of our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes, each containing 5 trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent, postpaid, **for 24 cents in stamps,** if your dealer does not supply you.

Men's Suit Case Set	Women's Suit Case Set
Contains	Contains
Holder-Top Shaving Stick	Talc Powder
Shaving Cream	Dental Cream
Dental Cream	Cold Cream
Talc Powder	Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap	Violet Toilet Water

After Shaving use Williams' Talc Powder

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.